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A NEW YORK REPORTER EXPOSES

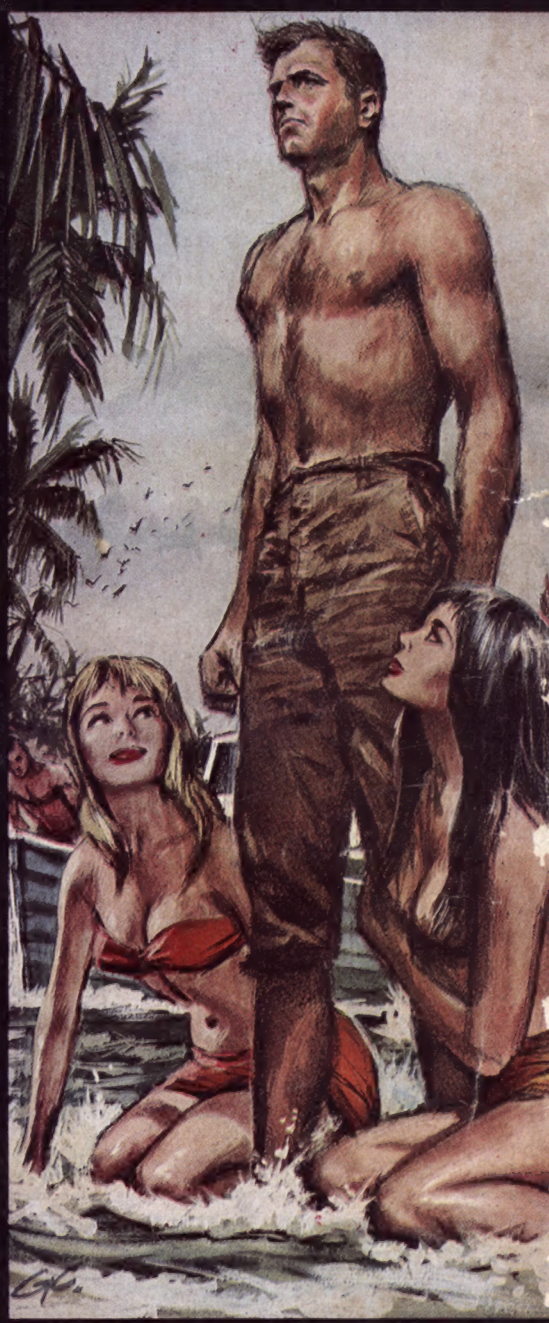
THE Nude Model Racket

AMERICA'S "HOT SHOT HARRY" THYNG

HE GUNNED DOWN THE JAPS', GERMANS' AND RUSSIANS' TOP ACES

Great Ranger Strike on

HITLER'S UNDERGROUND "POWER CITY"



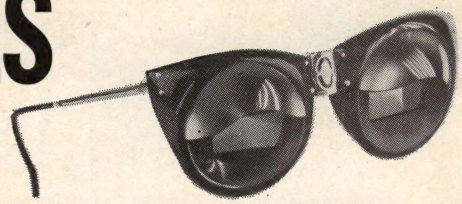
TRUE BOOKLENGTH SPECIAL

John Barrow's 13-Woman Sex Colony

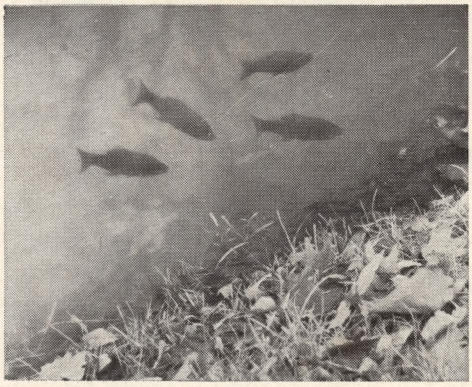
His "perfect" society of pleasure and free love turned into a pit of violence and death

"Sensual... feverish..." BOOK SURVEY

NEW FRENCH GLASSES LET YOU SEE FISH BELOW SURFACE OF WATER!



View without Lunette Glasses



Same view with Lunette Glasses

An amazing new invention hit the world last year when the first "Lunette Radar" glasses were brought in from France. For the first time, this amazing invention gave fishermen an easy, inexpensive way to see **below** the water surface . . . to spot fish . . . to let a fisherman see what he's doing instead of fishing "blind."

Invented and introduced in Europe, these sensational glasses sold so fast we **never** caught up with the demand. They were written up in one of New York's great newspapers—but with almost no publicity and very little advertising, we were sold out **all year long!**

GREATEST NEW FISHING INVENTION

What made these glasses the **most-wanted** fishing aid of the year? First, the obvious fact that now—for the first time—fishermen can see below the surface **as they fish**—with no cumbersome equipment or heavy gadgets.

You just slip these Lunette Radar glasses on—and water that you can't see into at all with the naked eye becomes clear—so you can see for at least 2 ft. to 12 ft. (or more) below the surface!

See photo illustrations above. These were taken with a **camera lens.** With the human eye, you will see even better! Even with a camera, though, you can see how water reflects glare. Without glasses, you see **only** the surface. Put these Lunette Radar Glasses on—even over a camera lens—and you see below the surface! Now fishermen can see fish before they bite. Now you can bring your line close to the fish and watch the movement of line and lure . . . now you can see whether fish has mouth open or closed . . . now you can see your line and lure working . . . now you can take your line in faster because you can see fish take your bait. **NOW YOU CAN FISH "SMARTER"—NOW YOU CAN TAKE MORE FISH—EVERY TIME.** With Lunette Radar glasses, you save precious fishing time. You can see into holes—even in swift-running streams. You see through brush-piles, weeds—down into lakes, ponds and salt water.

And you do this with both hands free—with complete comfort and freedom of movement. Now you can bank on more fishing, more pleasure, more enjoyment as you study marine life underwater, learn what goes on beneath the area you fish.

RUSH ORDER—DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED

This year, we have brought in a sizeable supply of Lunette Radar Glasses. We are prepared to fill your order now. But we can't estimate the demand. Orders will be shipped on first-come, first-served basis. So—send coupon now to be sure you get your pair **early**—before the season starts. These famous glasses are only **$9.95 a pair, plus 50¢ pp. & hdlg. 2 prs. will be shipped postpaid for $20.50.** We guarantee you will be pleased to own them as hundreds of fishermen were last year. If you are not 100% thrilled with them after one fishing trip, return them for an immediate refund.

Rush coupon below to order now for the greatest fishing year you ever had!

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UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE! We guarantee that if you use the ISOMETRIC Exercise Kit according to instructions for 30 days, that you will look and feel better or, if you wish, you may return it at any time—up to 6 mos. for full refund.

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Use this only a minute a day—anywhere—at home, office, plant, wherever it's convenient for you—and see for yourself how it improves your appearance, your muscle tone, the way you feel!

MADE IN U.S.A.—COMPARE TO $12.95 SETS

This new Isometric Kit has everything for special exercises to help improve posture, etc. Comes Complete with instructions and Illustrated Exercise Chart. We guarantee you will become stronger, that you will feel more fit and healthier after using it—or you may return it for a full refund. Order now at this LOW PRICE!

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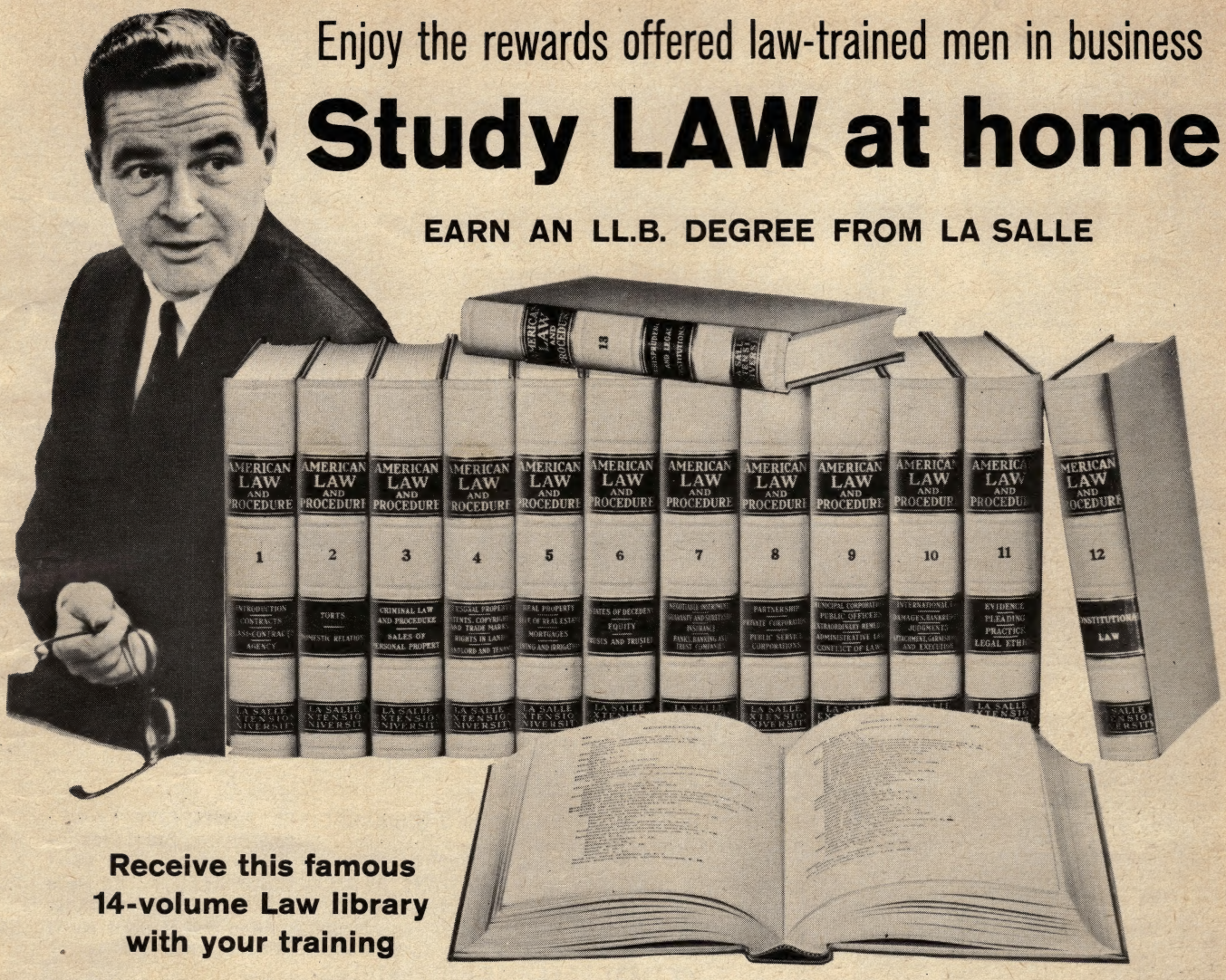

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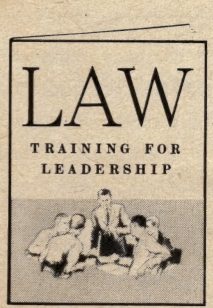

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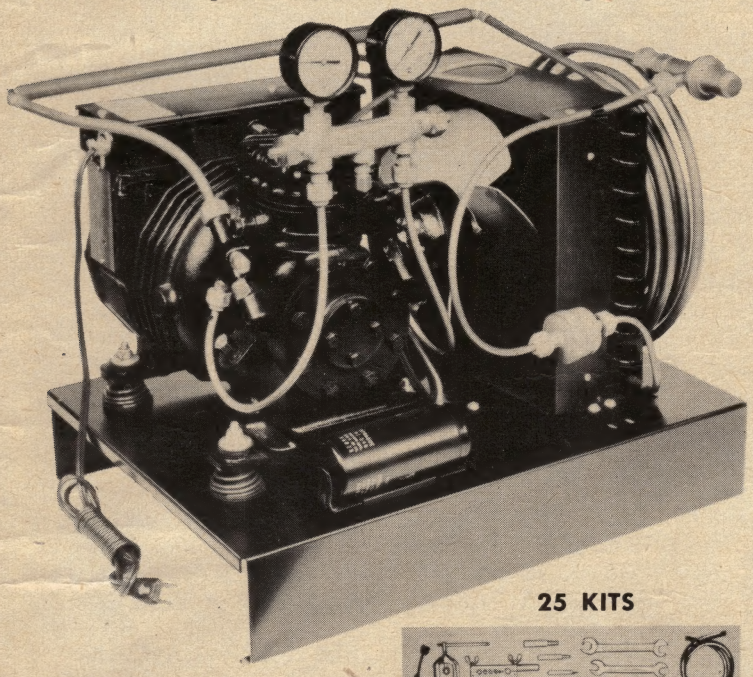
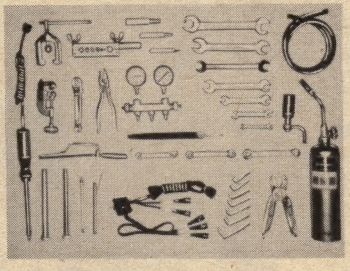


25 KITS



Above—This is how your heavy-duty refrigeration system will appear after it is built. All parts are new and late model. A work project accompanies each kit. *Right*—You also get mechanic's tools, including wrenches and flaring tubes; also gauges, propane torch.

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In addition to easy, illustrated lessons, CTI sends 25 kits of parts and tools to build a complete, operating refrigeration system. As you assemble your unit, you get practical experience and gain confidence. You become familiar with parts and their functions. You develop skill in using tools. On completing training, you can convert your system into an air conditioner, freezer or refrigerator (from plans we provide). CTI makes home your training center.

Many earn money while learning

Since the CTI course includes training with real equipment, many students start service work soon after enrolling. They go out on their own, or get a part-time job with a local dealer. Some arrange with food stores, taverns, restaurants, etc., to handle maintenance. Numerous students pay part or all of their tuition through spare-time earnings.

Recommended highly by students

"I operate my own sales and service shop. As a student I made more than the course costs."—*Ray Ball, Kan.* . . . "I have started a refrigeration business of my own. The prospects are good."—*John Brooks, Ariz.* . . . "The refrigeration course is excellent. I have had two pay raises."—*Paul Zeleski, Ill.* . . . "I am now working in the refrigeration field—for the man who advised me to take your course."—*G. R. Fontenot, La.* . . . "I have my own shop—earn about 60% more than when I enrolled."—*David Fonseca, Pa.* . . . "My income has doubled. I service in people's homes."

—*Donald Minner, California*

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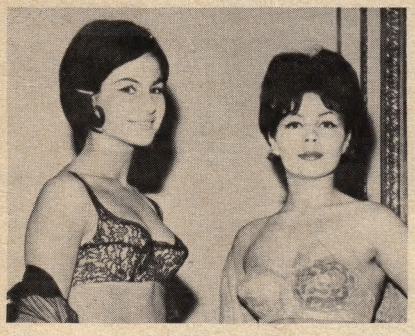
MEN'S NEWSLETTER

SHORT SHOTS

AN ALMOST FOOLPROOF WAY TO GET A RELUCTANT GIRL TO GO "ALL THE WAY" IS TO CONVINCE HER YOU DON'T WANT TO GO ALL THE WAY. She'll automatically relax and, of course, it can then happen... THE WAY THEY MEASURE BUST SIZE IN THE BRASSIERE BUSINESS IS NOT WITH A TAPE MEASURE ACROSS THE BREASTS THEMSELVES—AS COMMONLY THOUGHT—but with a measure across the top of the chest...

THERE'S A NEW SPRAY-ON BRA THAT, PRESUMABLY, A LOVER WILL HAVE TO PEEL OFF...

Europeans now consider the United States the sex-book capital of the world. Really "hot" works of literature used to be smuggled from Paris into the U.S. Now that censorship restrictions have



NEW RULE IN BRA BUSINESS

eased up here, it's vice versa...

BOMBAY HAS TAKEN OVER FROM PARIS AND TOKYO AS THE SIN CAPITAL OF THE WORLD. Some 70,000 prostitutes are on hand there, and the average price charged is 42 cents. Prostitution is practiced as a part of religion in certain Indian sects—which makes it alright to the girls... SCIENTISTS SAY IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO SMELL YOUR OWN BREATH—even if you think you can... Big outbreak of witchcraft clubs in Britain; members worship nude women at an altar...

KHAKI CROWD

LAST HABIT AN EX-GI LOSES IS THAT OF FIELDSTRIPPING CIGARETTES. You can always tell a man's an ex-dogface when he ignores all the living room ashtrays and fieldstrips the butt anyway...

We'll begin yanking divisions out of Korea shortly—now that Uncle Sam realizes divisions can be airlifted there from the States practically overnight—IN CASE THE WAR HEATS UP...

Embarrassing to admit it, but Army's discovered that when artillery shells began to fly overhead in Korea, MANY GI's, EXPOSED TO FIRE FOR THE FIRST TIME, ACTUALLY BROKE DOWN AND BEGAN TO CRY...

ANY MILITARY MAN WHO'S DONE MP WORK IN THE SERVICE can go into civilian detective work with almost no questions asked...

INSTEAD OF PROCEEDING WITH TIMIDITY AFTER THE LOSS OF THE THRESHER THE NAVY IS PLOWING AHEAD WITH GREAT COURAGE — AND BUILDING SUBMARINES THAT CAN GO AS DEEP AS THREE MILES BENEATH THE SEA. They'll be able to explore the ocean bottom—and also to be used in undersea combat...FIGURE THE U.S. MISSILE SUPERIOR-

AIR LIFTS LICK REDS

ITY OVER THE RUSSIANS AS FOUR TO ONE...

Amazing how many Army men still feel it was a blooper to get rid of the old Army mules. They could carry food and supplies up trails that no machine yet invented could manage...

OFF THE DRAWING BOARD

SOME NICOTINELESS CIGARETTES THAT USE GROUND UP CORNCOBS as a tobacco substitute... NEW PANTS AND JACKETS FOR MEN MADE OF A FABRIC THAT KEEPS A PERMANENT CREASE...

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(Continued on page 42)

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NO BORING SCALES OR EXERCISES

Over 1,000,000 people the world over have taken up this easy-as-A-B-C way to learn music. It's all so clearly explained, so easy to understand that even children "catch on" quickly. Yes, ANYONE can learn to play piano, violin, accordion, guitar or any other instrument. No inconvenient lesson periods—no expensive hourly tuition. You learn in spare time of your own choosing. *You become your own music teacher* . . . and progress as rapidly or as leisurely as *you* wish. And lessons are only a few cents each, including valuable sheet music you'll keep always! The whole family can learn for the price of one.

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☐ **ACCORDION** "Have completely mastered the piano accordion. I teach at my fully equipped studio, and play my accordion at big affairs that pay." — HOWARD VAN ORDEN, Bloomingdale, N. J.

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4 I'D PASSED OVER DOZENS OF I.C.S. ADS IN POPULAR MECHANICS. BUT I SAW THIS ONE IN A NEW LIGHT
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5 SIGNING UP FOR THAT I.C.S. COURSE WAS THE SMARTEST THING I EVER DID
6 ONE MONTH LATER...
GOOD TO SEE YOU BACK ON YOUR FEET, JIM. IT'LL BE AWHILE BEFORE YOU'RE BACK IN THE FIELD. SO WE'LL FIX A TEMPORARY DESK FOR YOU IN THE OFFICE WHEN YOU'RE READY
I'M READY NOW, MR. WALSH
7 THEY GAVE ME SOME SIMPLE ASSIGNMENTS... AND I SURE SURPRISED THEM!
SAY, WHERE DID YOU LEARN ABOUT PUMPS?
SAME PLACE YOU DID, JOE... I.C.S.
8 THEN A FEW DAYS LATER, MR. WALSH CALLED ME IN...
JIM, I'M KEEPING YOU HERE AND PUTTING YOU ON SALARY. YOU'LL BE GETTING ABOUT $20 MORE A WEEK. AND AT THE RATE YOU'RE GOING, I EXPECT I'LL HAVE TO RAISE THAT IN SIX MONTHS
9 THAT EVENING, JANE AND I WENT HOUSE HUNTING
OH, JIM! IT'S A DREAM HOUSE!
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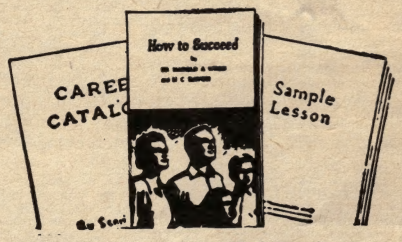

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U.S. Naval Scientist Reveals How You May

NOW! FILL YOUR GAS TANK ONCE A MONTH... CHANGE YOUR OIL ONCE A YEAR!

Amazing invention converts raw untapped power in ordinary gasoline into a fantastic new source of energy for your car!

Yes, SAVE EVEN up to $15.00 a month, save up to 35 gallons of gas each month . . . without adding a single new part to your car!

by CARL ANDERSON

(as compiled from official Government documents and scores of reports from the leading oil companies in the United States)

What you are about to enter is a new era of automotive history. An era of mileage miracles where you can take a 10 year old car and drive across 6 states of the union on a single tank of gas—Where you can blaze a trail from New York to Chicago on just 2 or 3 tankfuls—an era so wondrous and startling that "impossible" savings like 29, 33 even 35 gallons per month are proven facts—

AND NOT ON SOME DREAM CAR OF THE FUTURE BUT ON THE VERY CAR YOU MAY BE DRIVING TODAY!

Yes, what you are going to do to your car is the very same thing that leading automotive scientists now do to their cars . . . the very same thing that both police cars and huge taxi fleets now do to even the worst gas gulping engines they have—Yes, the very same thing that even Rolls Royce is now doing to their most expensive models—you are going to convert the hydro-carbon atoms in ordinary gasoline into a surging new source of power for your car . . . power that costs you not one single cent!

So come now to secret Gov't file No. 156,695 . . . and brace yourself for the most spectacular invention of our times . . . the dream-child invention of U. S. Naval Scientist W. T. Johns, that's guaranteed to give you more blazing power, more super pick-up, more miles per gallon than you could ever possibly hope for . . . and at the same time save you as much as $300.00 a year on gas and oil, year after year after year.

Imagine the thrill of filling your gas tank as little as once a month . . . as you convert untapped power into a whole new storehouse of energy!

How is this possible? The answer is simple: You see, as any automotive engineer will tell you, the hydro-carbon atoms in gasoline, make it one of the most powerful fuels on the face of the earth. More powerful than the fuel used in jet aircraft . . . more powerful than liquid oxygen . . . even more powerful than the fuel in giant diesel engines.

Then what happens to all the power in those hydro-carbon atoms? Once again the answer is simple . . . only this time it's expensive, too. Because, out of every gallon of gasoline pumped into your car today, your present engine can extract only 30% of the total power potential. What happens to the other 70%—that other 25c worth of gasoline in each and every gallon? NOTHING! ABSOLUTELY NOTHING! Your engine just isn't equipped for the extra power in those atoms . . . and they go wasting away out of your exhaust pipe, unused, untapped, PURELY WASTED. It's as if your tail pipe was literally spitting out good money mile after mile after mile.

Can something be done about this ridiculous waste of money and gasoline? That's the question that's stumped the experts ever since they first discovered this vast storehouse of energy in ordinary gasoline. Only, now the answer is YES! Here's why:

The Amazing Discovery of U.S. Naval Scientist W. T. Johns

Years ago while working with special government engines, Naval Scientist W. T. Johns noticed a peculiar thing: these high-powered engines were able to extract more power from the gasoline fed to them, than ordinary automobile engines were able to do. Realizing he was on the verge of perhaps one of the most significant discoveries of our age . . . W. T. Johns quickly pooled all his efforts . . . plus all the knowledge he had gathered as a research Scientist for the Navy Rocket program . . . and here is what he uncovered:

More Miles Per Gallon Than You Ever Dreamed Possible!

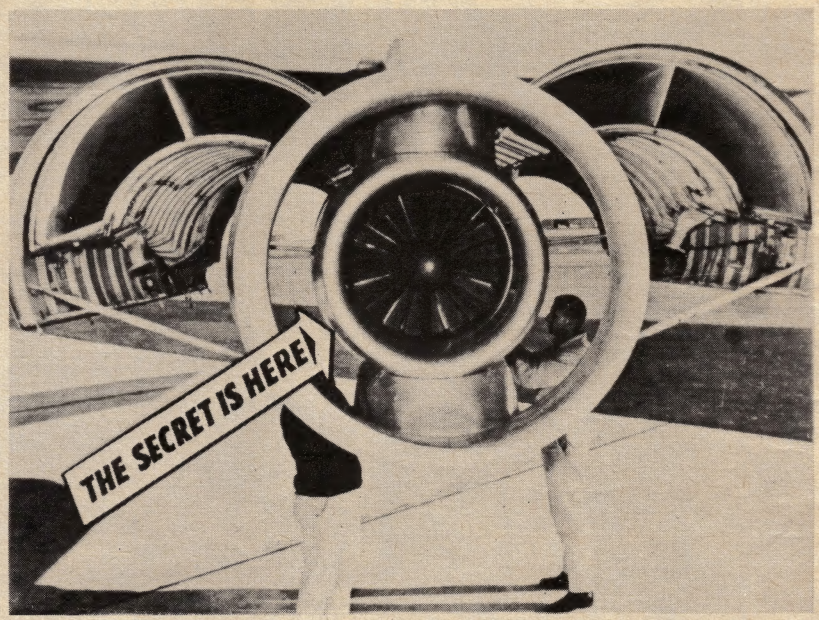
The secret of extracting more blazing power from the untapped hydro-carbon atoms in ordinary gasoline was easily achieved when his new invention called the Dynovac was attached to the car engine . . . thereby eliminating one of the greatest causes of lost hydro-carbon power . . . AND CONVERTING THOSE WASTED HYDRO-CARBON ATOMS INTO PISTON DRIVING POWER mile after mile after mile.

Even more startling, because of this conversion . . . because you could now get more power with less wear and tear on your car's engine, W. T. Johns was astounded to find that not only could you fill your gas tank as little as once a month . . . but you only had to change your oil as little as once a year!

In plain simple talk, the miracle that U. S. Naval Scientist W. T. Johns discovered while working for the Navy . . . he then applied to cars. So that you can now save up to 35 gallons of gas each month . . . up to $300.00 worth of oil and gas each year!

Is This Invention Available To The Public?

By now you are probably saying to yourself, is this invention yet available to the public . . . and if so, how can I get it? Well, on American cars the principles of this amazing invention is not yet standard equipment . . . and will not become so for at least 2 or 3 years OR LONGER. On foreign-made cars the same is true, with one exception. Should you purchase a Rolls Royce. A BUILT-IN ELECTROLYTIC UNIT USING THE PRINCIPLE OF JOHNS' DISCOVERY has already been installed by the factory. But since we don't expect most people to be buying Rolls Royce cars tomorrow (even though they are the finest in the world) . . . here is how you can get a DYNOVAC for your car . . . and see with your own eyes the fantastic change it will make in your car's engine . . . and all at our risk on this special trial offer.



Yes, it was while working in conjunction with the U.S. Navy on its jet and rocket research program that Naval Scientist W. T. Johns first unlocked the secret to his great new invention. For it was on engines such as this that Johns first discovered how to unlock the latent power in wasted hydro-carbon atoms . . . THE VERY SAME ATOMS FOUND IN ORDINARY GASOLINE . . . ATOMS THAT YOU CAN NOW UNLEASH INTO A NEW SOURCE OF ENERGY FOR YOUR CAR! For full details read the rest of this exciting breakthrough in automotive engineering.

What This Means To You

It means that if you are sick and tired of seeing your car literally "ignore", waste and throw away hundreds of gallons of gas. . . If you are sick and tired of putting in a 35c gallon of gas and getting back a mere 10c worth of performance . . . then here at last is the dream discovery you've been waiting for. Because, thanks to the miracle DYNOVAC no matter if you drive in heavy stop and go city traffic . . . or if you blaze the turnpikes at 70 or 80 miles an hour speeds . . . no matter whether you drive in sub-zero climates or even oven-hot deserts . . . no matter whether you drive 50, 60, even 100 miles a week, month after month, year after year . . . no matter whether your car is a six cylinder or 8-cylinder, manual shift or automatic shift, whether a brand new 1964 model or one that's 10 years old

. . . YOU CAN NOW FILL YOUR GAS TANK JUST ONCE A MONTH, CHANGE YOUR OIL ONCE A YEAR!

Gas Savings As High As 50% Or More

reports panel of consumers who have tried this sensational invention! And each day new reports of equally glowing results still keep pouring in.

46% BETTER GAS MILEAGE reports John Doremus of Passaic, N. J. "And I not only got all this extra mileage per gallon . . . but was also able to use regular rather than high test gas."

GETS 22 MILES A GALLON ON CAR 53,000 MILES OLD . . . Roscoe Wagner, Knoxville, Iowa, confirms lab proof that with DYNOVAC you achieve fantastic gas savings, oil savings . . . even on cars that are way past "middle age."

GAS MILEAGE SOARS AS HIGH AS 50% BETTER writes G. S. Selig, Cambridge, Mass. Lavish praise after evaluating the results of this amazing invention after 40,000 of both city and highway driving.

OVER 60% MORE MILES PER GALLON IN CONSUMER COMPARISON TEST, reports C. B. Thomas, Marysville, Mich. . . . in comparing the car with Dynovac vs. a previously owned V-8 without Dynovac.

50% MORE MILES PER GALLON raves C. Jackson, White Plains, N. Y. Still another case that confirms our belief that for improving your car's overall performance nothing can match the miracle DYNOVAC.

10 YEAR OLD CAR GETS 23 MILES A GALLON . . . R. C. Chuber, Mineola, N. Y. details his remarkable results after installing this thrilling scientific invention.

Prove It To Yourself At Our Risk

Nothing speaks louder for a product than a satisfied user . . . and nothing can convince you of DYNOVAC'S amazing results better than to have one for your car. That is why we say use it and prove to yourself the fantastic results obtained by test-scientists, test-drivers, and test laboratories of this amazing invention.

To do this simply enclose the coupon below and try this miracle invention for a full month. If at the end of that time you are not convinced that here is the most amazing invention in all automotive history . . . that it does not deliver every claim made on this page . . . then simply return it, it has cost you nothing, that's how positive we are of the results you will receive. But recent cost factors have pushed up our costs . . . within a short time the price of the DYNOVAC will be increased from $4.95 to at least $5.95 or higher. So before prices rise, order yours today!

WINTHROP-MARTIN INC., DEPT. CMG-5, 744 BROAD ST., NEWARK 2, NEW JERSEY

PERFORMS GAS-SAVINGS MIRACLES ON EVERY MAKE OF CAR... AND INSTALLS IN JUST SECONDS

To install your DYNOVAC takes but a few minutes. Simply attach to your engine block at mouth of oil-opening—that's all . . . nothing else. (Easy directions accompany each DYNOVAC; it's so easy that you need not know a single thing about an engine to install this invention, yet you save up to 10 times the price of this amazing invention in just a few months after installing it. See NO RISK TRIAL offer at right.)

Here's the Most Sensational GUARANTEE You Ever Saw

No matter how old your car may be, whether it's a compact, regular car, bus, truck or even a 'taxi'—whether you drive in the city—in stop and go traffic or on high speed turnpikes, you must achieve the most incredible gas savings and overall performance from DYNOVAC or you may return DYNOVAC anytime for a full purchase price refund—no questions asked!

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY BEFORE PRICE RISE GOES INTO EFFECT

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Please rush me the sensational DYNOVAC immediately! I understand the price is $4.95 for which I enclose cash, check or money order. It is understood that I may return the unit anytime for full purchase price refund if I am not fully satisfied.

MAKE OF CAR ..... YEAR .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

SPECIAL OFFER: Purchase one for yourself and one for a friend and save even more. Order two DYNOVACS for just $8.95 (a savings of $1.00) same guarantee as above. Make of Second Car ..... Year .....

☐ C.O.D. orders enclose $1.00 deposit. Same money back guarantee.

IN CANADA: 71 YORK ST., TORONTO, 1, ONT.

THE LAUGHING PLACE

"Tell me, Daddy," asked the small boy, "who was braver than Robin Hood, wiser than Solomon, more honorable than Caesar, wittier than Bob Hope, and more handsome than Apollo?"

"The only person I can think of," replied the father, "is your mother's first husband."

●

A good Samaritan, seeing a driverless car roll down the street, ran to the car, jumped in and pulled on the emergency brake.

As he got out a red-faced man came panting up to him.

"Well," said the helpful fellow to the car owner, "I stopped it!"

"Yeah, I know," said the owner, "I was pushing it."

●

The veteran battleship was in port on exhibition to the public: on its deck was an inscribed bronze plaque.

"And here," said the guide solemnly, "is where our gallant captain fell."

"Well, no wonder," said a spry old lady. "I nearly tripped over the damn thing myself."

●

The mama broom and the papa broom were surprised when they found a little whisk broom running around their home.

"I can't understand it," commented the mama broom, "We've never even swept together."

●

"Very nice, what's the occasion?"

Sam in the front seat of the car: "Honey you've got to put on some weight—I've shifted your leg three times."

●

The bank robber shoved a note across to the teller which read: "Put the money in a bag, sucker, and don't make a move."

The teller pushed back another note: "Straighten your tie, stupid. They're taking your picture."

●

"What are neighbors for, Miss Pomroy"

A man was asked to give a speech at a Lions Club Meeting. After much thought he decided to talk about sex.

When he returned home, his wife asked him what he had talked about. He didn't want to tell her he had spoken about sex, so he said he had talked about his experiences as a flier.

The next day, his wife ran into the wife of one of the Lions Club members.

"That must have been quite a speech your husband gave last night," she said. "He must be an authority on the subject."

"Oh, I don't know," the wife replied. "He's only done it twice. The first time he lost his hat and the second time he got sick to his stomach."

●

Do you have an original gag or two? Send it to the Editor, MEN, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. and win $5 if he likes it. Sorry, no returns.

Investigating The NUDE MODEL RACKET

Eager, hauntingly beautiful young females, they hit NY and LA confident that in six months their faces will be on the cover of *Vogue* or *Life* magazines. A few do make the grade in what may be the world's toughest profession, but most of these tender, ambitious females discover that behind the flashbulb of a glamour photographer's camera is a seamy, sordid world of vice and corruption, where the only talent a girl needs is a willing body and a mind tough enough to endure the degradation of love for sale...

MEN
MAY • 1964

By ARCHER SCANLON

NEW YORK:

ANITA, a tall, slim and expensively dressed ash blonde, sat in the dimly lit lounge of a swank East Side supper club, sipping an Irish Mist over crushed ice. Anita is a highly paid photographer's model and on this night a couple of months ago she was just one more model on the prowl.

She pretended not to notice when she heard the maitre d' greet a newcomer a little too loudly: "Good evening, Mr. T—" and then escort one of New York's most well-known millionaire playboys to a table next to her own. The captain winked at Anita as he held a chair for T—— but Anita ignored him. It had cost her twenty bucks to work this out and she was working on getting T—— to notice her.

And he did. "Hi," he said. "I met you at, let's see . . ."

"Jack's place in Connecticut," Anita shot back. "The weekend party, but you only stayed Saturday night."

"Oh, certainly," T—— said.

"You're the girl who makes the magazine cover this month."

Anita's smile broadened. "That's right," she said. "Anita Coatsworth."

T—— rose. "Join me?" he asked. Anita looked around, pretending a degree of doubt, then got up and moved to his table, the maitre d' rushing over to help her. Join you? she thought. I've been waiting for practically a week.

"I've got a date," she smiled as she sat opposite T——. "But he won't be here for at least an hour."

"And I've got a business appointment," T—— said, "but they won't be here for about a half hour. Why wait? Let's stand them both up."

Anita nodded. She said softly: "Let's go someplace else . . ."

The highly-paid girls who pose for photographers, who walk down the runways at the TV screens to hustle cigarettes, soap and other products, have become the sex symbols of the Sixties, the girls most sought after by the guys who have the jack to pay for it. While the best of the models are career girls who work hard at their career and knock down $50,000 a year, the worst of them are no more than high-class harlots. And the worst of them are in the majority. They'll also earn 50 grand per. But most of it is in the form of "presents" made behind bedroom doors and not before the cameras.

"There are about 7000 models in New York," the head of one of the largest model agencies in the nation told this reporter. "And at least 4000 of them are devoting most of their time to the party girl-callgirl-cafe society circuit, balling it, making it, either for pay or the possibility of nailing a rich guy as a husband or bill-payer. And there are plenty of men around to pick up a pretty girl's tab. If a girl's got a mind to, she can live like a queen. And about 4000 girls in this modeling business have got a mind to."

ANITA, who is registered with this man's agency, is 23, has blue eyes to go with her ash blonde hair, and is fairly typical of the model on the make.

"When she first got here," the agency director said, "she walked in straight from the bus terminal, a cute 20-year-old from some small town in Ohio who had no experience at anything. She didn't know a damn thing about the business and she was completely naive about the night life, but she learned fast. When she walked in and asked for a modeling job I spotted her right away for a natural. She had three assignments in the next few weeks, and within a month she was making $25 an hour.

"CHEESECAKE" modeling is lowest level of the profession, most overcrowded too, and for this reason, some of the less reputable agencies demand that girls sell sex, too

"She had arrived professionally. And it was just about now that she arrived socially, too.

"I'd be almost willing to bet she never rolled in the hay with a guy before hitting New York. But if she was a virgin it didn't last long. She roomed at first with two other girls who work for my agency. Both of the girls are on the party girl circuit, and they took her along."

Anita was surprised to even learn there was such a thing as party girls—models, airline hostesses, actresses and singers looking for the break, who supplement their income and round out their personal lives by hiring out at $25 or so a night just to decorate an affair for someone who is trying to impress someone else. At first, she got angry when she was asked to come along because it smacked to her of prostitution. But when she learned the party girl doesn't have to bed down with anyone, that sexual involvements were something the (*Continued on page* 64)

NUDE MODELING for artists (above, below) **pays very little, is sometimes a cover-up for callgirl operation**

"GET BACK," Kern yelled as he kicked the German. "I want you guys to see this blast at close range..."

GREAT RANGER STRIKE ON HITLER'S UNDERGROUND "POWER CITY"

By GRANT FREELING
ART BY EARL NOREM

Buried deep in the Bohemian Forest, this sprawling industrial fortress was the nerve center of the Third Reich's war effort and every minute of its operation meant 1000 GI lives lost. To knock it out, a leopard-swift U.S. captain named Bob Kern took seven hard-nosed Rangers on a split-second, behind-the-lines sortie. Their mission: to throw the explosive switch that would turn the Magdeburg "hell plant" into a charred graveyard . . .

"I'VE had some crazy jobs since I joined up with this outfit," Master Sergeant Leon Jansen muttered, "but this is the first time I ever hit a fire house."

The grizzled, broad-shouldered U. S. Army non-com crouched in the courtyard of a bombed out apartment building in the German industrial town of Magdeburg, 120 miles southwest of Berlin. Beside him, a black commando knife in his hand, was Captain Robert Kern. The date was February 15, 1945 and the two Americans were members of an eight man Ranger team that had parachuted behind enemy lines the day before. Their assignment was to destroy a huge underground power plant east of Magdeburg, the only source of electricity for the Third Reich's largest surviving complex of munitions factories.

Kern — a sandy-haired, wiry man in his early thirties — poked up his head and took another look into the dark street, filled with swirling clouds of dust and debris. Only a

few minutes earlier the city had been hit by its 479th nightly air raid. He could barely make out the doorway of the German Civil Defense fire station opposite them.

"You've told me what you want to get out of there, sir," Jansen said. "Asbestos suits. But what's it got to do with the mission?"

"Never mind that now," Kern snapped. "You'll learn everything soon enough."

Kern knew his attitude was unreasonable but he couldn't bring himself to tell Jansen the full truth. *How could I even phrase it?* he thought. *I can't just say, "Leon, the plan has changed. We're going to have to blow up the target twice and the guys who set off the second set of charges will have to wear asbestos suits or get steamed alive like clams." It even sounds nuts to me . . .*

"Come on," Kern said. "We've waited too long already. We have to be out before the all clear sounds and the streets start crawling with people."

They scurried across the street like fleet, foraging rats, merged with the shadows clustered around the fire station doors. Only seconds later, a *Wehrmacht* motorcycle and side car buzzed past, the driver swerving to avoid gaping holes in the buckled pavement. Burning houses and factories sent crooked shafts of light licking everywhere, like giant, arthritic fingers groping blindly for spilled coins.

His mouth dry with the apprehension that always preceded action, Kern rapped loudly on the door. He held his knife with the hilt pressed into his left shoulder, smoked blade pointing straight out. The door opened and the stubby silhouette of a human being loomed up in front of him. Swift as an attacking cottonmouth, he swung the knife in a half-moon arc. It penetrated the fireman's throat with exact, almost delicate grace. Jansen caught the toppling corpse, eased it back into the building and shut the door behind them.

As Kern had expected, the garage portion of the station was empty; all of the trucks were out combatting the nightly inferno created by the RAF. He listened carefully, his cold gray eyes moving nervously in their dark-shadowed sockets. But there was no sign that anyone besides themselves and the dead man was in the building.

In one of the rooms adjacent to the garage stood a row of metal supply lockers. He threw them open one by one, searching for the bulky asbestos suits, gloves and hoods used to work in the incredible heat of petroleum or chemical fires. However, the lockers seemed to contain nothing but standard gear: the ornate 19th Century-style steel helmets still worn by German firemen, black slickers and boots, axes and other tools . . .

"Any luck?" Jansen asked. He had remained behind to watch the door.

"No," Kern said, cursing under his breath. "With all those chemical plants in the neighborhood, they must keep the get-ups around someplace! It just stands to reason, God damn it!"

HE savagely yanked open the door of the last locker, almost tipping it over. And there they were on wooden hangers — grayish-white and bulky as deep sea divers' suits, the plastic-masked hoods neatly draped over the shapeless shoulders, heavy boots lined up below. *Only two,* Kern thought as he hauled the garments out. *But they'll have to do.* Aloud, he called to Jansen: "Start a fire, Leon. The whole building has to go. If the Gestapo learns these rigs have been stolen, they may figure out what we're up to."

"That's more than I've been able (*Continued on page* 74)

RANGER STRIKE

MAGDEBURG RAID LEADER
Captain Robert L. Kern

DESTRUCTION of huge power plant saved 100,000 American lives, Allies later estimated . . .

U.S. HIGH COMMAND hoped dynamos would be destroyed before Allied armies hit Rhine, weakening Nazi defenses

THOUSANDS of Wehrmacht troops, without ammo because of Kern's daring raid, had to surrender . . .

A strange, colorful and complex wonderland, the immense state of Texas is as hard to pin down as a drop of mercury—a frontier country that's booming with industry, an "Old West" where the "range riders" have switched from horses to space ships and where city-born "wranglers" sometimes shoot a man for smiling crookedly . . .

The WILD, WACKY ANYTHING-GOES STATE OF TEXAS

By BOB GARLING

DALLAS:

DOWN in the gaudy, endless country that is known as Texas and that sometimes considers itself a part of the United States, a visitor frequently hears the story of the "crazy young man" who made a killing in oil. The son of a successful oil operator, the young man got some capital from his "daddy" and went into the petroleum prospecting business himself.

For a while he did very badly. On top of that, he began acting "queerly," doing strange, zany things; (*Continued on page* 80)

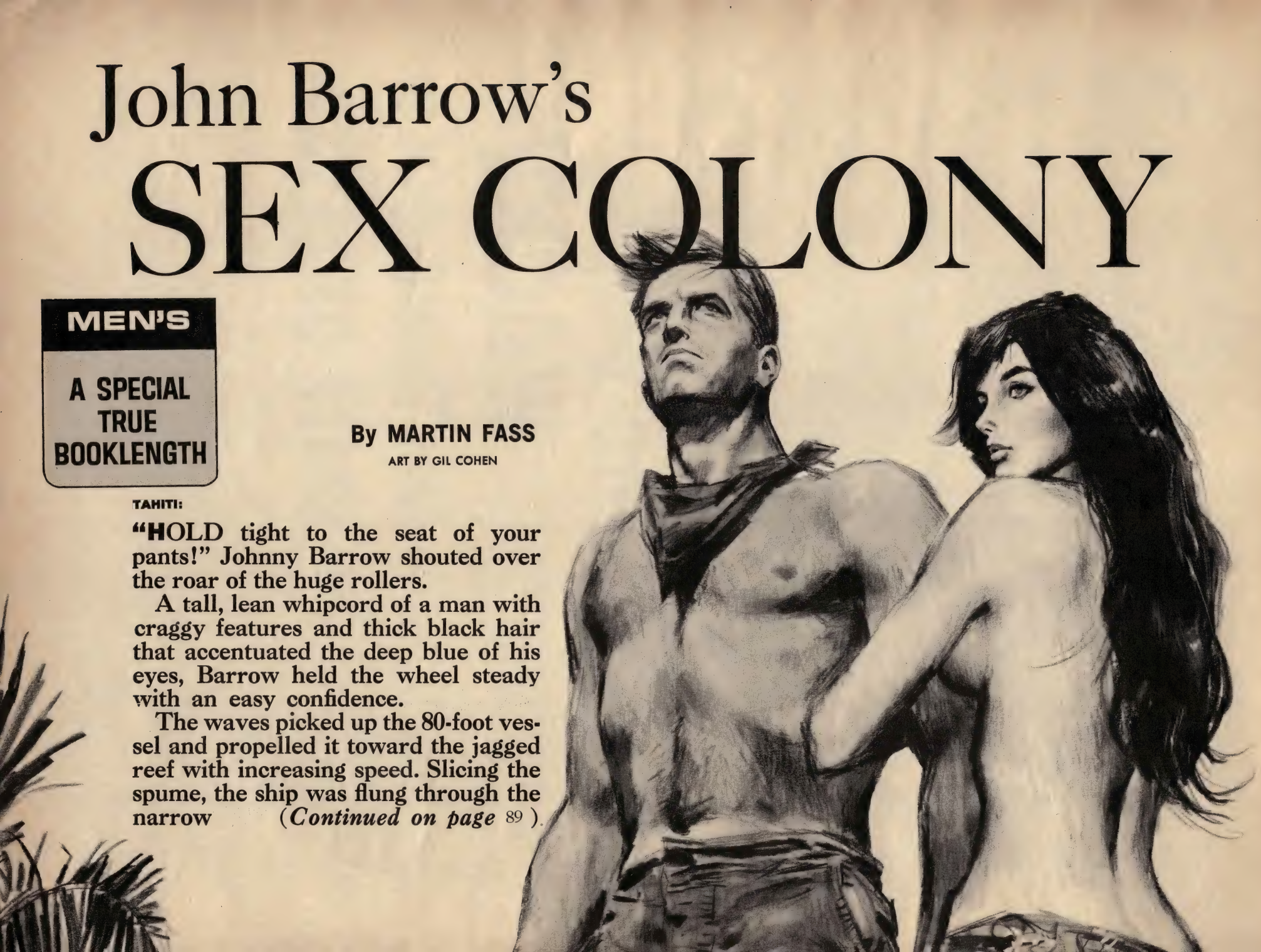
John Barrow's SEX COLONY

MEN'S

A SPECIAL TRUE BOOKLENGTH

By MARTIN FASS

ART BY GIL COHEN



TAHITI:

"HOLD tight to the seat of your pants!" Johnny Barrow shouted over the roar of the huge rollers.

A tall, lean whipcord of a man with craggy features and thick black hair that accentuated the deep blue of his eyes, Barrow held the wheel steady with an easy confidence.

The waves picked up the 80-foot vessel and propelled it toward the jagged reef with increasing speed. Slicing the spume, the ship was flung through the narrow (*Continued on page* 89)

"WE MADE IT," Barrow told the girls. "Now which of you wants to be my reward for getting us through that coral reef"

A brawling ex-GI with an unquenchable thirst for women and adventure, he built a strange private paradise on a South Pacific island, stocked it with a supply of silk-skinned, burning eyed girls from all over the world, then settled down to a life of sex-under-the sun. What John Barrow didn't know was that, within six months, his tropical love heaven would be transformed into a blood-mad carnival of violence and pain, with his own head as the door prize...

Secret Brawl THE ARMY AND THE

WASHINGTON:

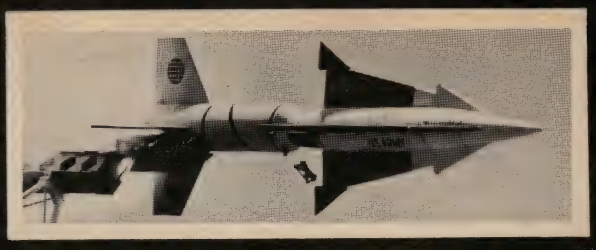
THE young almond-eyed lieutenant checked his watch just as he had been taught to do by the Americans at Fort Benning, waved his carbine forward. At this signal, the tough little Vietnamese regulars poured out of the jungle in a long carefully spaced skirmish line. They jogged across the muddy rice paddy exactly as they had been trained, and the officer was proud as he trotted beside them.

Suddenly, he was no longer elated.

He was dead.

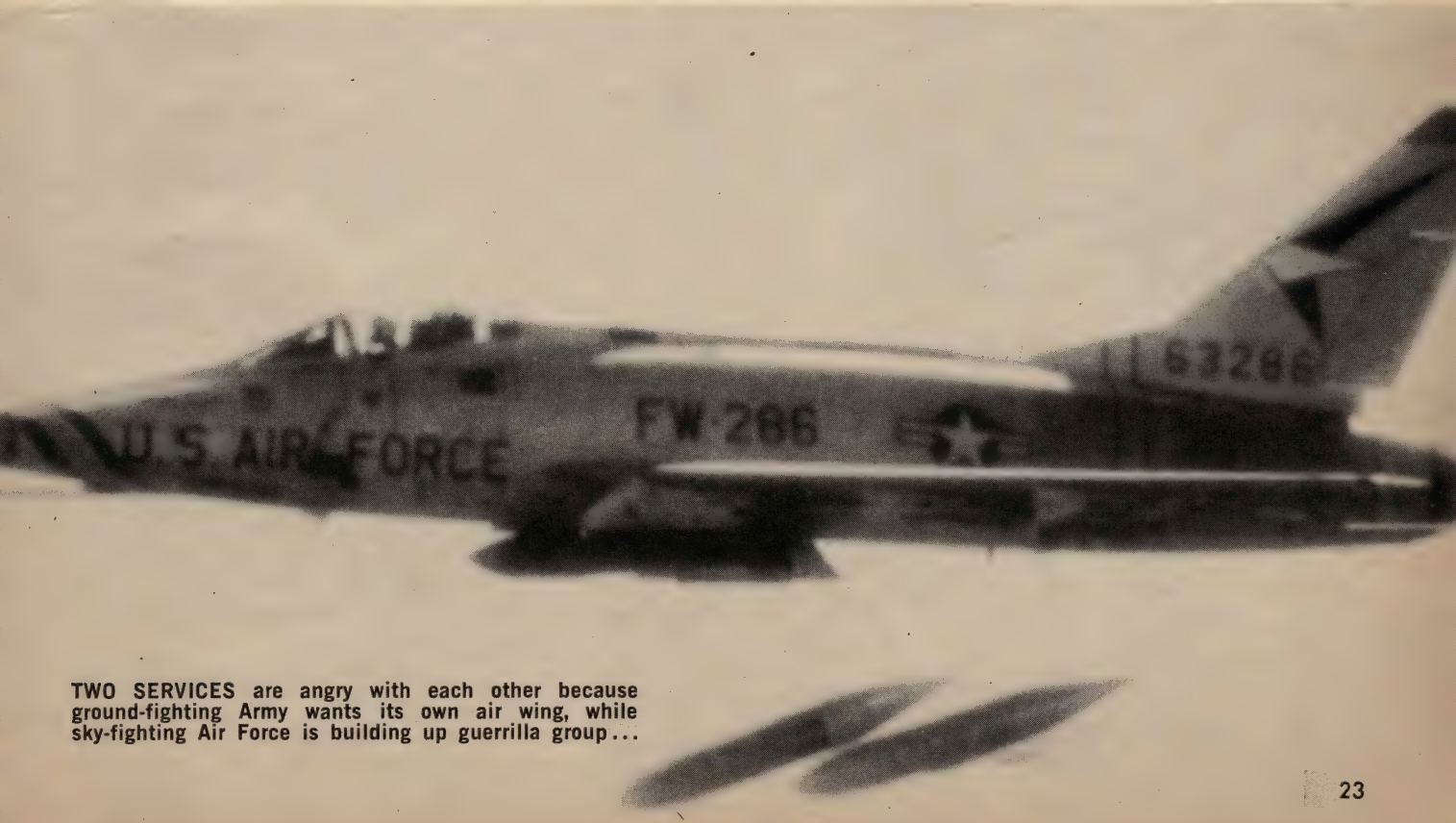
Without warning, a dozen hidden Red guerrillas opened up with automatic weapons from concealed positions at the edge of the nearby village. The Viet Cong ripped and slashed the neat skirmish line with a savage crossfire, dumping more than a score of the government troops with the first murderous bursts. The regulars reeled under the impact of the ambush. As the soldiers turned to fall back, camouflaged Communist mortars pounded them with salvoes that littered more maimed (*Continued on page* 86)

Between AIR FORCE



By DAVID MARS

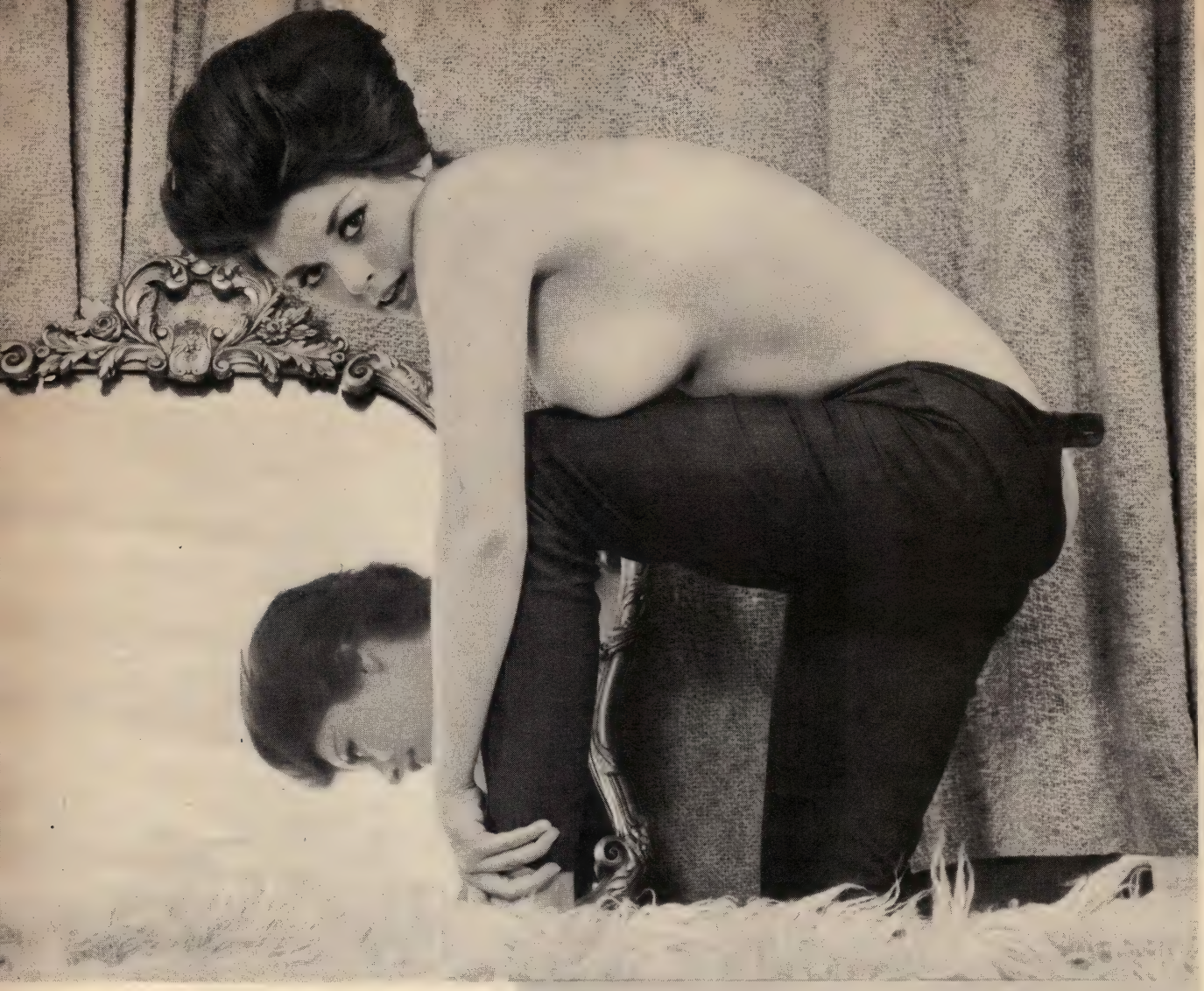
Beginning as a small, sulky set-to in the back rooms of the Pentagon, the "bad blood" feud between our Army and Air Force has erupted into an all-out, backstabbing war that could be responsible for GI deaths in Vietnam and the "hot" border of Korea. Unless someone steps in and breaks up this silly, irresponsible fight, a nuclear battle could find the U.S.A. taking worse punches from our own military forces than from the enemy . . .



TWO SERVICES are angry with each other because ground-fighting Army wants its own air wing, while sky-fighting Air Force is building up guerrilla group...

CAN THIS GIRL BEAT STIRLING MOSS?

Raven-haired, rambunctious Bonnie Bez has appeared on TV, modeled fashion and studied dramatics but what she loves more than anything else is to put her classy (37-23-36) chassis into a beat-up Chevvy flivver and drag race her boy friends. "Lots of men let me win just because I'm a girl," says this sparkling dish of Midwestern cream. "Do I look like I'm soft or something?"



CAN THIS GIRL BEAT STIRLING MOSS?

"I'd like to drive against the pros who compete at the Indianapolis Speedway," says beautiful Bonnie. "Sometimes I think it's more fun to wear a mechanic's coveralls than a Dior original."

"FEET in their MOUTHS"

President Kennedy consoling reservists called to active duty in Berlin crisis: "Life isn't fair."

"Petting is just studying anatomy in Braille"
—Ava Gardner

"A pharmacist is the guy in the white coat behind the soda fountain selling dollar watches"
—Jerry Lewis

"A psychiatrist is a doctor who can't stand the sight of blood" *—Vince Edwards*

"A race track is where the windows clean the people"
—Earl Wilson

"Statutory Rape is when a man is seduced by a girl under 20" *—Tennessee Williams*

"The secret of being a good manager is taking credit for the home runs other people hit and not getting blamed for their strike-outs" *—Casey Stengel*

"Some people think politics is the art of obtaining money from the rich and votes from the poor on the pretext of protecting each from the other"
—Al Smith

"If I never made it singing, I would have been a gangster" *—Frank Sinatra*

"No camera man here? No one here to take picture? All capitalists—lousy bunch. Crooks. Goodbye. Adios to all the world"
—Guiseppe Zangarra stepping into electric chair to be executed for murder of Mayor Cermak of Chicago.

"California is a state that collects nuts like a squirrel with insomnia" *—Joe Millard*

IN THE NEWS:

"It looks so bad to have things like that happen in your house"
—Virginia Hill after boy friend Bugsy Siegel was found shot to death in her home

"I hate television. I hate it as much as peanuts. But I can't stop eating peanuts" *—Orson Welles*

Romy Schneider (explaining why she lives with Alain Delon): "A marriage contract, what is it? Only a vulgar piece of paper"

"Brigitte Bardot has a problem. She can't work with anybody unless she is sure that they like her"
—Jack Palance, recently her co-star

WOMEN:

"Show me a man who understands women and I'll show you a man who's due for a big surprise"
—Humphrey Bogart

"Women are like socks. You have to change them regularly" *—Errol Flynn*

"She was torn between love and booty"
—Faith Baldwin

"Anyone who thinks marriage is a fifty-fifty proposition doesn't understand women or fractions"
—Danny Thomas

ON MEN:

"Men are like silk stockings, always running"
—Marie Wilson

"The second strongest sex in the world"
—Philip Barry

"The cause of women's dislike for one another"
—Errol Flynn

ON LOVE:

"A temporary insanity curable by marriage"
—Ambrose Bierce

"One game never postponed on account of darkness"
—Ring Lardner

"The triumph of imagination over intelligence"
—H. L. Mencken

ADVICE:

"If you wish to be a judge learn to look a lawyer straight in the eye for two hours and not hear a word he says" *—Chief Justice Marshall*

"Watch your millions and the billions will take of themselves" *—Sec. of Treasury Morganthau*

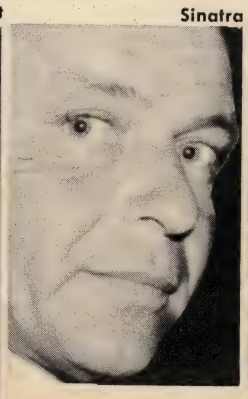
"Swindle his fortune, steal his wife, but never put a scratch on a man's new car" *—Gary Moore*

"Never play cards with a man called Doc. Never eat at a place called Mom's. Never sleep with a woman whose troubles are worse than your own"
—Nelson Algren

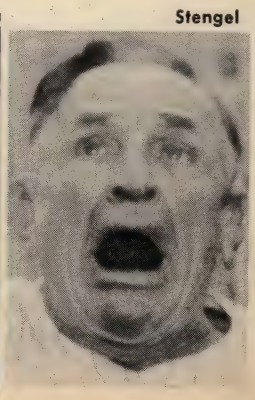
"It is the high class people who demand free theatre passes" *—Flo Ziegfield*

Bardot

Sinatra



Stengel



America's "Hot Shot" HARRY THYNG

HE GUNNED

A rugged New Englander with a condor-sharp gunsight eye, flying everything from beat-up Spitfires to 600-mph Sabre jets, Col. Harrison Thyng pulled off modern warfare's greatest triple parley, a two-war marathon that threw a score of Swastika, Rising Sun and Red Star aces into a flaming filing cabinet marked "Dead" . . .

By ED HYDE

SEOUL:

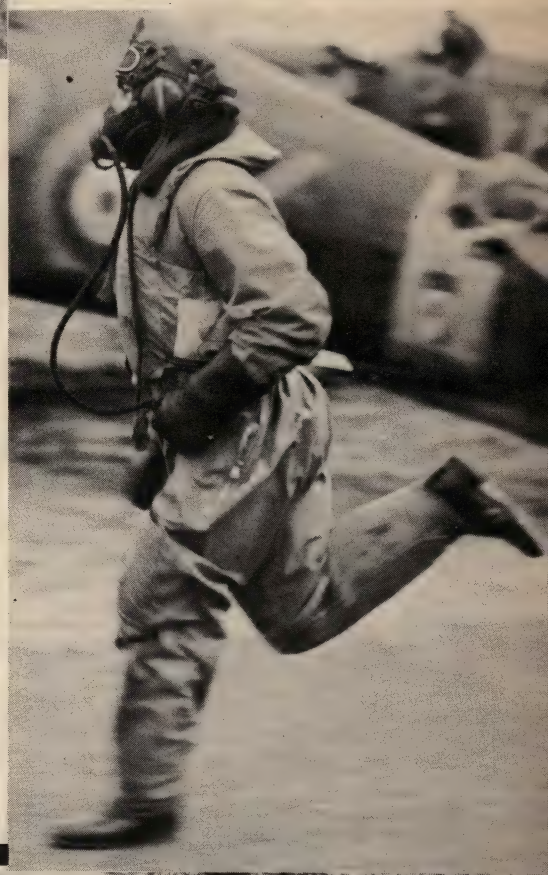
COLONEL Harrison Thyng scanned the skies above and off to the side. They were empty. *No Migs today,* he thought and settled back into the cockpit of his F-86 Sabrejet. His alert eyes screened the instrument panel of his high-flying jet fighter, then he looked back out through the canopy across the frozen Yalu into Manchuria. Nothing moved. There wasn't even the glint of light reflecting from the silver sheen of Migs taking off from the Communist sanctuary in the Antung complex.

"Let's head for home," he matter-of-factly ordered his flight. He knew that the younger men flying the Sabres were itching for a fight, but orders were never to cross "the big fence"—the Yalu — into enemy territory. The enemy could fly into United Nations territory, but the UN Command ordered its pilots not to chase the Reds back into Commie country. *A hell of a way to fight a war,* the greying pilot exclaimed to himself.

Just as his flight was about to complete a turn and head south a warning gleam of light, dancing from jet aircraft in the distance, sparkled through the frigid

ONE of the few U.S. pilots to fly famous British Spitfire fighters, Thyng's first combat scramble (below) was daring cover operation for 1942 Dieppe raid

DOWN THE GERMANS', JAPS' AND REDS' TOP ACES



IN Korean War, Thyng (left, above) was among first jet aces in history, led dozens of low level missions on Red positions (rt.)

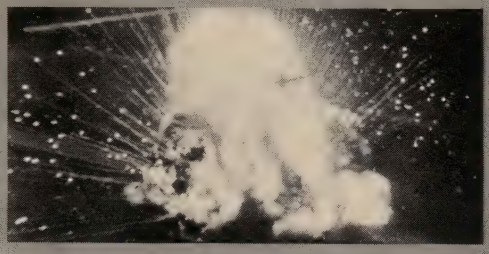
TOP ACES

November sky. The Fourth Fighter-Interceptor Wing was the only unit cleared to fly on that late November morning in 1951. The reflection of sunlight in the sky could mean only one thing — bandits.

The slim, barrelchested colonel — commanding officer of the Fourth Wing — calmly advised his flight that the enemy had been sighted. "Prepare to bounce 'em," Thyng ordered.

Colonel Ben Preston, flying point in Able Flight, suddenly called out that he spotted more than Migs. "There are bombers down below!"

ASSIGNED to train pilots in States after VE Day, Thyng wangled transfer to Pacific war



PILOTING Thunderbolt (above), Thyng got first Jap kill escorting B-29's on mass air strike

KOREAN "mistakes" (above, U.S. jet downed because of equipment failure; rt., transport mired on own field) led Thyng to battle Brass

he shouted into his throat mike. He didn't quite believe it; he shook his head and blinked a few times. But 30 TU-2 twin-tailed, twin-engine bombers just didn't mirage away.

Ten thousand feet below, escorted by a cover of 46 Mig-15s and trailed by a covey of LA-9 World War II propellor-driven fighters, the bombers turned and headed toward the coast and the China Sea. It was an unheard of manuever. The Reds never permitted their pilots to fly over water for fear that if the Migs were shot down and pilots bailed out, American helicopters or Dumbo amphibians would rescue the enemy fliers. This might lead to proof that Russian pilots were participating in the war.

FAR below, on a tiny speck of land called Cho-do Island, a Fifth Air Force radar station on the island picked up the "bogies."

"This is Big Fence," the radar officer on the island announced to the Sabres. "I have 'bogies' on my scope. Estimate about 50 of them. Bearings . . ." He calmly broadcast the direction the enemy flight was moving and then suddenly exploded: "They're heading in this direction! Hello Blue Leader, if you read me, advising that 'bogies' are heading in our direction. Believe they're going to bomb our position!"

"Roger," Thyng replied, "we read you loud and clear. Now attacking. Out."

The Fourth Wing CO ordered Able Flight to bounce the Reds first. "Tallyho!" Preston shouted as his element of eight Sabres nosed down in the direction of the enemy flight. Thyng methodically counted off 30 seconds and then shouted, "Let's get 'em, gang!" His element dived into the fray. Charlie Flight's eight Sabres remained topside to fly cover. Like buckshot hitting a screen door, the Sabrejets slashed through the enemy formation. Major George A. Davis, Jr., who was later to win the Medal of Honor after destroying 14 Migs, quickly shot down two million (*Continued on page* 68)

KEYHOLE ON THE WORLD

A close-up on strange, out-of-the-way happenings around the globe

SKY MENACE

The Air Force captain piloting the jet fighter was listening intently to the radioed instructions from the air control man guiding him in for a landing at a Midwestern air field. He was not particularly concerned about the landing; ground control had given him an "all clear" to come in; there was, they said, nothing "unreported" on their radar.

With this reassurance, the pilot was therefore all the more surprised to see looming ahead of his jet a strange, tiny, bobbing shape. His surprise turned to near-panic when he realized that the strange object and his plane were, at their respective rates of speed, on a "collision course." Only after he had executed a screaming evasive turn, just a few feet from the object ahead, did the pilot realize that what he had narrowly missed was a man's body, a "sky diver" parachuting to earth after a free fall jump — and invisible to ground radar.

The Air Force captain is only one of a growing number of pilots who had a brush with what could become a terribly serious problem for American aviation. The sport of "sky diving," in which a person dives out of a plane, falls miles through the sky before opening his parachute, is becoming an exceedingly popular one — with more initiates taking the plunge every day. The largest U.S. skydiving club, the Parachute Club of America, now has 8400 members, 8300 more than in 1957. The problem is, of course, that they share the sky with planes and the fear is, both among divers and pilots, that someday soon a plane and a diver may meet, with horrendous results for both.

Death divers

The enormity of what could happen is awful to contemplate. In free fall, at the speeds sky divers reach — more than 120 m.p.h.—a 200-pound man would have shattering destructive force if he hit a plane. Far less heavy objects, traveling at far slower speeds, have knocked commercial airliners out of the sky (last year, a United Airlines four-engine Viscount jet hit a swan and crashed to earth), so there is no doubt that the diver would be a plane-downing human "missile" even if he struck the largest commercial jet airliner.

The Federal Aviation Agency is aware of this problem and has decreed that divers get the agency's permission before jumping into heavily traveled air space or onto airports. When divers get an okay, the FAA notifies all pilots who will be flying through the jumping area. Only trouble is, the FAA sky diver warnings are often overlooked by pilots, since they appear on weather briefing sheets which have hundreds of weather notations.

Both divers and pilots have recommendations to solve the problem. Divers want to be licensed so that foolhardy and unskilled ones won't be able to jump; they also want small spaces off heavily traveled air lanes as their private diving preserve. Pilots want jumpers to use only planes with two-way radios. Then the FAA could clear each jump separately.

But so far, nothing has been done—and perhaps nothing will, until the first heavily-loaded commercial jet receives a death wound from a falling man.

VICTORY OR BLUNDER?

It was, for its size, possibly the most heavily defended island bastion in the world—and to conquer it, America expended so many GI lives that

GI-killing blunder?

the bloody battle of Tarawa is still being damned by its critics as a shameful mistake, a WWII "Charge of the Light Brigade," a needless and stupid operation that never should have been attempted. Tarawa's defenders, on the other hand, are convinced that it was a brilliant and necessary victory in America's Pacific drive toward the heartland of Japan.

The critics of Tarawa point to what happened on November 20, 1943, when U.S. Marines from

(*continued on page 52*)

"You've got a gambler's luck," she said, pulling him toward her. "You've won me—and any man who's been around here for a while can tell you I'm the craziest jackpot in town"

THE MACHINE spewed out dollars and she giggled: "Now, do you want to see what else I'm good at?"

VEGAS LOWDOWN GIRL

By BARRY JAMIESON

ART BY SAMSON POLLEN

HE knocked three times on the door of the ranch-style house. He was a tall, very thin young man in skin-tight Levis and tee-shirt. The harsh Vegas sun made him squint his eyes. He rubbed his hands down his Levis, waited. Soon high heels clicked on a parquet floor, and the door opened.

The woman who stood before him was blonde, a little shorter than average, and she wore a green summer dress. She looked around 30, about ten years older than he was. She smiled, nodded politely. "You must be the young man who works for my husband. Please come in."

"Yes, ma'am."

Jim Daley stepped in the (*Cont. on page* 54)

HEROES OF THE DEEP

"YOU should have been dead weeks ago," stunned medics told raft survivors after destroyer plucked them from sea

TAMPICO:

SHROUDED in a thickening blanket of tropical mist, the Dutch merchant liner *Gretchen* sliced her way steadily through the choppy, wind-whipped South Atlantic waters — the hazy outline of her massive frame neatly centered in the periscope of a lurking Nazi U-boat.

In his spray-soaked observation perch on the starboard side of the Dutch vessel, Seaman 2/c Basil Izzi, U.S. Navy, glanced impatiently at his watch: *4:15 P.M., November 2, 1942.* Grasping a rail to keep his balance, (*Continued on page* 46)

Lost For Three Months

WWII's GREATEST

Their ship torpedoed within shouting distance of land, these five pain-wracked seamen thought rescue was only hours away, not knowing their frail splinter of a raft was trapped in the South Atlantic's most relentless current. Then the horrifying truth struck them—they were on a bobbing, swirling express train to doom with madness, starvation and dry-throated death at the end of the line...

in the "Current of Hell" RAFT SURVIVAL

By JOSEPH P. FRIED and HENRY I. KURTZ

"RELAX," Zina told the American.
"No one knows about our party"

RUSSIA'S SPY FLEET OF FEMALE BED PARTNERS

By IGOR OSIPOV
as told to LEO HEIMAN
ART BY AL ROSSI

Lush honey-blondes from the Ukraine, satin-bodied Oriental girls from Azerbaijan, they offer first class love for tourist class prices aboard Khrushchev's new armada of sea-going pleasure palaces — and all the unwary Western male traveller has to fear is blackmail, violence and a life of torment under the thumb of Moscow's most vicious espionage apparatus . . .

VIENNA:

THE girl was frightened and desperate. She blocked my path through the narrow corridor, her great breasts pressing against the gold braid of my uniform.

"Please, Comrade *Natshalnik,*" she pleaded in a throbbing voice, "don't let them put me off the ship. I'll do anything for you if you'll just let me stay."

She looked like a young countess but was, in fact, a prostitute, one of 64 Russian girls kept for immoral purposes aboard the luxury riverboat *Dunai* of the Soviet merchant fleet. As *Natshalnik Kadrov* (chief of personnel)

BED PARTNERS

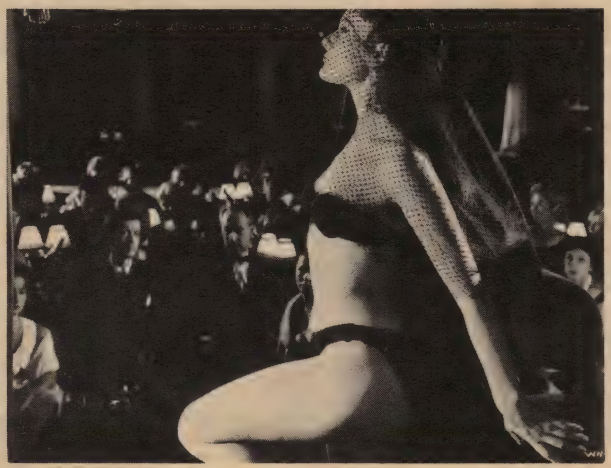
aboard, I was her immediate superior. But I could do nothing about her dismissal, prompted by the fact that she had gotten drunk ashore and told strangers some of the details of her job. Her punishment had been expulsion from the *Dunai*—and the comparatively soft life aboard—at the first Russian port we touched.

"I can do nothing," I told her brusquely and elbowed past. The 20 minutes or so of love-making she would have given in return for my aid would hardly have been worth the risk to my own position—not with 63 other eager women aboard. Besides, at the time I felt that her discharge was justified. The disillusion with Communism that eventually led to my escape to the West was still in embryonic form.

My ship, built in 1958 in Communist Czechoslovakia at the cost of $3,500,000 — which the Russians never paid—was the pride of Khrushchev's passenger fleet. It sailed out of the Black Sea port of Odessa to enter the mouth of the mighty Danube river, carrying gay, pleasure-seeking passengers across Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Austria to the passenger terminal at Vienna. Two other Russian river boats plied the same route. The *Suvorov* was a regular passenger-cargo liner. But the *Pozharski,* like our *Dunai,* was a floating bordello, operated by the *Chernomorskoye-Dunaiskoye Parokhodstvo* (Black Sea-Danube Shipping Line Administration) on behalf of the KGB secret security police and other Soviet Intelligence agencies.

I must have looked imposing in my gold-braided uniform of *Natshalnik Kadrov* aboard the *Dunai,* but if someone had told me ten years earlier that I would one day be managing a squad of girls-for-hire, I would have hit him in the teeth. However, that was what my job amounted to. As Chief of Personnel, I was directly responsible for the Russian, Ukrainian Georgian and Cossack girls who were officially registered on our crew lists as hostesses, steward-

RED "spy boat" girls who work Danube River route sometimes spend time on shore, attempting to seduce Allied GI's, diplomats. Training course includes visits to Western night clubs to study entertainers (left and below)...



esses, waitresses, nurses, etc. Their real job, however, was to latch on to Western tourists and climb in the sack with them.

If the tourist happened to have a wife and job back home, a few compromising pictures taken "in flagrante" would soften him up to be approached by Soviet Intelligence network recruiting operatives abroad. Surprisingly, many NATO nation minor officials and military men had been caught in our net. Our girls also dallied with Communist big-shots from the satellite countries through which we passed twice a month. They may have been our friends and allies, but the KGB people in charge of the operation worked according to the old, time-tested rule that you can trust a friend better if you have incriminating evidence against him.

For reasons of discipline and Marxist-Leninist dialectic morality, the officers and men of *Dunai* were forbidden to have any sexual contact with the tarts. But men are men and girls will be girls. If I had a dollar for all the times our *Mozhno* girls hopped into bed with the skipper, the commissar, the officers and even the deck hands, I would be a millionaire today.

NOW that I have been in the West close to a year, I realize that most men would have given anything to be in my position. A soft job aboard a luxury liner, plying Europe's most beautiful river route. Good salary, excellent food, a private cabin with a TV set and a built-in bar, the chance to go ashore in some 12 cities of six European countries, to pick up a few extra rubles by buying and selling all kinds of black market products. And, more than anything else, having 64 beautiful girls always on hand.

I was born in the West Russian city of Smolensk, famed for its long sieges by Napoleon's and Hitler's armies. My parents died during the war and I was raised by relatives. On the day of my graduation from the Lermontov High School in Smolensk, I was ordered to appear in the office of *Gorkom Komsomola,* the city administration of the Young Communist League, to which I belonged.

The *Gorkom* secretary told me the local Manpower Allocations Board decided to send top high school graduates each to the Merchant Marine Academy at Tallin and People's Militia Officers School at Tambov. My name was on the list and which did I prefer? Since I had no desire to be a policeman, I opted for the merchant fleet school and spent the next four years studying navigation, maritime administration, marine engineering and sailing. I graduated in 1955 and, for the next three years, sailed as Assistant Purser aboard the Soviet ocean-going liner *Litva,* and Administration Manager aboard the passenger-cargo ship *Ochakov* followed by six months ashore in the line's Main Operations Office in Odessa.

Then, in June 1958, I was ordered to report to the Ministry of Merchant Marine in Moscow. There I met my future skipper, Captain Vsevolod Ivanov, the Chief Engineer Anton Yegorovitsh Proskin, and the Chief Purser Sergei Mazanov. I was appointed Chief of Personnel. Together with Chief Navigator Piriugin, and Chief Security Officer (*Continued on page* 60)

MOST pleasure boat women are stationed aboard Soviet merchant vessels but Russian warships (above and below) **often transport girls to dozens of foreign countries, where they join already-established espionage organizations...**

PHOTO STOPPERS

The month's top pictorial action—antic and agonizing — recorded by prizewinning lensmen . . . .

RING AROUND THE ROSIE—To perform this hand-holding "sky ballet" 12,000 feet above earth, these free-fall jumpers must display a maximum of courage, skill, teamwork and timing. Experienced aerialists say this is the most difficult "chute" stunt in the book

MAKE MINE MINK — Starting the newest fad on Italy's Lido Beach, curvy starlet Gia Sandri drapes herself in snug fur. Purpose: to ward off the chills for season's first dip

NAILED-DOWN SUSPECT—The object of a massive California manhunt, Timothy Lee Silva is finally nabbed by Daly City police. Silva is accused of slaying a cop who caught him hiding in a warehouse. Shot six times, policeman managed to send SOS from patrol car

HIDDEN STAR—Playing the role of a shy violet, movie queen Ava Gardner hides behind some broad shoulders in Hollywood nightclub to avoid having her picture snapped. Shortly after this photo, Miss Gardner leaped to her feet and ran for door with two escorts

GET OFFA MY BACK—English actor Terrence Cooper may get a sprained sacroiliac from this bit of stage business, but he couldn't get it in a nicer way. Actress Anita Gillette is actually playing the part of Pocahontas in a drama and protecting him from Indians...

MID-AIR SUSPENSION—Looking like a road leading to nowhere, it's really the half-completed Verrazano Bridge over New York Harbor. The sun is going down behind Staten Island, and the view is from Brooklyn. Deserted, it will soon support heavy traffic

LUCKY TRUCKER—Deserving this year's top award for sheer good fortune, Darrell Mauk is pulled from a truck cab which dangles off a bridge near Tulsa, Oklahoma. In this freak accident which left the cab hanging by a tread, rescue workers had to use 40-foot ladder

MEN'S NEWSLETTER

(Continued from page 6)

FYING GOGGLES TO HELP WORKERS AVOID ERRORS AND ACCIDENTS . . . GREAT NEW ELECTRIC KNIVES THAT ARE ESPECIALLY EFFECTIVE IN HANDLING FROZEN MEAT . . .

NINE TO FIVE

BIG NEED IN COMPANIES IS NOT AN "ORGANIZATION MAN" BUT A "DISORGANIZATION MAN," fellow who can shake up a company that's stale, get some quick action . . .

IF YOU'VE HAD SIX MEN UNDER YOU IN THE SERVICE, INDUSTRY WILL GENERALLY HIRE

EXECUTIVE TRAINING SCHOOL

YOU TO RUN A 12-MAN OFFICE . . .

SOUNDS LOONY, BUT PSYCHIATRISTS RECOMMEND THAT WORKERS BE GIVEN KIDS' TOYS FOR AN HOUR A DAY. Playing with them in the plant for a short period is great for working off tension . . .

If the job interviewer asks you whether you're likely to "worry" about your work, MAKE SURE TO ANSWER "YES." The company knows that a man who worries is likely to work twice as hard . . .

FORGET ABOUT IT AS A FULLTIME OCCUPATION, but if your town has only one lock-

PLAYERS LIKE STAINLESS STICKS

smith—and he's overworked—this is a nice way to pick up a hundred bucks or so a week as a sparetime deal . . .

ONE GOOD THING ABOUT BEING A BACHELOR WORKING FOR A BANK IS YOU'VE GOT A FINE CHANCE TO GO OVERSEAS. Most banks have flocks of branches all over the world . . . THE DOOR-TO-DOOR SALESMAN IS NO LONGER JUST A SLOB, A FELLOW WHO CAN'T DO ANYTHING ELSE. THIS IS A THREE BILLION DOLLAR BUSINESS NOW AND THE SALESMAN IN IT CAN REALLY MAKE BIG KILLINGS . . .

GRANDSTAND HIGHLIGHTS—

REALLY GREAT HOCKEY PLAYERS WON'T USE A STICK IF IT HAS A SINGLE CHIP ON IT —and even the not-so-greats use up some ten sticks a season . . .

LOOK FOR A FLAT-SIDED BASEBALL BAT TO COME INTO THE GAME BEFORE LONG. Said to increase accuracy and reduce number of fouls. Some Little League teams are using them, and the Major Leagues are looking them over . . . Sounds strange, but the most exhausting sport in the world is chess. TOURNAMENTS LAST SO LONG THEY OFTEN WIND UP AS ENDURANCE CONTESTS. Physical conditioning actually is important . . .

Those two-knockdown rules and three-knockdown ones are bad news AND MOST BOXING

NOT-SO-HOT HOSTESSES

EXPERTS AGREE THE SOUNDEST APPROACH IS TO LET THE REFEREE USE HIS JUDGMENT AND STOP THE BOUT WHENEVER HE FEELS LIKE IT, without waiting for a certain number of kayoes . . .

AMERICAN FIGHTERS KNOW THEY'VE GOT TO KNOCK OUT THEIR BRITISH OPPONENT TO WIN IN ENGLAND. Otherwise, even if the British guy has got more holes in him than a slice of swiss cheese, he'll have his hand raised as the winner . . .

No matter how great the catcher's mask is—it isn't much protection—and if a catcher were to get hit on the mask by a Sandy Koufax fastball he'd be out of business for a helluva long time . . .

GUYS AND DOLLS

Those new clubs with pretty, undressed women as hostesses HAVE BEEN DESCRIBED AS "BROTHELS WITHOUT SECOND STORIES" . . .

MOST WOMEN WHO INFECT MEN WITH GONORRHEA DON'T EVEN REALIZE THEY HAVE THE DISEASE . . .

HIP PICKPOCKETS PACK TRAINS

RARE IS THE GIRL WHO WILL ALLOW HERSELF TO BE SEDUCED UNLESS IT'S SOMEWHERE WARM AND SAFE AND PRIVATE. Almost more important than the guy she's with . . . And women, say the psychiatrists, are as easy as pie to seduce AFTER THEY'VE MADE SOME KIND OF SUCCESSFUL SCORE—such as winning a cooking contest or an election . . .

OUR AMERICAN INDIANS HAD A WONDERFUL SYSTEM OF DIVORCE. If the brave tired of his squaw and wanted to push on to some better action, all he'd do is saddle up his horse, wave goodby and he was out of it . . .

THE ODDS ON YOUR MARRYING THE IDEAL WOMAN HAVE BEEN COMPUTED AS TWO

BRONCOS BUCK BOOZE

MILLION TO ONE AGAINST . . .

SOME EIGHT OUT OF EVERY TEN AMERICAN GIRLS WEAR BRAS BEFORE THEY'RE FIFTEEN . . . Many hotels have a rule that beds broken by honeymooners get repaired on the house . . .

MUGS, MOLLS AND MAYHEM

CARRYING YOUR WALLET IN YOUR HIP POCKET MAKES YOU A SITTING DUCK FOR PICKPOCKETS. Safest place is the inside breast pocket with the jacket buttoned, especially aboard crowded trains, etc.

NOT REALLY TRUE YOU CAN HAVE ANY DISH YOU WANT AS YOUR LAST REQUEST BEFORE BEING EXECUTED. If you get too fancy, they'll just tell you to take the roast beef and be quick about it. FRIED CHICKEN IS THE DISH MOST OFTEN REQUESTED BY ABOUT-TO-BE EXECUTED CRIMINALS . . .

BIGGEST EVIDENCE THAT WE'RE ASHAMED OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IS THAT WE KILL OUR VICTIMS IN PRIVATE. If we thought we were right in this approach to crime, we'd hold electrocutions in public squares . . .

WHISKEY WHISPERS

CUPFUL OF WARM AND WEAK TEA THE MORNING AFTER is in the lead as the top method in licking a wicked hangover . . .

If you're a sparkling burgundy lover, YOU DO JUST AS WELL WITH AMERICAN BRANDS. The French don't really care for this drink and pay it no special attention . . .

LOOK FOR A NEW SPANISH WHISKY THAT CAN'T BE TOLD FROM SCOTCH; much cheaper than the real thing, too . . .

WE MAY SOON BE TURNING OUR CATTLE AND OTHER LIVESTOCK INTO LUSHES IF A NEW ALCOHOLIC-FEEDING SYSTEM GOES INTO OPERATION. Turns out that a pint of whisky a day helps cattle take on weight and improves their beef . . .

MAKE SURE TO WATCH YOUR DRINKING IF THE ROOM IS ON THE STUFFY SIDE. You can get blind that way on just a few fingers of hootch . . .

IF YOU START OUT WITH A FEAR OF GETTING DRUNK, this will hasten your drunkenness; best idea is to forget about it . . .

FISH AND GAME DIGEST

REPORT FROM AFRICA THAT ONE TRIBE HAS CONCOCTED A SERUM THAT ENABLES THEM TO USE THE JUNGLE'S FEROCIOUS

SHIP-EATING SHARKS

ANIMALS AGAINST THEIR TRIBAL ENEMIES. When serum is used—it's spread out in powder form over animal eating places — the animals actually rally together and go to war against the tribe's enemies . . .

SHARKS ARE SO VICIOUS IN AUSTRALIA THAT THEY ACTUALLY CHEW OFF HUNKS OF BOATS . . . THERE'S A SYNTHETIC SKUNK POWDER AROUND that will protect any outdoor, overnight camp from snakes . . .

Hunting guides say that the important thing —if you're ever attacked by a bear—is to keep your stomach covered and protected. He'll always go after the stomach first.

EXCITING NEWS A MAN CAN USE

NEW BREAKTHROUGHS ON THE HEALTH FRONTIER

MEN and MEDICINE

THAT FRANTIC, PHRENIC NERVE—Nothing brings out a list of cures faster than the sight of some poor guy hiccupping his head off. Hiccups is one ailment in the books for which America has 190,000,000 experts—each disagreeing with the other. What actually causes the heaving, noisy, maddening attack is an inflammation or irritation of the phrenic nerve—which passes from the back of your neck down your spinal cord. It is this nerve which controls the action of your diaphragm, and anything that throws it out of whack does the same to your diaphragm—resulting in hiccups. While most people find a hiccup victim an object of humor, there is nothing funny about people who've been unable to stop for periods up to six months. And certainly, there's nothing to laugh at when hiccups result in death—which is not as uncommon as you think. Probably the only thing side-splitting about the condition is the rash of "positive" cures people have tried. 1. Place your head in a paper bag, to rebreathe the carbon dioxide expelled from your lungs. 2. Put ice on your ears to freeze them. 3. Let some one scare the hell out of you. 4 Whirl yourself about in a circle while drinking from two glasses of water at a time. 5. Stretch out and let someone jump up and down on your stomach. 6. Count to 100—and if that doesn't work, keep going to 1000. Sorry, we haven't room to list the other 189,999,994, but the truth is that doctors haven't come up with much better.

FALL GUYS—The old adage, "God looks out for drunks and little children," never had more dramatic confirmation than when the Federal Aviation Agency made a study of 12,000 cases of "free falls." Among the victims of falls the FAA surveyed were those between the ages of 18 months and 91 years of age. Each had fallen from heights up to 275 feet, at speeds that hit 79 miles an hour. They had fallen off everything from bridges, roller coasters and bomb shelters to ladders slapped against the side of houses during secret elopements. The incredible thing is that a good percentage of these accident victims not only live—but very often are uninjured. The reason drunks and babies usually make it safely is that they are completely relaxed when they tumble. It is stiffening up in fright that results in serious injury and death upon landing. Oddly enough, most plunging people land on their feet, with the second most common impact being on the head or rump.

FOLLOW YOUR NOSE — It's incredible that there is ever one case of botulism (food poisoning) listed among the death statistics. How anyone can put anything into his mouth that has the fantastically horrible smell of botulism-infected food is a mystery to most doctors. And should he be able to get it into his mouth, it seems unbelievable that anyone could swallow the stuff, as it tastes even worse than it smells. Yet every year, victims are killed by eating contaminated meat, fish or vegetables that are imperfectly canned. You'll know you have it, once the poison is absorbed into your blood stream; you'll feel your muscles becoming paralyzed; your breathing will fail; and finally your heart will give out.

BLADE VS SHAVER—Whether you lather up in the morning or plug in your electric shaver, here's what actually happens to your beard. The electric razor leaves the hair ends ragged and split, while a blade slices the beard with smoothness and neatness. Reason for the uneven results with the electric razor is the fact that you use a to-and-fro movement, actually cutting each hair several times. Every time the hair is cut, it is cut progressively closer to the skin—a technique which is bound to leave the individual whiskers cropped at varying levels. But, no matter which shaving method you prefer, you are removing bits of hair and skin—some sections of skin large enough for doctors to use in performing biopsies.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES—If you're a surburban dweller, encased in a modern home that's half glass, not only shouldn't you throw stones, but you'd better watch your step. At least 40,000 people — most of them men — try walking through glass doors, walls and picture windows every year. There are several answers to the problem, suggested by the American Medical Association. 1. Use only unbreakable glass in construction—better a bump on the head than a severed artery. 2. Attach decals or bright tape to the glass at eye level, so you can stop before you crash. 3. Fasten safety bars to sliding doors and glass walls.

WINTER PROTECTION FOR SUMMER SUNBURN—For people who are super-sun-sensitive, the approach of summer is like the coming of the plague. They resign themselves to a completely indoor life, or else face the painful consequences. Doctors now advise these tortured souls to start preparing themselves during the winter for the summer ordeal. Working on the theory that the body has a "threshold" beyond which the sun's toxic effects are felt, medics suggest that the sun-troubled begin avoiding the sunlight during the winter months so that their threshold will not be reached too quickly once they are exposed to the summer rays. (Medical World News, 12/20/63)

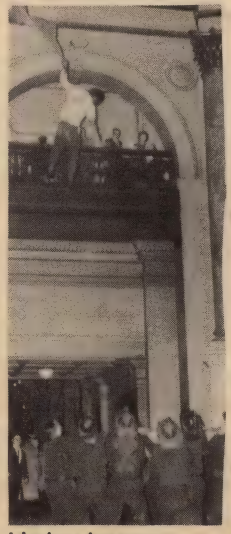
KEEP THE ASTRONAUTS MOVING — Space medics are worried about the lack of exercise available to astronauts locked in their capsules during long interplanetary flights. Such immobility causes the blood to pool in the limbs, induces faintness and unscheduled napping during weightless flights. Once they lick the problem of physical activity in cramped quarters, the men will be medically ready to "go." (Medicine At Work, 1/64)

MEDICINE IN CRIME—A new development in bandaging is giving Los Angeles' policemen fits. Hoods who pull jobs now douse their hands with antiseptic spray-on bandages to avoid leaving incriminating fingerprints.

DODGERS' SERIES SWEEP DUE TO DOC—Not only wouldn't the Dodgers have swept four straight from the N.Y. Yankees in the 1963 World Series, but chances are they might never have won the National League pennant without the services of ace pitcher, Sandy Koufax. And Sandy Koufax might never have thrown another baseball in the majors if doctors hadn't come up with the solution to his circulatory ailment. They pumped him full of four bloodflow easers, saving Sandy's forefinger from being amputated. Wonder if Sandy's medical staff received a full cut of the Series jackpot?

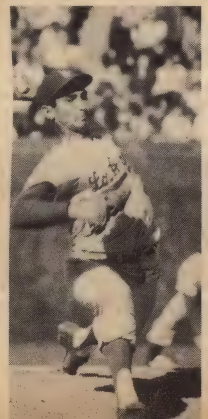
CIGARETTES, PLUS 12 OTHERS—Cancer experts have compiled a list of 13 known causes of cancer. In addition to cigarettes, the others are: overeating, excessive use of alcohol, too much sunbathing, lipstick, artificial food colors, artificial food flavors, air pollution, tar, pitch, soot, petroleum distillation products, by-products of chromium and nickel processing.

BLOOD FROM HOMOSEXUAL CONS—Alarmed by the fact that the syphilitic rate among homosexuals is six times that of other men, Los Angeles has ordered blood tests for all homosexuals convicted of crimes. Those found to be infected will be treated as they serve their sentences, in the hope that while they're in jail they won't be in a position to spread their disease.



Limber leapers

Winter-light dolls



Sore-hand champ

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continued from page 35

the husky 19-year-old sailor scowled with frustration and boredom, his gaze flitting through the murk to the dull glow of the late-afternoon sun.

"Goddamn this cold, stinking war!" he muttered, pelted in the face by a lash of spray as he cursed every German and Jap for having so violently disrupted his life. Not that he didn't feel strongly about the war—after all, he had been among the first in his home town to volunteer for service after Pearl Harbor. But, God, how he wished there were no war so he could be home instead.

Izzi thought about home in South Barre, Mass. Just about now he would be putting aside the 16-pound sledge hammer with which he broke up pig iron at the local foundry, ready to call it a day and hurry home to his wife, his kids, and all that good Italian food. If it were summer, he would be snatching an hour's practice with the town's semi-pro baseball team, on which the stocky, powerful youngster had been catcher. All that seemed like a distant dream. Now he was far away from home, standing watch on an Allied ship in an angry sea 300 miles off the coast of Brazil; a member of an American naval unit assigned to protect the vessel. And they were still 13 days out of New York, where the long and perilous run from Africa—with a vital cargo of raw materials and 206 wounded American servicemen returning to the States —would finally end . . .

Several decks below, in the cramped and crowded U.S. officers' quarters, Ensign Jim Maddox had the same feeling of depression, though it alternated with great joy. He had just re-read a letter from his wife, informing him that he was the father of a six-pound baby girl. A 28-year-old assistant professor of English at Purdue University at the war's outbreak, the slender but wiry Maddox had put aside his books and applied for a Naval commission.

Now, beaming happily at the snapshot of his attractive wife and newborn daughter, their first child, he wished to hell that he was back at his tree-shaded Indiana home. He'd never complain again about being a low-paid college prof. . . .

Another member of the U.S. contingent, Seaman Apprentice George Beezley of Hannibal, Mo., had a more earthy reason for wishing he were on land.

"I tell you, I'm going outta my mind," the youthful Beezley loudly proclaimed to his mates, punctuating his remarks with lusty oaths as they scurried along the main deck toward the evening chow-line. "Six weeks since I been with a broad. *Six weeks!*"

"But just you wait till we get to New York. Right, Smitty?" Shaping an imaginary female form with his meaty longshoreman's hands, Beezley boisterously continued. "And if any of them Boy Scouts try to make it with our chicks again, we'll beat the living daylights outta them like we did in Algiers." Smitty beamed at the reference to a wild street brawl he and Beezley had had with some U.S. Army men in that North African city. . . .

Proud boasts seemed to be the order of the day among the Dutch crewmen also. Beads of perspiration slithering down his thin face as he stoked a furnace in the sweltering engine room, 17-year-old Nicko Hoogendam, on his first ocean voyage, once more told his comrades how he had escaped from the Nazi invaders of his homeland.

In a far corner, Cornelius van der Slot, a 37-year-old oiler from Rotterdam, listened with a bemused, fatherly smile as he puffed on his battered, short-stemmed pipe. Every time Hoogendam told the story, it got more exciting. The first time, the youth had merely sneaked off in his father's fishing boat in the middle of the night and quietly sailed down the snake-like Waal River to safety. But each time he told about it after that, he added more spice. Now he was excitedly describing how the Germans had shot at him and how the bullet-torn raft had sunk, leaving him to swim a mile through the swift, churning currents.

And next time they would be shooting at him while he was swimming, van der Slot thought, working hard to keep a straight face. Let him exaggerate if it made him feel good, the older man mused. After all, he was only a young pup and someday he really would have some exciting adventures.

Van der Slot—an experienced seaman who had traveled to every corner of the world in his 20 years in the Dutch merchant marine – remembered only too well his own harrowing experiences the two times his ships had gone down in the middle of the ocean. The experiences had certainly been far from romantic; the hours spent waiting for rescuers—though they had been quick in coming—had been agonizing.

WHILE van der Slot pondered, Beezley boasted, and Izzi griped, a torpedo from the lurking Nazi sub was already streaking with rocket-swiftness through the inky depths toward the *Gretchen's* hull. Within seconds, he, Hoogendam and three Americans — a quiet, clean-cut foundry worker from Massachusetts, a roistering, brawling longshoreman from Missouri and cultured, soft-spoken intellectual from Indiana — would be plunged with earth-quaking impact into one of the most harrowing ordeals of World War II.

The enemy projectile struck the Dutch ship with a shattering roar. Violently awakened from his homesick reverie, Seaman Izzi watched with gaping horror as a blinding sheet of flame leaped upward and engulfed the port side, where the torpedo had struck.

Scores of men had been knocked off their feet by the tremendous force of the explosion, and several lay trapped and stunned beneath large pieces of wreckage. As the curtain of fire came roaring toward them, the partially exposed figures flailed and kicked desperately to throw off the chunks of torn, jagged steel that pinned them to the deck. Only a few were successful; with ghastly, short-lived screams the others were roasted alive.

Jolted out of his momentary shock by the shrieks of the dying, Izzi remembered his assignment. Leaping monkey-like, he abandoned his observation platform and raced along the gun deck to his post by the large weapon. All around, life-jacketed figures were running to their stations, stumbling on the listing decks, dodging each other, ducking the rain of falling wreckage. Shouted orders in English and Dutch cut through the chaos and on the port side a team of fire fighters sprinted into action with their powerful hoses.

Up on the bridge, Ensign Maddox was still struggling to secure his life vest, vainly scanned the brine for the enemy sub. "Ready and loaded, sir," the gun captain yelled up to Maddox. Izzi—the crew's trigger man—tensed.

But there was nothing to shoot at. Not even the tip of a periscope revealed the attacker's whereabouts. Unable to locate the U-boat, Maddox finally gave the gun-captain a range of 2000 feet, rapidly calculating that this would be the likeliest distance from which a submarine would launch its fish in heavy seas. But before the gun could be fired, a second torpedo slammed into the stricken ship with even greater force. Once again the devastating impact was on the port side, but everywhere on the ship men went flying head over heels, smashed against bulkheads and decks.

Dazed and bleeding, Izzi crawled on his hands and knees, clawing at the slippery, slanting deck to keep from being washed into the ocean by the heavy waves sweeping over the mutilated ship. Shattered and mangled by the explosions, and swallowed up on the port side by a fire that now raged out of control, the vessel began to sink quickly, bow first.

"Abandon ship! Abandon ship!" Over and over again, the shrill command shot out of static-ridden squawkboxes. Izzi had often wondered what his thoughts and feelings would be at a moment like this; now he found that his only concern was to help get the lifeboats into the water.

He and several other Americans worked feverishly with Dutch crewmen to untie the small craft. All three lifeboats on the port side had been destroyed by the explosions and fire, and one of the three on the starboard side had a gaping hole in the hull where a rocketing hatch cover had torn through it. That left only two lifeboats —with a total capacity of 80 persons— for the hundreds of men on board. There were also several tiny bamboo survival rafts, which Izzi and another man flung into the swelling waves.

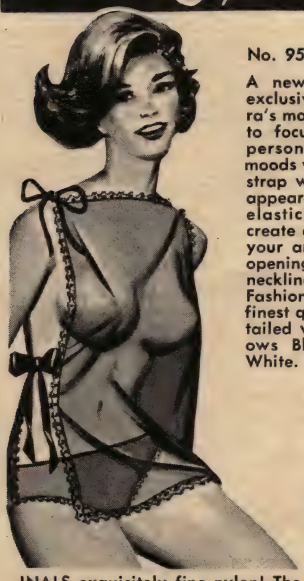
BY THIS time, two-thirds of the *Gretchen* was below the water line. Packs of fearful, clutching men backed up into the stern, until they could go no farther. A pajama-clad, one-legged GI clambering desperately toward the rearmost section of the drowning ship suddenly reminded Izzi of the 206 disabled American servicemen who were confined in the hospital area. "God, those poor bastards," he thought, realizing that those not killed outright by the explosions were, at that moment, dying a slow, tortured death in their flooded compartments.

Now it was every man for himself. Izzi took a deep breath, closed his eyes and plunged into the billowing waves. For a moment the force of his long dive continued to cary him downward, the dull waters closing in over his head. But his inflated life jacket quickly sent him bobbing back to the surface.

He struck out at once, trying to get as far away from the submerging vessel as he could. Everywhere men were flinging themselves into the water, too panic-stricken to wait for those preceding them to swim clear of the area.

Suddenly there was a deep growling sound. Turning toward the *Gretchen,* Izzi saw her stern slide beneath the surface, sending out an enormous wave that carried one of the lifeboats high into the air. Like men on an insanely

NIGHTIE *Nights on the Nile*



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careening roller-coaster, the huddled, sprawling figures in the small vessel clung to each other for dear life—then disappeared from Izzi's view as they descended, with the sickening speed of a falling elevator.

When the gigantic wave had subsided, Izzi searched desperately for the lifeboats. Riding the crest of a high wave, he finally spotted them—and his heart sank. Both boats were already filled beyond capacity and listing perilously. Hundreds of men were still in the water—clinging to bits and pieces of wreckage, alone and in small clusters — and many were frantically attempting to climb into the jam-packed boats. To keep them off, those already in the vessels were savagely punching, kicking and lashing out at them with oars. Rank and age meant nothing.

A burly Dutchman on board, mercilessly pummeling the face of an American officer who refused to loosen his grasp on the vessel's side, was himself yanked into the sea by a second American trying to get aboard. When the Hollander tried to clamber back in, he was viciously kicked in the jaw by one of his countrymen. Blood and teeth spurting out of his battered mouth, the unconscious Dutchman floated away like one more piece of debris.

THE brutal, dog-eat-dog battle for a place in the lifeboats continued for more than a half hour. Finally, when everybody attempting to fling themselves onto the boats had been ruthlessly smashed back into the water, the two craft sailed into the distance, disappearing in the descending twilight.

Tears welled in Izzi's salt-sore eyes as he watched the vessels become specks on the horizon. *If he hadn't remained so long on the Gretchen, trying to help until the last minute, he might now have been on one of the boats.* The thought gnawed at him until he gritted his teeth in desolation . . .

The wind was howling with mounting rage and the water was becoming choppier. His brain numb, a steadily rising panic taking hold of him, Ensign Maddox continued to rise and fall with the swells and troughs, as he had been doing now for hours.

What was going to happen to him? Would he ever see his wife again, or his newborn daughter? He had a nightmarish vision of himself floating like this for weeks—for months, in fact—long after his life oozed out of him.

God, why was he thinking such crazy things? The rescue boats would surely be there at sunrise. Somebody must be aware they had been torpedoed.

After the life boats had left, the groups of abandoned survivors had been broken up and pulled farther and farther apart by the currents. In his first hour in the water, Maddox had floated past other figures every few seconds; now these encounters were less frequent. By the time darkness had fully descended, it was impossible for him to know whether anybody was floating nearby unless he actually bumped into him.

The night dragged on. Thunder and lightning rumbled and flashed directly overhead and the rain crashed onto the ocean in torrents—though to Maddox the water from above made not one bit of difference in his condition. He found also that although the tropical sea had been far from cold when he'd plunged in, the prolonged exposure was gradually chilling him and his shivering body had become stiff and frozen. After several hours his water-logged skin felt painfully sensitive from head to foot. The collar of his life jacket — hardened by the salt water—rubbed against his neck like a dull-edged knife.

Every so often the exhausted officer's head sank down as his brain snatched a brief moment of nervous sleep—only to snap awake again from the jerky movements of his ocean-buffeted body. Once he heard a piercing shriek. "My God, my God. We're dead. We're already dead!" the voice moaned.

In a half daze, at first uncertain whether he had really heard the cry, Maddox yelled back, "Here! Over here! Swim this way!"

There was no answer.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the sky brightened in the east. *Now they would have no trouble finding him,* he thought. Squinting into the distance, Maddox repeated to himself again and again the thought that had kept him going during the night. But there was nothing to be seen! No rescue craft, no other bobbing figures—only an occasional piece of splintered wreckage breaking the endless expanse of ocean and sky. As the hours passed, Maddox's panic returned and despair swept over him . . .

The squall had worn itself out during the night and only a mild breeze ruffled the water. In the bright blue sky, a white-hot sun blazed mercilessly —inflicting still more agony on Seaman Apprentice Beezley. If he kept his head down, the reflection of the sun on the water was enough to blind him. When he raised his eyes, the pale-complexioned youth could feel the sting of the scorching heat on his exposed face.

Like Izzi and Maddox, the Missourian had spent the entire night and most of the sweltering day drifting in isolation.

His mouth and throat were parched with thirst, his stomach rumbled from hunger, and he could no longer feel his frozen arms and legs. Without any thought or feeling, Beezley gazed glassy-eyed at the water directly in front of him.

Had he raised his head for a moment to scan the calm sea, he might have caught sight of the passing raft before its two bedraggled occupants spotted him.

"Hey you, swim over to us. Swim over, you fool. Ve cannot steer this damn thing." The thickly accented, guttural English jarred him from his stupor. Deliriously, Beezley thrashed in the direction from which he thought the voice had come.

"Not that way. Over here. Over here!" The voices tried to guide him. Bewildered, Beezley changed his direction, mumbling and crying incoherently as he swam. He was vaguely aware of hands reaching out toward him and pulling him from the water. For a split second the blurred images of the two men almost came into focus. Then everything went black.

When Beezley regained consciousness, he found the pair of faces gazing down at him. A quick glance told him that he was on one of the *Gretchen's* tiny survival rafts, the unexpected guest of two members of the Dutch crew.

"Well, you sleeped good. Maybe you dreamed how we get rescued, no?" the older of the two men, van der Slot, offered in his broken English.

Overcome with astonished delight at still being alive and breathing, the American could only stutter, "Where the hell did you ever find this egg crate?"

"We oldtimers know how to take care of ourselves," van der Slot replied wryly. "Eh, Hoogendam?" The young Hollander — crouching bug-eyed and terror-stricken in a corner of the raft — tried unsuccessfully to manage a smile. With a jerk of his thumb, the older man declared, "Look how the hero enjoys the adventure. From the time we get bombed, he shakes like a schoolgirl!"

Van der Slot had been among the last crewmen to take to the water. Like so many others, he had been unable to find a place in the life boats and had clung, with Hoogendam, to a large piece of debris throughout the squall-ridden night. Shortly after sunrise, they had floated past the raft, overturned and abandoned, its occupants apparently hurled out during the storm. Luck was with them. The raft's emergency supplies, packed in water-tight drums, were intact and dry.

Now, with a third man to take care of, their first order of business was to reapportion the meager provisions. They did this at once — not knowing that they would have to do it over again twice the next day.

About noon, the trio drifted across the barely conscious form of Maddox and quickly pulled him from the water. Maddox was numb and fell into a stupor as soon as he was dragged onto the raft. Several hours later, the Dutchman and Beezley spotted still another survivor in the distance. Their clumsy raft was about as navigable as a sink, but with one man maneuvering its bamboo pole and the other two frantically thrashing their arms as if they were oars, they finally reached the young sailor and hauled him in like a catch of sardines. Prostrate from his 48 hours in the water, his incoherent words hardly audible in his throat, Seaman Izzi tried vainly to gasp out his thanks. Then he too passed out . . .

"Well, I hope we do not run into anybody else looking for a ride," van der Slot quipped the next morning, when all five were awake. "They'll have to go first class—we have no more room in tourist."

ACTUALLY there was nothing humorous in his words. The bamboo raft on which five men were now packed measured a mere eight by nine feet. Designed to sustain two or three men for several days, its scanty supplies consisted of nothing more than two dozen hardtack biscuits, 10 gallons of water, a two-pound can of chocolate, a small container of crackers and a first-aid kit, which contained a pair of scissors, some bandages and a flashlight.

Yet this "oversized matchbox," as Izzi dubbed it, was to be the quintet's home for the next twelve weeks! Jubilant to have been plucked from a watery grave, full of renewed confidence that they were about to be rescued, the five had no way of knowing that their ordeal had barely begun.

As the only officer on board, Maddox was tacitly allowed by the others to assume command—but everyone had a say in how things were to be done. For example, the breakdown of food was arrived at only after extensive discussion. It was decided that each man would have a cup of water and a fifth of a cracker for breakfast; a half cup of water and a fifth of a small cracker as lunch; and a cup of water, a piece of biscuit and a bit of chocolate, as big as a thumbnail, for dinner — the main meal.

Sleeping space was doled out the same way. Each part of the raft was given a number from one to five. The space beneath the ledge at the raft's rear, the driest area, was given the number one; the forward ledge, the most sodden, was number five. The men rotated positions every night. Day and night watches were also assigned.

IN the first days, when optimism was high, the men tried everything they could think of to bring the raft closer to land. With the bamboo pole and their hands, they paddled furiously each morning in the direction of the sunset. The effort was utterly exhausting—and utterly unrewarding. At every movement, their undernourished muscles were torn by spasms of pain. Relentlessly, the sweltering heat baked them beyond endurance. Yet despite these agonies, they continued with their labor. Sometimes they paddled for hours without pause, especially when the sight of birds signalled that they might be nearing land.

One evening in the second week — just when it seemed that they were making the most progress—they were mortified to find that the raft, when left to itself, suddenly floated *away* from the western horizon. Only the most constant, back-breaking paddling could keep it at a standstill, let alone move it westward.

Unknown to the hapless seafarers, they had been swept up by the powerful North Equatorial Drift, which was carrying them relentlessly in the direction of Europe.

Hoping to change their course with the aid of favorable winds, the men rigged up a sail from their shirts. But this scheme also failed miserably. Their only clothing was what they had been wearing when the U-boat struck. To keep the sun from scalding them during the day, they had to unrig the sail every morning — undoing whatever progress they had made during the night.

Still the five remained undaunted by the failure of their makeshift attempts. Growing weaker each day, they remained confident that salvation would come. *Some* ship was bound to pass close by, they constantly told themselves.

On the morning of the 17th day a crushing blow was dealt to this slender hope. They had eaten the last crumbs of food the day before. Now, gaunt and emaciated, their parched lips split and shriveled beneath thick beards on their sun-bronzed faces, the men were curled around each other in sleep, Hoogendam drowsily stood watch beneath a magnificent sunrise.

The Dutch boy's eyes blinked as he thought he spotted a moving speck on the brightening horizon. His mouth falling agape, he squinted into the distance. Slowly, the object grew larger and larger—until there was no mistaking it. "Ship! Ship!" he shrieked, the high-pitched tones of his rudimentary English barely comprehensible.

Kicking and elbowing each other in their excitement, the sleeping figures awoke with a bound, almost capsizing the raft. "My God! My God!" Maddox managed to mumble, as he peered into the distance. "The flashlight. Shine the flashlight!" he ordered, regaining his senses.

Groping into one of the drums, Beezley pulled out the flashlight and began waving the bright beam at the ship, now navigating a course almost parallel with the horizon. For five full minutes, the men raptly surveyed the distant vessel. Then, as the seconds ticked by, expressions of joy slowly changed into despair.

"Damn, she's not turning," Izzi sputtered when it was clear that the ship had not altered its course. Exploding in a violent rage the youthful Italian seized Beezley, as if somehow, by not shining the flashlight properly, the Missourian was responsible.

"Calm down," Maddox said, pulling him off. "There's still time for her to spot us." But the ship moved farther away. It was clear that they had gone unnoticed by the ship's watch. In the grayness of dawn, the raft was virtually invisible at such a great distance, and the flashlight was like a lone firefly in a great forest.

"Hey, what's the matter with you bastards? You guys blind? *Come back here, you sons of bitches!*" At the top of his aching lungs, waving the flashlight like a raving lunatic, Beezley screamed and bellowed angrily at the disappearing vessel, until she had dipped beneath the horizon for good. Bitter tears were coursing into the sunken hollows of his once fleshy cheeks, and he sobbed uncontrollably.

HIS own voice breaking and his hand trembling as he tried to comfort the younger man, Maddox mumbled hoarsely, "Take it easy, Beezley — there'll be others." In opposite corners of the raft, Hoogendam—on his knees and elbows, his face in his hands —whimpered with a gasping, choking sound, while van der Slot, tapping a

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mechanical rhythm on the raft's ledge, stared blankly at the eastern sky.

Despite this bitter setback, the men's will to live was far from destroyed. Their food gone, they survived for the next week on tiny shellfish scraped from the bottom of the raft. A blinding rainstorm proved to be both a source of agony and a source of rejoicing, for it provided them with a second supply of drinking water, which was stored in their rusting cans.

Then, on Thanksgiving Day, an incident occurred that filled the men with renewed hope—all of them, that is, except Maddox. In a forlorn monotone, Izzi was telling the Dutchmen about the American tradition of eating turkey on this holiday when his eyes fell on a large brown bird, the size of a chicken, that glided gracefully onto the water within feet of the raft. Though a number of birds had flown over the raft in the past several days, none had been as large as this one and none had lighted on the waves.

"Look, there goes *our* Thanksgiving dinner!" he exclaimed, pointing to the creature floating tranquilly on the surface. Yellow trickles of saliva oozing from their rotting mouths, the others lunged on their knees to the side of the raft nearest the unsuspecting bird. With the fascination of Peeping Toms let loose in a brothel, they gazed with hanging jaws at the feathered creature.

"I get him! I get him!" Hoogendam babbled, squirming over the side as far as his scrawny arms would reach while the others held his ankles. With a deft swipe, he grabbed the screeching, pecking bird with cupped hands and hauled it onto the raft. Its neck was wrung and its feathers pulled out. Within seconds, the starvation-crazed men had voraciously downed its raw, sinewy red meat.

"Boy, that sure as hell hit the spot," Beezley declared, patting the taut, sunken skin that had once been his belly. The others agreed—except Maddox, who suddenly found himself thinking of a line from Coleridge's famous poem, *The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner.*

"What's the matter, sir?" Izzi—who still addresed his gunnery officer with this title of respect — anxiously inquired, noticing the uncontrollable twitching on Maddox's face.

"Nothing. Nothing at all," the officer replied, forcing a smile. *Was there any sense in upsetting the others with his insane reflections? It was only a poem. A work of fiction!* He shrugged off the thought of the tale—though the horrible image of the wretched old seaman who had slain the albatross remained hauntingly on his brain.

The days passed and December came, bringing with it a rainy spell that made the second month on the raft even worse than the first. Without letup, the bone-chilling water cascaded from glowering skies, accompanied by gale winds that battered the flimsy craft. Sunny days were few and far between, and before long all five men were coughing and rasping with feverish intensity.

To their daily menu of shellfish scraped from the raft's bottom, they occasionally added fish speared with the scissors from the first-aid kit — and those few birds unfortunate enough to light on the nearby waves. Wild with hunger, they didn't bother to scale or bone their catches but thrust them animal-like down their throats, crunching and swallowing heads, bones and tails in one gulping motion. Often, their stomachs reacted and they vomited up the raw meat.

Then came a new terror — sharks. Late one afternoon, van der Slot was beneath the raft, his fingernails scraping the underside for the barnacles that would provide the evening meal. Suddenly Hoogendam — holding the rope looped around the older man's waist — began sputtering excitedly in Dutch.

"Hey, speak English," Izzi said, annoyed at not being able to understand him. But no other words were necessary. Almost as one man, the Americans spotted the score of sharp-edged fins zipping through the water a bare 20 feet away.

"Pull him up!" Beezley yelled, helping Hoogendam yank the rope out of the water. But the sharks reached the side of the raft at the same instant that van der Slot surfaced. Bouncing into action, Maddox snatched up the bamboo pole and began swinging and poking it at the viciously snapping killer-fish. While he kept them at bay, the Hollander was tugged onto the raft.

The whole incident had taken only a few seconds. But emaciated as they were, it left them panting with exhaustion for the rest of the day.

DAYS passed monotonously and oppressively into weeks. Their wasted bodies were covered with scabby, festering sores and pimples, their decaying teeth fell out of spongy, bleeding gums, and their digestive organs throbbed with the hollow agony of prolonged undernourishment. Moreover, the urine painfully expelled by Beezley and Maddox was ominously tinged with blood.

But in spite of their intense suffering, the men held out a spark of hope. Inevitably a ship would come. No one thought yet of suicide—an easy way to end the agony. They had survived too long for that. They kept up their spirits and on the night of December 24—their 52nd day on the raft, according to the notches they carved on the vessel's forward ledge—they sang Christmas carols in English and Dutch.

In point of fact, this was only one of the ways in which they fought the monotony of the endless days and nights. Even with their varied backgrounds, none of the men felt uncomfortable in the group. Each one was able to share something with the others. Maddox, for example, satisfied Hoogendam's craving for bedtime stories. Every evening until his stock was depleted, the scholar with a master's degree in English literature recited—in the simplest English he could muster—tales like "The Three Bears" and "Little Red Riding Hood." The Dutch teenager listened with rapt attention.

Food was a favorite topic of conversation. Eyes glowing in their bony foreheads, the sea-bound wanderers—with an almost masochistic attention to mouth-watering details — and with a gourmet's relish—described how they liked their favorite dishes prepared. After weeks of discussion, they decided that the first thing they would eat when they got to the States would be *scungili* in an Italian restaurant recommended by Izzi. The next day they would have country fried chicken the way Beezley's mother made it, followed by blueberry pie like that baked by Maddox's wife. And on the third night they would visit a Dutch restaurant and sample braised pork, van der Slot's preference, topping off the meal with butter cake sprinkled with brown sugar, young Hoogendam's favorite dessert.

Still, there were times when the friendship was shattered in bitter argument. Disputes occurred with increasing frequency as time dragged on and the men's nerves became as frayed as the clothes shredding apart on their bodies. Often tempers flared over one man's moving in his sleep. Sharing a space no larger than a child's crib, they groaned with pain when the squirming of one jarred or jabbed their decaying bodies.

The worst quarrel erupted when Hoogendam announced that he would someday like to become an American citizen. Quaking with indignation, van der Slot exploded in an uncharacteristic fit of rage. For a half hour the senior Dutchman—his national pride offended at this casual announcement — berated the youth in their native tongue. Then, for two weeks following, he obstinately refused to exchange a single word with Hoogendam.

"Please do not think I am insulting your country," he hastened to explain to the Americans. "But I am sure none of you would give up your American citizenship to become Dutchmen. So it should be the odder way around!"

The New Year came—1943—and with it still more suffering and tragedy. Maddox and Beezley were the weakest and sickest of the quintet. One morning Beezley complained of large spots marring his vision. A few days later he was blind in both eyes. Searing intestinal pains made him double up and dry-retch for hours at a time. Then his hearing began to weaken. Finally, even crawling a few feet to the edge of the raft to relieve himself became impossible and for two days he lay immobile on his back, refusing to eat or to drink the rainwater that had kept him alive. By now he was delirious.

It was clear to his comrades that his death was only hours away and they did what little they could to make his last moments comfortable. But nothing could relieve the unendurable agony—nothing except death itself. It came, on the 68th day after they had been torpedoed. Sadly, and with the sobering realization that the end was probably nearing for all of them, the survivors rolled his remains overboard.

MADDOX was next. Even before Beezley had succumbed, the fatal symptoms had begun to show on the ensign. By the 74th day he too was a delirious shell of a human being. His barely intelligible jabbering seemed to be made up of protestations of love for his wife mingled with fragments of poetry from Shakespeare and Keats.

Three days later, the body of the professor-turned-naval-officer suddenly convulsed; his throat rattled and the whites of his eyes gazed unblinkingly at the powerful sun.

Before burying him at sea, Izzi removed the wedding ring from his gunnery officer's finger and put it on his own. He vowed to personally turn it over to Mrs. Maddox if he came through this alive.

At the moment, the prospects of doing so seemed utterly remote. For the next five days the three survivors floated broodingly along, hardly talking

(Continued on page 54)

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Occupation..... Amount earned per month $.....

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How long with present employer..... Former employer.....

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To whom are auto payments made (Name)..... Town.....

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Full Amount I Still Owe	Paying Per Mo.	To Whom Owing	Address
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$.....	$.....	.....	.....

FILE INFORMATION ONLY—Please list below relative information for our confidential files

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Street..... Town..... State..... Occup.....

Name of Relative..... (Relationship).....

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The above statements are made for the purpose of securing a loan. I agree that if any loan be completed, the U.S. Mail shall be regarded as my agent.

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The agreed rate of charge is 3% per month on that part of the unpaid principal balance not exceeding $300, 1½% per month on any part thereof exceeding $300 but not exceeding $500, and 1% per month on any part thereof in excess of $500; computed on the basis of the number of days actually elapsed, a month being a calendar month and the rate of charge for each day being 1/30 of the monthly rate.

DIAL is licensed by the State of Colorado under the Colorado Consumer Finance Act, and it is agreed the validity and construction of this Agreement shall be determined under and by virtue of the laws of Colorado. This Agreement is subject to acceptance by DIAL at its office and will be promptly returned to undersigned if loan is not approved. In the event of any default, DIAL may, without notice, render the unpaid balance due and payable.

To secure the repayment of the Amount of Loan, the undersigned hereby grant and convey to DIAL certain items marked (X) located at the address of the undersigned, which are to remain in the possession of the undersigned. This conveyance shall be void when the Amount of Loan is paid in full, but otherwise to remain in full force and effect.

Unless otherwise indicated below, DIAL is requested to provide reducing term credit life insurance on the life of one of the undersigned in an amount to cover the unpaid indebtedness hereunder. Premium is to be deducted from amount of this loan. Such insurance is not required in order to obtain this loan.

If no insurance is desired, check this box ☐

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☐ Dining Room Furniture	☐ Television Set	☐ Washing Machine
☐ Bedroom Furniture	☐ Piano	☐ Refrigerator
☐ Radio	☐ Heating Stove	☐ Deep Freeze
☐ Rugs	☐ Kitchen Stove	☐ Dryer

DATE OF THIS AGREEMENT	FIRST PAYMENT DUE DATE	FINAL PAYMENT DUE DATE

PERSONAL SIGNATURES REQUIRED

SIGN HERE _____ SIGN HERE _____

IF MARRIED, BOTH HUSBAND AND WIFE MUST PERSONALLY SIGN

SELECT and √ YOUR LOAN HERE . . . Amount of loan is total amount desired including present balance, if any.

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	400	23.27
	500	28.54
	600	33.64
	30 Monthly	Payments
	$ 800	$36.89
	860	39.31
	900	40.91
	960	43.30
	1000	44.89

AMOUNT OF LOAN	MO. PMT.
$.....	$..... X ..... Mos.

Use above spaces for loan amounts or terms not covered by examples.

Continued from page 31

the 2nd Division stormed ashore to take the mid-Pacific coral atoll. What they found was an enemy dug in so deep it seemed that nothing could blast them out. On Tarawa, 4500 experienced, diehard Japanese troops, including 2500 elite Imperial Marines, manned hundreds—perhaps thousands—of concrete, log and coral shielded guns. Protecting them was a four-foot high wall of coconut logs and coral blocks that formed an awesome barrier at the jungle edge of the shore. Leading them was a crack Japanese fighting man, Rear Admiral Keiji Shibasaki, who boasted it would take the U.S. 100 years to conquer the island.

America did not underestimate the toughness of the Japanese defense. The force we assembled for our assault was the biggest ever put together till then: 200 ships, 27,000 troops, 6000 vehicles, nearly 120,000 tons of cargo. The actual landing was preceded by a pounding, three-hour naval bombardment that poured 3000 tons of explosives into the Japanese position. This, it would seem, should have made the Marines' job a lot easier.

But two slip-ups occurred and the Marines walked into bloody hell. One fumble was that a scheduled air attack to further soften the Jap defenses never came off. The second bad break for the Americans was caused by the nature of Tarawa itself. An erratic tide shifted, exposing a coral reef around the island. Amphibious tractors carrying the first assault wave were able to claw over this reef, but later troops came in standand boats which were stopped dead by the outlying coral barrier. The upshot was that most of the invading Marines had to breast a deadly scythe of Japanese fire as they walked hundreds of yards into shore, and when they reached the beach, they were unsure, mixed-up, separated from their units. And their position became worse when reinforcements which attempted to land in the afternoon were riddled by Japanese fire.

It was not until the next day that the battle finally went our way, as the Leathernecks, led by the now commandant of the Corps, Gen. David Shoup (then a Colonel), literally bull-dozed their way forward, burying enemy guns under the blades of tractors. When the island finally fell on the third day, America counted 1019 dead, 2101 wounded, a casualty rate of 17 per cent and the highest price in men this nation had thus far paid to win a battle.

At the time, Congressmen and others damned the operation as "a blunder" and a "tragic mistake." They were backed up by Gen. Holland "Howlin' Mad" Smith, overall Marine commander of the assault, who said after the war that "Tarawa was a mistake . . . we should have hit the Marshalls first . . . Tarawa should have been bypassed. Its capture was a terrible waste of life . . ."

Today, Gen. Shoup disagrees. So does historian Samuel Eliot Morison, who says: "It was a magnificent victory . . . let the battle for that small stretch of sand be remembered as terrible indeed, but glorious . . ."

Which side is right? Perhaps the answer is known only to the gods of war.

SHARE YOUR PROBLEM

The young, efficient accountant for the Memphis steel company was in trouble. A happily married man, or so he'd thought, he'd been lured by the voluptuous figure and winning smile of a redheaded secretary into inviting her to have "a drink" with him one night after work. He'd fully intended to leave it at just that, be back home to his wife and two children in time for dinner, but the girl seemed as bright and charming as she was luscious, and before he quite realized what was happening, he was three martinis to the wind and caressing the secretary's tender form in bed in her apartment. What's more, he liked the scene so much that he suddenly developed a lot of "night work" which prevented him from getting home until midnight and which of course actually consisted of more redheaded delight.

Now, seven months later, the worst had happened. The secretary was pregnant, hysterical, insisted on an abortion. With no money to speak of, no one to tell his problem to, no legitimate reason for a bank loan, the accountant did the only thing he could think of: he rewrote the company's books so that $5000 of their money became his. It was easy, so easy in fact, that when the redhead returned from a "vacation" in Puerto Rico, he continued to do creative accounting on the books, using the money he obtained to take the secretary on a dizzy, three-nights a week whirl of the plushest nightlife Memphis could offer. It was not until a year later, when he'd taken $100,000, that his crime was discovered.

The accountant's story typifies what criminologists say is the classic reason for embezzlement, the most common white collar crime in the United States each year. The reason is: "a nonshareable problem," as one criminologist calls it. What this means, simply, is that a man is in such bad trouble, has a problem so sticky he can't tell anyone about it. Though the embezzler starts out just taking money to solve his problem, in 25 per cent of the cases he goes on stealing, his philosophy being: I'm already a crook, I might as well make it a good haul while I'm at it.

The embezzlers are only one villain in the hurricane of thievery which sweeps over American business each year. The statistics are fantastic: Business kickbacks, payoffs, bribes, cost companies five billion a year—white collar employees grab four million every day—employees of all kinds take four billion a year—86 per cent of all truck drivers lift packages from their trucks.

The situation becomes ludicrous when the companies hire "security people" who turn out to be more dishonest than the crooks they're supposed to be guarding against. One Chicago electronics firm hired two guards for a warehouse, discovered nine months later that the men had sold $300,000 worth of goods during Sunday "bargain sessions."

No one, of course, has yet figured out a foolproof way to guard against theft or to screen out "theft-prone" employees from the working force. The only solution seems to be relying on a man's honesty and keeping a plenty vigilant eye on everyone—since, as we've just seen, honesty does not seem to be the U.S. workingman's strong point.

WE ARE PROOF IT IS POSSIBLE TO GROW HAIR AGAIN, when roots are still alive!

Thanks to the Brandenfels System

This smiling lady, an overseas radio-telephone operator, proves that the Brandenfels System may be successfully used by women.

This salesman declares "Just to have stopped excessive hair loss is wonderful. Now my hair is filling in where it had been sparse for years."

This gentleman, a grocer, was one of a group participating in the medical research from which came the microscopic pictures shown below.

You would never guess that this young man, who has a full head of hair today, looked like the lad in the picture he's holding—but he did!

Air Force doctors were unable to help this man when he lost his hair. But it did regrow with use of the Brandenfels Applications and Massage.

Hair regrowth for this strawberry rancher was so marked, after almost 20 years of near-baldness, that his friends could hardly believe it.

HERE'S HOPE FOR THE BALD AND BALDING

This is proof you can see with your own eyes! These unretouched photographs of the heads of six men and women (out of thousands) who regrew hair with the Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and unique massage method, show the results they achieved at the time these pictures were taken. Whatever your age, whatever the bald or balding condition of your scalp, you owe it to yourself to try the Brandenfels System. The proof you see here is confirmed by scientific medical tests showing that, even on totally bald people, hair roots may be alive. The important thing is to do something about it NOW—before it is too late, before ALL life in the hair roots is gone. You may be able to achieve benefits with the Brandenfels System. Write today for full information.

Over 25,000 letters like these report 1 to 4 benefits

From every state, and all over the world, have come over 25,000 letters and reports to Carl Brandenfels (CPA audit) telling of these 1 to 4 benefits:

- √ **Renewed Hair Growth**
- √ **Relief of Dandruff Scale**
- √ **Less Excessive Falling Hair**
- √ **Improved Scalp Conditions**

"I never thought my hair would grow again but after using my first set of 'Brandenfels' my hair did begin to grow. Everyone was amazed." H. B. California.

"I have fine new hair growth all over my previously bald scalp." C. M. K. Hawaii.

"It's wonderful! New hair is growing now on top of my head and it makes me feel young again." R. B. New Jersey.

"My excessive falling hair was quickly checked after the first few courses and my general scalp condition greatly improved." R. G. E. Ohio.

"I am happy to report that the dandruff has disappeared and my hair seems to be in a much healthier condition after using your Home System." J. C. Indiana.

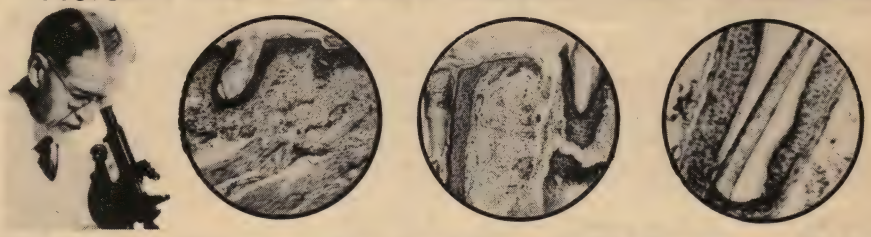
"I lost almost all my hair about 15 years ago. After using four sets of your formulas, I am pleased to report new hair is growing on top of my head." J. M. A. Maine.

"No excessive falling hair and no dandruff now. The way my hair was falling before I started using your Home System, it is a wonder I was not bald. C. E. L. Illinois.

"There's lots of fine hair growing on my bald spot. I'm very happy to notice it." B. C. Hawaii.

"I had been totally bald for about 20 years. Since using your formulas and massage new hair is coming in on top and the bald spots get smaller daily." F. L. H. Michigan.

PICTURES SHOW NATURE'S MIRACLE — HAIR REGROWTH



These microscopic pictures show enlarged sections of scalps of a test group and vividly portray the condition of the hair root and follicle before, during and after use of Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and Dilative Action Massage. Medical analysis of this picture is: 1) blunted hair follicle; 2) follicle tipped to one side; 3) flabby tissue; 4) presence of wandering cells; 5) fewer normal cells; 6) follicle opening plugged with sebaceous gum and scaly skin layers; 7) presence of scar tissue

24 weeks after beginning use of the Brandenfels System this picture was interpreted by the doctors as follows: 1) hair follicle less distorted; 2) fewer wandering cells; 3) increased number of normal cells; 4) less scar tissue; 5) firmer tissue; 6) scaly skin layer disappearing; 7) rebirth of tiny hair in follicle.

Now, after regrowth of hair, the doctors made this microscopic photo which shows: 1) follicle more vigorous; 2) follicle increasing in size; 3) more numerous normal cells; 4) hair shaft wider and more extended; 5) scaly skin layer and sebaceous plug eliminated; 6) follicle again producing hair.

PLEASANT TO USE AT HOME — NO EXPENSIVE OFFICE CALLS

If you have excessively falling hair, ugly dandruff scale, a tight itching scalp, a rapidly receding hair line, or any unhealthy scalp condition, DON'T WAIT. It may be possible for you to arrest these conditions right in the privacy of your own home. While results may vary between individuals because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions, here is a real and tangible prospect of success in a substantial proportion of cases. You owe it to yourself to give the Brandenfels Home Plan a thorough trial. The wonderful Brandenfels formulas are non-sticky, non-odorous and they will not rub off on hat bands or bed linens. They are pleasant and easy to use. Your scalp always F-E-E-L-S so good after their use. Write now for full information.

Baldness may begin 2 years before friends notice . . . ACT NOW!

WORLD-FAMOUS

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SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE

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2264 Columbia Blvd., St. Helens, Oregon

Please send me, without obligation on my own part, your FREE information on how I can take hope for new hair.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(Continued from page 50)

to each other. Whatever shred of hope they had had now vanished. They believed that they were all doomed.

Then, at high noon on January 24, Hoogendam noticed smoke on the horizon. The other two men—in the midst of swallowing their rations of fresh rainwater—froze as if their lips had become stuck to the rusty cans. "My God! A convoy!" Izzi exclaimed, the drum dropping from his trembling hands as his eyes bulged in exultation and disbelief at the squadron of American destroyers and PC escort boats coming into view.

"I kill myself if they do not see us!" van der Slot declared grimly. Frantically tearing the remnants of his shirt from his body, he tried to stand up and wave the tattered garment. But the effort was too much for him and his knees buckled.

"Try again," Izzi urged. He and Hoogendam supported the older man, holding him by his ankles and knees. Wildly, with the last ounces of strength still in him, the Dutchman flailed his limbs until he was wheezing for breath.

This time the effort paid off! Swinging away from the convoy, one of the PC boats headed at full speed toward the raft. "They've seen us! They've seen us!" Izzi shrieked, the bodies of all three men trembling with disbelief. Hysterical with joy, the American and Hoogendam momentarily let go of van der Slot, who promptly collapsed in a heap, still yelling like a school boy.

The sturdy, sun-tanned sailors on the PC boat gawked with astonishment at their mid-ocean discovery — then promptly he!d their noses as their vessel pulled abreast of the raft and the stomach-turning stench of 83 days of decaying life flowed into their nostrils.

"Lord, these men are living skeletons!" the PC vessel's skipper gasped as the three survivors were carried like crumpled rag dolls from the raft to his ship.

IN THEIR 12 weeks of watery hell, Izzi had been reduced from 145 pounds to 80, van der Slot from 170 to 86 and Hoogendam from 165 to 83. Their bodies were dehydrated, their stomachs were shrunken into knots and their other digestive organs were in various stages of atrophy. They were suffering from every conceivable vitamin-deficiency disease known to man and their leg muscles had become stringy and uncoordinated from the combination of starvation and disuse. The doctor who first examined them shook his head in disbelief. "You should have been dead weeks ago," he told them.

Nevertheless—before the disbelieving eyes of a score of leading scientists who flocked to their bedsides—all three men recovered fully. And they did so with a speed almost as miraculous as their survival itself.

Van der Slot went back to sea, along with the younger Dutchman—who now really had a story to tell.

As for Izzi, he spent weeks doing fund-raising work for the government and giving pep talks to war plant workers. After a long furlough, he went back into active service. "No more merchant ships for me," he told a superior officer. "I want a ship that can give it back as well as take it. If I have to spend another 80 days on a raft, I'd like the satisfaction of knowing I got some of the bastards who put me there." ●●●

VEGAS LOWDOWN GIRL

continued from page 33

living room. There were flowers on the coffee table, gold and white furnishings, and a faintly droning air-conditioner somewhere. He hooked his thumbs in his Levis, waited for instructions.

"The boxes I want moved are back there," she said, pointing toward a shadowy room. "I really hate to call on you like this. I know it's not part of your job."

"Aw, that's okay, ma'am."

He followed behind her. She had well muscled calves and walked a little bit on her toes, like a dancer. She had strong, compact shoulders, and she swung her arms as she walked down the hallway, her blonde hair shaking from side to side.

"I don't believe I've seen you before at *The Four Deuces,*" she said over her shoulder. "How do you like working there?"

"Oh, fine. Real fine."

"Don't get too satisfied with it," she said. "Gambling's ruined many a good man. Only don't tell my husband I said that."

"No, ma'am," he laughed. "I won't tell Mr. Ressler."

They came to a darkened bedroom. Thin lines of light seeped through the blinds. The bed was very large with a pink bedspread. A fluffy white rug covered the floor. Against the wall stood a six-foot high stack of cardboard boxes. June Ressler put a forefinger to her chin, as if debating where the boxes were to go.

Jim Daley was wondering if he could spend all afternoon on this chore . . .

HE HAD hitchhiked to Vegas three weeks before, after dropping out of college in upstate California. He couldn't say exactly why he left the campus one fall day at the close of a Philosophy class, except that it was something he had to do. It was as if he'd been lectured to all his life about things that didn't interest him. He wanted to have his own experiences, make his own mistakes, not read about other people's. He had to go where life was lived.

And he landed a job at *The Four Deuces* his first day in Vegas. It was a noisy, barn-like casino with over a hundred slot machine rimming its walls. Crap tables, blackjack stands, and roulette were bunched in the center. A blue haze hung over everything, and tired *croupiers* called out numbers in monotones. He noticed Emile Ressler immediately, a big man with a weight-lifter's body and a completely bald head. Emile wore a sharply creased, cocoa-colored suit, a rich tie, and had a deep gloss on a pair of tasseled shoes. A long thick cigar stuck between his teeth. He had the look of an owner.

"Pardon me, sir," Jim said, "I'm looking for a job. Do you have anything open?"

Emile Ressler took the cigar from his mouth, didn't speak at once. He looked Jim in the eye, then shifted his glance to other parts of his face. "Tell me about yourself. Where do you come from? What's your story?"

Jim told him what there was to tell.

"Well, I need a shill today, somebody to gamble for the house. Somebody who doesn't look like a gambler. Interested in this?"

"Sure. Yes, sir."

Emile explained the duties, and Jim went to work in *The Four Deuces* that late afternoon. When a boxman clapped his hands three times, Jim strolled up to a deserted crap table and played with five dollars of house money. When the table became ringed with players, he checked out. Occasionally he was called to blackjack games but never, for some reason, to roulette. Crowds weaved through the place—peroxide blondes in sheath dresses, men in black with diamond rings, weatherbeaten men in ten-gallon hats, dumpy divorcees in overly filled slacks, tourists in bright sport shirts. He had never seen such a mixture in all his life.

And Jim could see Emile overlooking all the action. Emile moved quietly from table to table, shifting his cigar, his deep-set eyes flicking left and right. At midnight Emile touched Jim on the shoulder. "Okay, that's enough for today, kid. Come in around two tomorrow."

EMILE determined the hours he worked. Some days Jim put in 14 hours, others he might work three. But no matter when he got to *The Four Deuces* or left, Emile Ressler was always there — taking gentle steps, observing, giving brisk orders. It was as if he had no home, no emotion—nothing except a passion for the slow grinding machinery of gambling.

Jim saw many things. He saw Emile take a loud drunk by the nape of the neck and toss him out on the street. He saw Emile extend 15 thousand dollars worth of credit to a Hollywood comedian—then saw the comedian lose every cent of it and break down in tears. And once he witnessed a scene he knew he would never forget. He was in the employee locker room having a hamburger for lunch when Emile brought a dealer in and locked the door. He held the dealer by the shirt, and he didn't see Jim at first. The dealer had a smooth, boyish face and a small chin. His eyes opened in fear as Emile raised him by the shirt and hit him on the cheek. It made a dull, crunching sound. Then he hit him in the stomach—five or six hard, straight blows. The dealer's pale hands flopped around like fish, and he said, "Don't . . . Don't . . . Don't." Emile dropped him to the floor like a sack of grain and

"... While this group using the same dentifrice, and in the same conscientiously applied manner, but without the new, improved formula..."

Has shop in basement—gets "more and more work all along"

"I HAD PRACTICALLY no knowledge of any kind of repair work. One day I saw the ad of NRI in a magazine and thought it would be a good way to make money in my spare time. Now I am busy almost all my spare time and my day off—and have more and more repair work coming in all along. I have my shop in the basement of my home."

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CHECK the advantages of NRI training in Servicing Electrical Appliances

- ☐ **STEADY DEMAND** for your services. Over 400 million appliances in U.S. – 6 million sold last year alone – mean shortage of trained appliance service men.
- ☐ **NO ELABORATE EQUIPMENT NEEDED** — just simple hand tools, and Appliance Tester which we provide at no extra charge.
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- ☐ **NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE OR TRAINING NEEDED.** We tell you and show you everything you need to know, in plain English and clear pictures.

IF YOU'RE like so many men today, you've been "hankering" to start "a little home business of your own." In spare time at first, then maybe full-time later on. Something you'd enjoy – and that pays well. Something that fills an existing need in your neighborhood or town – that "sells itself," without any high pressure arguments – that doesn't take a big investment or elaborate equipment.

This is it—Servicing Electrical Appliances! Now is the perfect time to get into it. Sales of electrical appliances have skyrocketed. Look how YEARLY SALES have risen since 1950: Coffee Makers – from 900,000 to 4,750,000. Room Air Conditioners—from 200,000 to 1,800,000. Clothes Dryers—from 318,000 to 1,425,000. Floor Polishers – from 240,000 to 1,090,000. No wonder that men who know how to service appliances properly are making $3 to $5 an hour—in spare time or full time!

Your Skill Always in Demand —"Set Up Shop" Anywhere

People need their appliances fixed in good times or bad. Once word gets around that you are trained to service them, you'll have plenty of work.

Your training costs less than 20¢ a day. And you need only the few basic tools you may already have – and an Appliance Tester which we provide at no extra charge. You can work anywhere—in a corner of your basement or garage, even on the kitchen table. If you like, you can open up your own shop, have others work for you. And you can save money by fixing your own appliances.

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Our 24-page Free Book tells how you can "cash in" on America's "Electrical Appliance Boom"—the money our students are making, what they say about us.

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Your NRI Course comes *complete* with all the parts to assemble a sturdy, portable Appliance Tester that helps you earn while you learn. Easy-to-follow manual tells how to assemble and use the Tester *right away*. Locate faulty cords, short circuits, poor connections, etc. in a jiffy; find defects in house wiring; measure electricity used by appliances; many other uses.

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pounded his head against the wall in short, quick jabs.

Tears spread through the blood, and a long thread of mucous hung down from the dealer's mouth. Emile stopped suddenly when he noticed Jim. "I caught him palming a C-note, kid, and that's how it is in this game. He's lucky I don't break his goddam hands in two."

An hour later Emile was laughing at a joke in the middle of the casino. Late that night he had Jim help count the take from three dice tables. "I know who I can trust, kid," he said. "You've got an honest face."

The next day when Jim came to work, Emile said, "My wife just called and wants some boxes moved at the house. I can't take the time off, kid. Would you do me a favor and help her?"

Jim had not even known that Emile was married...

JUNE RESSLER pointed to a box. "If you'll get that one down so I can tell what's in it, we'll decide where to store it. I haven't unpacked these things since we moved down from Tahoe, and I just couldn't bear the sight of them any longer in the bedroom. Golly, you move around so much in this business. So much junk!"

Jim swung the box down, placed it on the floor. There was an iron inside with a cord wrapped around it, some thick photo albums, a swivel-neck lamp. June leaned over to inspect the items. As she did so, the front of her loose summer dress lowered and Jim saw her breasts plainly. They were very white and firm looking, the tips smudged in pink. Jim breathed quietly, didn't move. He could see she wore no brassiere.

"I believe I'll throw this lamp out, but you can put these albums in the closet—oh, pardon me for forgetting. What did you tell me your name was?"

"Jim Daley, ma'am."

"Well, Jim, call me June. You don't have to be so formal, you know."

He put the photo albums in the closet. He took down other boxes, and June separated the items, telling him in a crisp manner where they should go. There were trips to the basement, the kitchen, various closets. She bent over each time the same way, frowning as she worked, seemingly oblivious to him. As he squatted to put a pair of men's golf shoes in the closet, she stood on tiptoes trying to place a hat box on the top shelf. Her leg brushed his arm. It felt cool and smooth, like a fresh bar of soap. He didn't dare move his arm.

"Oh, dear," she said, up above him. "I can't seem to reach this shelf. Would you help me, Jim?"

He stood beside her and easily reached the shelf. The top of her head came just about to his shoulders. "There," he said.

"My, how tall are you?"

"I don't know, about six foot three, I guess," and added, "June."

"LET'S see how much taller you are than me. Stand straight now." She stepped out of her high heels and placed her back against his. She squirmed against him to get just the right position. He could feel her lower back fitting into place, and it gave him a sharp sensation. She placed her hand on her head and designated a point on his shoulder blades. "Gee, you must be a foot taller. You sure come in handy on those high shelves. Well," she said, brushing off the front of her dress, getting back into her high heels. "That about does it. You go wash up in the bath, and I'll fix some coffee and cake for us. You might as well have a break before you go back to *The Four Deuces.*"

Out of the corner of his eye he watched her walk off. He noticed the way her breasts jumped inside her dress, in the same rhythm as her blonde hair bouncing on her shoulders. He supposed that she walked through downtown Vegas like that, and no one knew that she didn't have on a brassiere. In a little while he heard tinkling, distant noises from the kitchen.

He went in the bathroom and washed up. Then he lingered awhile. He quietly opened the medicine cabinet and looked inside. A man's messy shaving equipment lay on the bottom shelf, and on the top three shelves were jars, sprays, pills, and one long thin nozzle with little holes on the end. He took out a large black jar called Revenescence Cream and opened it, careful not to make a sound. The cream showed ridges where fingers had recently been. She's used this on herself, he told himself, she's put her hand in here after a bath and then spread the cream all over her body. He put the jar close to his nose, and inhaled. He examined everything in the cabinet she might use on herself, even the pink-handled razor that went up and down her legs. He put everything precisely back in place.

When he came out of the bathroom, he still heard the tinkling noise from the kitchen. He had a few more seconds to himself. He moved quickly to the bedroom closet, very cautious not to make a sound with the coat hangers. He had noticed June's clothing there, and he wanted very much to touch anything that had touched her. Her clothing was mostly conservative, like her green summer dress, but on a satin-covered hanger he found a pair of light blue, baby doll pajamas.

The pajama top was short, the panties very brief, the material as thin as gauze. He put his hand inside to see how transparent the whole thing was. Then, on a strange impulse, he rubbed his cheek against it.

"Coffee's ready," June said cheerily from the doorway. "Like to come to the front room?"

"Sure," Jim said, turning, blushing deeply. "I was just checking to see how secure those boxes are on the shelf."

SEATED in an easy chair in the front room, he tried not to look her in the eye. Had she seen what he was doing in that darkened bedroom? There didn't seem to be any change in her manner.

She sat primly on the sofa, her legs crossed, drinking her coffee in brisk, birdlike sips. Now and then she recrossed her legs, always careful that her dress was pulled down over the top of her knees. She made Jim eat two slices of cake, made sure he had enough sugar and cream for his coffee. "How long have you been out of school, Jim?" she asked suddenly.

"I left college last month. It's a heck of a lot better here in Vegas, believe me. It gets real dull in school."

"You think so? I wish I could have gone to college. I was a showgirl in Reno at 16—had to be to support myself—and I married Emile when I was 20. Nowadays he wants me to stay at home or visit the casino once in awhile. That gets pretty boring, too."

"But, gosh, a woman like you. You must know a lot of people here in Vegas."

"They're all the same. Gamblers, tinhorns, con men. I know everything

MAN'S WORLD

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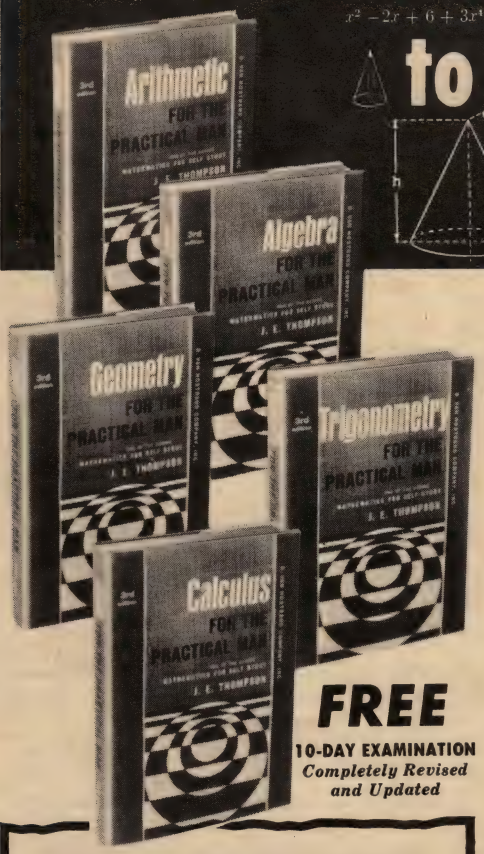

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they're going to say before they say it. Especially the men." She took a dainty bite of a cookie, smiled. "I know them as well as you know those cute little co-eds. Did you have a steady girl at college?"

HE FOUGHT not to blush. He looked at her green high heels, her thin bare ankles. "Aw, I knew a few girls, I really didn't have a steady."

"I've heard what they do on college campuses. Is it true?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, Jim, have you ever made love to one of those hot little numbers in the backseat of a car?" She paused, took another sip of coffee. "Tell me the truth or I might tell Emile you made a pass at me. You know what he'd do to you, don't you?"

Jim raised his eyes. She still had a faint smile on her face. "No — I've never done anything important with a girl," he said. He swallowed, and his throat was dry. "I tried a couple of times, but something always happened. The girl didn't know enough or I couldn't get her things off, something." He hung his head. June continued nibbling her cookie, looking at him full face, smiling. He was suddenly afraid, remembering Emile. He stood. "Well, I gues I'd better be getting back to *The Four Deuces*. Thanks a lot for the coffee and cake."

"*Thank you* for moving the boxes," she said, in a bright formal tone. She walked him to the door, brushing crumbs from her dress. "You don't really have to go now, you know. I'm sure the casino could get along without you for a while longer."

He remembered the way Emile had socked the weak-chinned dealer and how the dealer's head had made a dull sound hitting the wall. "No, thanks a lot — June. Guess I'd better be getting back."

"There then." She suddenly kissed him on the cheek and guided him out the door. "You're a very nice boy."

When he returned to *The Four Deuces*, he saw that the late afternoon slump had hit and that there wasn't much action at the tables. This was the time a shill was most needed, to bring the players in. Emile came up to him, his large body moving gracefully like a boxer's. "Hey, kid. Get the stuff stored away? Swell. Go help out on Table Four till business picks up, then you can knock off."

JIM went to the table and took his turn at the dice. He was barely conscious of the dealer's singsong chant, the muted click of the little white objects. He had touched what she wore in bed, she had kised him on the cheek. The kiss had been so quick that it was over before he knew it—like a sister's kiss. Was that how she had felt toward him? Like a big sister? He brought up in his mind's eye, again and again, how soft her lips were and how she had got on her tiptoes to kiss him. And he reminded himself, "I've seen her breasts. I know what they look like."

He was shaking the dice in his hand when he saw her walk in the casino. She wore the same green summer dress, but he could tell that she had put on a brassiere. "Okay, kid. Roll 'em," the dealer said. He threw the dice out, and watched her as she walked past him. She nodded ever so slightly, as if he might be someone she couldn't quite place. She went up to Emile and they kissed in a matter-of-fact manner. Then Jim saw them talking, Emile running his hand over his smooth head. After a brief talk with Emile, she left the casino in the same sure, quick stride as when she had entered. She didn't even nod to Jim this time.

Emile came over slowly. He lit a cigar, observed how the dice was going, took Jim to the side. "The wife's downtown doing a little shopping. She said you were a terrific worker up at the house."

"It wasn't—much."

Well," he looked at the spark of his cigar, "she says she's found a little bit more work she'd like done. I don't know, crates or something in the basement. You know women. She'll be back at the house in about a half an hour. I know it's a hell of an imposition, but I don't believe it'll take very long—"

"Aw, that's okay, Emile. I don't mind. I'll be glad to help out."

"Here's a double sawbuck," Emile said, slipping him a neatly folded 20 dollar bill. "Get some chow and then go out there."

IN AN hour Jim knocked on the door of the ranch-style house. Late afternoon shadows fell, and there was a stillness in the air. No cars passed on the street. Jim knocked again. He heard a *clomp clomp clomp* of bedroom slippers inside. The door opened, and June stood before him in a blue housecoat that came down to her ankles. The top was buttoned securely at her throat. A white towel hung around her head.

"Oh, it's you," she said. "You're earlier than I thought. I was just stepping out of the shower. Come on in."

Jim stepped inside, hooked his thumbs inside his Levis. "Emile said you had some more work you wanted done. What is it you want me to do?"

"Oh, down in the basement. I'll have to get dressed and show you."

She walked down the hallway to the bedroom, and did not close the door. Jim could hear drawers being pulled out and closed. He started walking down the hallway, waiting for her to speak. She didn't tell me to stay in the living room, he told himself, she didn't tell me where to stay. He moved slowly, making noise, afraid. She did not speak.

He stood in the bedroom door. She sat before the dresser mirror, brushing her blonde hair in quick energetic strokes. She looked at his image in the mirror. The top of her housecoat was undone. "You shouldn't be looking at me like that, Jim," she said, finally. "You'd better go wait for me in the living room."

He started to walk away, but stopped. Somehow he knew that this could

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be the turning point in his life. He ambled up behind her, looking at her face in the mirror. He put his hands on her shoulders.

"Didn't you hear what I said, Jim?" she said quietly. "I told you to wait for me in the living room. Now take your hands away."

He took the brush from her hand and placed it on the dresser. He lifted her blonde hair and put his lips on the back of her neck. He felt a shudder go through her. "You like it," he said.

"No—no—." she said, backing away from him. "I was just having fun with you. You're a college kid, and I wanted to tease you. Leave me alone!"

He hesitated, then grabbed her roughly and threw her on the bed. He put his teeth to her neck, worked his hand inside her housecoat, discovered that she had on nothing underneath. As she struggled, she kicked her bedroom slippers up in the air. He put his hand over her breast, held her down.

The bedside phone rang three times.

June looked him in the eye, put her finger to her mouth, answered it. "Oh, hello, Emile," she said pleasantly. "Yes, everything is going along fine. The boy is down in the basement unpacking the crates—yes, yes, he's a nice kid—" Jim opened her housecoat fully, kissed her throat, her arms, looked over her body. "Okay, sure, I'll tell him he can take tomorrow off as a holiday. Bye bye, darling."

She hung the receiver up gently, a wicked look in her eye.

Then she turned to Jim, wrinkling her nose like a cat. He tore his tee-shirt getting it off. They met in the center of the bed, her sharp fingernails clawing at his back. He wanted to love her, strike her, talk to her—all at the same time. "Yeah, you're a tease, a tease," he said. "But a real live woman. A woman!"

"Ummm wonderful wonderful wonderful you wonderful wonderful you"

Me wonderful, he thought. She thinks I'm wonderful. He couldn't stop the pent-up explosion inside him. He kept her on the bed many hours, now and then listening to the steady hum of the air-conditioner, once in a while lighting a cigarette. But he couldn't stay still over five minutes. He'd see her face illuminated by a match, feel an unexpected part of her body, then move to her with fresh energy. Finally she said, "No, no, love pet. No more. No more—"

"Smile. Plead. Come on, come on."

"Ohhh. No. Yes yes yes yes—" But at one o'clock, she said, "Goodness, I didn't know it was so late. Emile may bust in here any minute. You'd better clear out."

HE PUT on his Levis, his brown collegiate loafers, his torn tee-shirt. He walked to the front door in a confident stride, and she followed behind. "What about those crates I was supposed to work on in the basement?" he said.

"Don't worry. I did all the work before you got here." She looked at him, kissed him hard on the mouth. "You're really not a boy, you know. See you at the casino sometime."

As he walked down the moonlit street, he fingered the 20 dollar bill in his pocket. No, he wouldn't see her at the casino, nor would he see Emile there again. No, sir. No one was going to call him "kid" any longer or boss him around like a boy. He had been admitted to the adult world. He knew enough now to go back to college. ●●●

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SPY FLEET

continued from page 39

Lelushenko, we constituted the *Komsostav* (senior commanding personnel) of the newest luxury liner *Dunai*, ready for delivery at the Bratislava shipbuilding yards in Czechoslovakia.

During the five days left till the formal transfer, we had to draft a crew of 112 officers and men. Checking the personnel registration files, I noticed that 64 cards were blank.

"That's for the girls," Captain Ivanov explained, "We'll take them on in Odessa."

"Girls?" I asked, puzzled.

"Yes, girls. We need stewardesses, bar hostesses, waitresses, and so on. Commissar Lelushenko will explain the routine to you." Captain Ivanov was an officer of the old schol. To him, every security officer was a Commissar, as in Stalin's heyday.

LELUSHENKO, a tall, dark and handsome Ukrainian, took me aside. "Comrade Osipov, you realize the imperialists are plotting the destruction of the Soviet Union and other countries of the freedom-loving socialist block?"

I nodded agreement.

"Well then, the imperialist agents, the hyenas of Wall Street and the jackals of Whitehall will not show any respect for human values and common decency. They will stoop to the dirtiest provocations against our citizens and diplomats abroad. They are sending spies masquerading as tourists to photograph military and industrial objects in the Soviet Union and the other people's democracies. Our security organs have learned that many imperialist spies have booked passage aboard our Danube liners. A leisurely trip up and down the Danube gives them a chance to photograph vital installations in the Ukraine, Moldavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. We do not worry about Yugoslavia and Austria. But we must protect the Soviet and socialist republics. The imperialist spies are less suspicious of women than of men. The rotten character of their capitalist society makes them susceptible to feminine charms. The girls you will manage as Chief of Personnel will all be soldiers in the unseen struggle between the socialist motherland and the imperialist warmongers. Just like soldiers have to sacrifice their blood and lives, so the girls will have to use their bodies to win the battle of nerves against a ruthless enemy. We must be ruthless too. Understand?"

I understood. And I wished things were as simple, black-white, and clear-cut as explained by Lelushenko in his pompous speech.

I don't know if any Western spies ever sailed aboard our floating cathouse. I suppose they did. It would be foolish to pass up a chance for river-level reconnaissance and undisturbed picture-taking from a cabin's window, as the *Dunai* sailed past Soviet fuel dumps and naval bases, radar stations and industrial installations, key bridges and other vital objects in nearly all of the communist satellite countries. But the Western Intelligence agents, if and when they went aboard disguised as fun-seeking tourists, were not rookies at the game. They knew what the *Mozhno* girls were for and they could play the game as well as Commissar Lelushenko and his snoops.

The girls' real function, I soon learned, was to run a blackmail racket with the dual purpose of gathering incriminating pictorial evidence against Communist big-shots and satellite officials and softening up married Western tourists for the final touch by Communist agents back home.

Since the girls were paid well, and got handsome tips and gifts from the men, they loved their work. Elsewhere in the Soviet Union, prostitution was punished with five to eight years of slave-labor camp. Here it was not only encouraged, but rewarded.

It soon became apparent that the Chief of Personnel was in fact the Chief Pimp. It was my duty to check the passenger lists and decide in consultation with Commissar Lelushenko which girl to assign to which man's cabin.

To understand the shock of bitter disenchantment, one must try and understand my background. Objectively, being a glorified pimp aboard a luxury floating bordello is not a bad thing.

But I was raised and indoctrinated by the Komsomol organization. Things like prostitution, blackmail, sexual perversion, pornographic pictures, and Peeping Tom games were associated in my mind with the "rotten capitalist society." Now I saw that our own Soviet structure could be just as immoral and debased. The very first trip showed me the way things were done in the Soviet Union.

The ship's "maiden voyage" was a laugh. Of the 64 girls we took aboard in Odessa, all were pretty, dressed well, and knew at least one foreign language. Before being selected for the operation, they had worked as *Mozhno* girls for the KGB network in Odessa's Central Club for Foreign Seamen.

We sailed without passengers from Odessa, did not halt in the Soviet river ports of Killia and Izmail and took on our first group of 80 tourists in the bustling Rumanian port of Galati. By the time we got to Budapest, we had 480 passengers aboard. Almost half were Westerners, the others local satellite Communists, eager to taste our vodka, caviar and *Mozhno* girls.

We had some 40 cabins fitted out with automatic ultraviolet cameras, which could take pictures in the dark. In fact, the girls were trained to leave the lights on, and maneuver the marks in such positions that their faces and bodies were exposed to the hidden devices.

If one of the girls latched on to a promising "mark," we switched the passenger to one of the rigged cabins, using a variety of pretexts, and set him up for blackmail shots.

This routine became common after a while. But a few cases stand out in my memory, either because they were very funny or very tragic.

We sailed the regular Odessa-Vienna route from March through November. In December, we ran only the southernmost stretch, from Izmail to Belgrade, and on New Year's Day, we entered the Ochakov shipyards for refitting and repairs. All officers, men and girls would be granted four weeks leave. We had to be back aboard by February 15, two weeks before the Danube navigation season opened on March 1. I had to fill out a *litshnoye delo* (personal case) card for each girl and review our female staff together with Lelushenko and a couple of grim-looking officers from the Odessa KGB administration. Girls who were not satisfactory, or looked like security risks, had to be replaced, of course. We also had to rotate some of the women with other floating bordello ships.

But even the girls who knew their job were of different calibers and temperaments. As Chief of Personnel, it was my duty to know them personally and assign them to the luxury-cabin class, tourist class, or dormitory class.

I guess our dormitory class was much better than first class aboard most other Soviet ships. The passengers bunked four men (or women) to a cabin, just over the water-line. Now, no Communist satellite big-shot would be caught dead in a dormitory class cabin. But some Western tourists who travelled on a limited budget bought cut-rate tickets. The girls assigned to these cabins had to spot the likely marks and set them up for the blackmail racket in another cabin. This meant acting sexy and being provocative, and—in return—being pinched, pawed and petted by all four men in the cabin. Moreover, men who travelled by dormitory class had little money for tips or gifts. Naturally, the girls hated it.

On May 19, 1961, we left Odessa with two groups of Western tourists. Some 50 Algerian students came aboard to travel in dormitory class to Czechoslovakia, where university scholarships awaited them. Our resident agent in Belgrade, handed us *Zapiska* (secret Intelligence files) folders on the students, who had stayed one year in Yugoslavia, as guests of the Belgrade regime, before accepting the Czech offer.

It seems that two of them, whom we shall call here Azukuto and Iban, were brothers, the sons of a prominent figure in the new Algerian government. We knew that most Arabs were suckers for young blonde women. With the aid of blackmail photos, both of the youths might be "convinced" to aid USSR agents in their own country and perhaps influence their prominent father as well.

I ASSIGNED a saucy-looking blonde named Olitshka to dormitory-class cabin Number 314, and told her to seduce Iban and Azukuto before we got to Bratislava. She hesitated for a moment. "Comrade *Natshalnik,* the other girls say Arabs can be very . . . well . . . rough . . ."

I had to laugh. "Come now, I can't believe you'd pay attention to such nonsense. And if you do not like your present job, remember that I can send you to a forced-labor camp if I so choose."

"No, no Comrade *Natshalnik,*" she cried. "I'll do it the way you want."

The next day I got an urgent call on the intercom to rush to the ship's infirmary. The girl Olitshka was bleeding and semiconscious. Doctor Baskutov, the ship's physician, said she had two fractured ribs, a torn ear-lobe, and had lost three teeth. Her life was not in danger but she required hospitalization and a long long rest. The doc looked at me reproachfully, as if I were guilty of the whole sordid business.

I told him to give her a pep-up shot, so that I could talk to her and file a report with the KGB. When the doc heard KGB, he scurried like a cockroach and led me to her bed. She moaned pitifully, but after a shot she quieted down and opened her eyes.

"Was it very bad, Olitshka," I took her hand.

She said she invited the two brothers to her cabin. But, unexpectedly, they had brought two more Arabs with them. It was too late to back out, as all four lined up to have fun. "It wasn't too bad at first. Then—after two hours—I tried to get away. They beat me up—all four of them."

WHEN she came to, the Arabs had left her cabin, which looked as if hit by a hurricane. She had dragged herself to the infirmary, where she passed out again. There was an accusing look in her eyes, and I hated myself that day. Worse than anything was that we had not even got any good blackmail photos to show for all this suffering and trouble. Olitshka was not even visible in the shots, which looked like pictures of a football scramble. I ordered the doc to keep Olitshka under his care till we got back to Odessa, and wrote her out an official *Putiovka* ticket for three months of rest at Sochi Sanatorium on the Black Sea. I sent her personal file back to the KGB headquarters at Odessa, with a request to have her honorably discharged from our employment, as she had sustained a serious injury in line of duty.

Some tricks the girls pulled aboard our floating bordello are too bizarre to describe here. Moreover, the *Dunai* and her sister ships are still active on the Danube route. Any Western tourist can buy a ticket in Vienna for all or part of the trip, and let himself be seduced by the ship's hostesses, waitresses and nurses. If a Red agent shows up later in the tourist's hometown with a manila folder full of blackmail photos, let there be no room for surprise.

On no other luxury ship in the world will they get so much food, vodka and fun with the girls at so cheap a price. For $25 one can have a luxury-class cabin to himself from Vienna to Budapest, plus a willing girl in his bed. But those who prefer not to record their lovemaking activities for posterity, or who have good reason to fear blackmail later on, are warned here and now.

Naturally, the KGB masterminds who operated the sex-blackmail racket aboard our ship and other floating cathouses of the Soviet Merchant Marine are aware that not all Westerners are susceptible to ordinary blackmail photos. As a rule, our girls left bachelors strictly alone. We directed them to solid-looking passengers with wives and families back home and a social standing in their community, vulnerable to scandals.

Even better, from our point of view, was a mark accompanied by his wife. A trained Mozhno girl could always act seductively, whisper into his ear to meet her in some vacant cabin. In nine out of ten cases, the old goat got away from his wife, and rushed panting with desire, for the candid camera tryst with our tart. For the most part, of course, our victims were in no position to provide Western secrets even if they wanted to. But many proved valuable to the USSR in other ways.

For example, the KGB operators were after me to get them as many elderly bankers as possible, from any Western country. The Soviet Intelligence Service needed such men to facilitate the transfer of funds to Russian and satellite spies, exchanging foreign currencies without registering their source.

Elderly bankers were especially vulnerable to our racket. No banker could afford publication of sex-blackmail photos in his home town. All our agents had to do was threaten distribution of the pictures to the bank's board of directors, principal shareholders, his wife, children, friends and neighbors and he was hooked.

There are many other ways in which an ordinary American or European tourist could be useful to Russia. For instance, his bank account might be utilized to transfer a few thousand dollars to a third party, or he could provide a copy of his birth certificate to a Red agent. Later "assignment" might even draw him tighter in the net of espionage, as a courier perhaps. From any point of view, Khrushchev's floating bordello operation may look either immoral or hilarious, but it is a serious business to Soviet Intelligence agencies.

It goes without saying that sometimes we got little or no results. If the mark turned out to be a type who hated girls, no tart could seduce him. The funniest case on record involved a girl named Aniusha, who posed as one of the ship's nurses. She wore a crisp white uniform, without bra or panties. When she unbuttoned her blouse and bent over a mark, his temperature usually jumped sky-high.

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We kept her for special assignments, since she was too good to be wasted on ordinary marks. One day, the travel column editor of a major British newspaper booked passage from Vienna to Belgrade aboard our ship. We naturally reserved our best luxury-class cabin for him. In addition to all amenities, the cabin also had two automatic Zorki cameras built into the ceiling over the bed.

Since this man was a newspaper editor and travel was his business, we could not show him that our shipboard girls were ordinary prostitutes. I therefore ordered Valya, his cabin stewardess, to behave demurely, with the utmost tact and respect. The first evening out of Vienna, as soon as Valya reported that the editor went back to his cabin, I gave the green light to Aniusha.

She grabbed a tray of pills and knocked on the door of his cabin. "Did you ask for aspirin, sir?" she asked politely when he opened the door.

"No, I did not," the Englishman replied.

"Funny, someone rang the infirmary and asked me to rush to Cabin 82. But you do look feverish. Let me take your pulse, sir. I am the chief nurse here, and responsible for the health and well-being of our passengers."

She closed the door behind her, and gave him the full spiel. By the time she took his pulse, the old Britisher never knew what hit him.

TWO hours later, Aniusha reported to my office. She looked angry. "It certainly took you long enough," I chided her. "Did you get good pictures?"

"I don't know, Comrade *Natshalnik*. All I know is I never felt so insulted. This man is crazy. Thank God we don't have such cases in the Soviet Union. We undressed but all he did was tell me the story of his life, how his wife does not understand him, how lonely and miserable he really is, how much he loves me. Then he burst out crying and admitted that he was incapable of making love. What he needed was a woman capable of understanding him, he said. I was his type, and he offered to divorce his wife and marry me right away. He is crazy, of course. Both of us were naked, but I am not sure the pictures are any good."

I told her to wait and consulted Lelushenko. We agreed that an impotent man was not susceptible to ordinary blackmail. Circulation of photos purporting to show him engaged in a sexual act would only boost his ego.

I waited until the editor left his cabin for dinner, then sent Valya to bug his cabin with an automatic recorder. I then ordered Aniusha to repeat her play, and make him tell her the story of his life, not omitting the names and particulars of his wife, associates, chief editors, and so forth. "You must promise to restore his virility. Keep him talking as long as possible," I instructed her.

The next morning we had a first-class blackmail tape, in which the travel editor called his wife "an ugly old bitch," offered to divorce her and marry Anuisha, heaped insults and abuse upon his publishers and delivered himself of other pearls of wisdom.

The blackmail photos were worthless by themselves. But in combination with the tape, they were priceless. I was never told the results of our work, but I assume the editor is now working for the Red espionage system in one way or another. Perhaps all he has to do is act as courier between the various networks on his frequent travels in foreign lands. But I suggested that every Western security and counter-Intelligence agency investigate all citizens who ever sailed aboard a Soviet river boat or sea-going passenger ship. In many cases, the trip may have been innocent and uneventful. But aboard our floating bordello alone, literally hundreds of suckers were hooked each year. And I worked the Danube route for more than five years.

On my last trip to Vienna, we had some 90 students in dormitory-class cabins once again. All girls have heard of what had happened to poor Olitshka, and no one wanted to work the dormitories. I had to assign them on a rotation-roster basis.

The first girl down on the dormitory deck was Zina *Davai*. We called her *Davai*, "Let's Have It," in Russian, because she was always eager and ready for action but she recoiled from this assignment. "Forgive me, Comrade Natshalnik," she sobbed when I entered her cabin, "I know I am guilty of disobeying your orders, but I simply can't do it."

Now I squeezed her round shoulders with my hand, and reached out to pat her. I threw the glowing butt of my cigarette on the Persian rug and ground it out with my boot. A $750 carpet was ruined, but to hell with it!

I WAS fed up with the whole sordid business, and a decision which had been brewing for some years in my mind, took final shape. Zina *Davai* looked like a good stooge for the kind of desertion I was planning now. I pinched her neck playfully. "Get up and put on your best dress. Here is a shore-leave *propusk*. Go ashore as soon as we tie up at the Vienna River Terminal, and wait for me on the corner of Karnter Strasse and Opern-Ring Avenue. You know where it it, don't you?"

"Yes, there is a leather-goods store there," she breathed into my ear.

"Good. We'll buy you some nice stuff tonight. Start dressing now." I went back to my office, took a screwdriver out of my foot-locker and pried open the lid of a filing cabinet in the corner. Hidden among two layers of plywood was an Austrian identity card I had found on a bench in Vienna's Prater Amusement Park one year earlier. I guess I must have subconsciously planned my escape even then because I did not report finding the card to our Security Commissar. Instead I had placed it in my private hiding place, together with some $2000 in U.S. dollars, Austrian schillings and German marks I had saved over the years.

I rolled the money in two wads and taped them to my ribs. The ID card I

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hid in the lining of my uniform jacket and signed the shore-leave register the moment we tied up in Vienna.

Deserting from a Soviet ship is not as easy as it sounds, even if you are in the ideal position of being alone in a Western city. That is, deserting is quite easy but staying alive later on is a different matter. As a neutral country tied to Moscow by the terms of the Austrian Peace Treaty, Austria could not grant political asylum to deserters from Soviet river boats.

The moment I applied for asylum at an Austrian police station, the Soviet Embassy would demand my immediate extradition on criminal-theft charges. Evidence would be fabricated by the skipper, Chief Purser and security commissar to make me guilty of stealing funds from the ship's offices. As a common thief, I had to be handed over to the Russians. If I protested a frame-up and demanded political asylum in the West, the only thing the Austrians could do was turn me over to a Western Embassy and claim I'd escaped from their custody and entered the American or British Embassy building. But this would make me a slave of the U.S. or British Intelligence agencies, a man haunted by fear of Soviet retaliation all his life.

THE only thing I could do was to fabricate a phony kidnapping of myself by Western Intelligence agents and get out of Austria on my own. The girl Zina *Davai* would come in handy as a stooge.

I met her on the corner of Opern-Ring Avenue and Karnter-Strasse. She looked like an aristocratic lady from the Czar's court, not at all like a common tart who slept with more than 100 different men each year. I took her to the Sacher Hotel across the street from the Opera building, ordered cakes and coffee, gave her some money for gloves and a purse, and excused myself to go to the men's room. Inside, I wrote four Russian words with a ballpoint pen on the back of a cigarette box: *"Zinotshka, Spasai Menya, Nemtsy!"* (Zinotshka, Save Me, Germans!) and gave it to a passing waiter, together with a tip, and a request to deliver it to the lady in the purple coat.

WHILE he did that, I walked out through the kitchen entrance, hailed a passing cab and drove to the Vienna airport. A flight to Innsbruck in the Austrian Alps, was due in 30 minutes. I bought a ticket, went into the lavatory and locked myself in one of the cubicles, until I heard the loudspeakers announcing the plane's forthcoming departure. I could well imagine what was happening in the city. Zina *Davai* would receive my message and rush to get help from the ship, after looking for me in vain in the hotel. Lelushenko's first reaction would be that agents of the West German Gehlen Network, which frequently cooperated with the U.S. and British Intelligence services, had abducted me at gunpoint from the hotel.

Austrian police would be alerted and my description circulated. Sooner or later, Lelushenko and the local KGB men were bound to realize the message was phony. A man who is kidnapped by enemy agents is rarely granted a chance to write a message on a cigarette box and hand it to a waiter

The Austrian Airways Viscount landed at Innsbruck two hours later. I immediately took a cab to town, and bought a second-hand Volkswagen from a used-car dealer for $500. I filled her up at the nearest gas station, and drove the 24 miles to the Brenner Pass, the gateway to Italy. Austrian citizens are not required to present passports or visas while crossing the Italian border—an identity card is enough. In fact, the *Carabinieri* guards took one look at my Austrian car license, and waved me on without checking my documents. Three hours later, I stopped at Trento, ate a couple of ham sandwiches, and drove on to Genoa. I found friends willing to help me there, and get me across the sea to the mid-Eastern country where I now live. It goes without saying that my desertion has not changed the Soviet floating call-girl operation one bit. As soon as KGB agents learned that I did not request asylum in any Western country and did not cooperate with any Western Intelligence agency, my name was taken off the liquidation list.

The *Dunai*, and her sister ships, continue to ply the lucrative Danube route. Beauteous Russian girls seduce male passengers, and KGB operatives get thick *Zapiska* files bulging with incriminating photographs and tape-recordings.

To bachelors who do not fear extortion in their own countries, my advice is: don't miss a good thing, book passage aboard one of Khrushchev's floating brothels. You'll enjoy the trip from the word go. But to all other people, especially married elderly bankers, businessmen, diplomatic officials or editors, I have three short words of warning: "It's pure poison!" ●●●

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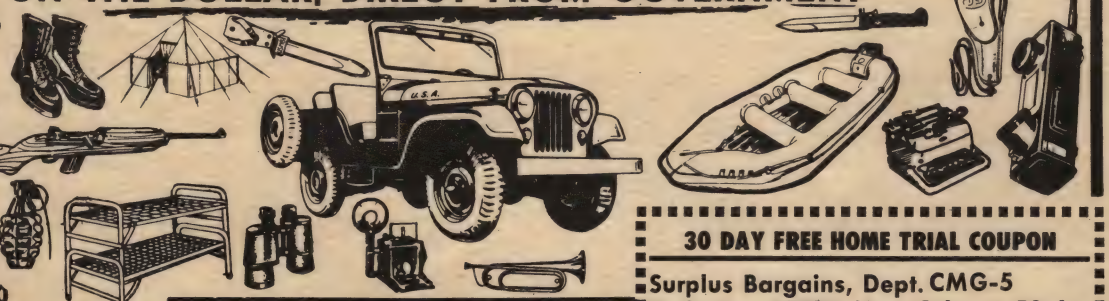

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NUDE MODEL RACKET

continued from page 15

party girl works out for herself, on her own terms, she agreed to give it a whirl.

"The first time she hit the hay for cash was with a Hollywood pretty boy she had dreamed about ever since high school. She couldn't resist the deal. She had always imagined padding with the guy, and now here's his personal flunkie telling her it's worth a hundred bills if she spends the night with him. It took the flunkie a while to convince her he was serious, and it took her girl friends a while to persuade her should she take up the offer. By the time she agreed the pretty boy was so shook up at meeting a dame who wasn't sure whether she wanted to share his pad that he upped his price to $250.

"Later, after they'd gone together for a while, pretty boy added a lot of pretty little presents to the cash he'd give her, and she really got hooked on the life. And she started sleeping around with some of the biggest names in town."

For Anita, and for most of the models on the party girl and cafe society whirl, it's more than just a question of money. Many of the girls could make enough to keep them in style if they wanted to work at modeling. But there's an attraction even greater than the money—the attraction of being in the swing of things, of being seen with personalities, being intimate with them, of going to the smart places all over the globe with them, at the right times of year, of making the gossip and society columns. In short, of being "In."

AFTER a year in the party girl routine, Anita stopped scattering her shots and became a kept woman—the mistress of a wealthy stock broker who had a wife and three kids in a suburban mansion and who set Anita up in a swank Sutton Place apartment, with the rent paid a year in advance.

During this period her modeling was cut to a minimum. She'd work two days a week, and spend the rest of her time shopping, meeting her man for lunch or dinner, being available whenever he wanted to spend some time with her.

They broke up after six months because the stockbroker's wife put detectives on her husband's trail, got plenty of evidence against him, and threatened to cause such a scandal that he'd have to leave town if he didn't give up his doxy and become a homebody again. "He just collapsed in fear," says the model agency head. "Now he's just another rich commuter again, but one you never see in town after sundown."

Anita latched on to a couple of other men who paid her bills, for short periods but nothing very steady. Mostly the kind of thing where they'd take her to the Bahamas or Mexico City for a few weeks, paying all expenses plus a new wardrobe and some spending money.

"Right now she's working hard on T—— to take the place of the stock broker," her agency boss says. "I think she's going to land him, at least for a few months, anyway."

The model agency operator is the first to emphasize that not all models are like Anita, of course. Many of the girls who work in the glamour industry are married, have a couple of kids and are generally faithful to their husbands. A lot of them are working damn hard, putting away a bankroll for the future, piling up the loot while their beauty lasts and they are in demand. Then they'll retire to become suburban housewives. Many of them are no wilder, sexually, than receptionists or secretaries or the girl who works down the hall. The variations in sexual behavior of American models is as wide as variations in all American women.

"If they were all like Anita I'd have to close my doors and go into pimping," the model agency owner laughs. "Yet too many of them are nothing but whores—though they'd scratch my eyes out if they heard me say it."

Some models interviewed will admit to harlotry, and a few think they've found an explanation for it.

A girl I'll call Jean, whose face has decorated TV commercials and some of the nation's biggest magazines, got tired of what she calls the "model's rat race" and dropped out of the business for two years. She became a call girl, at $100 a trick. Then, after trying suicide during a fit of depression, she underwent psychoanalysis and gained some insight into what made her tick. Now she's back modeling again, taking three or four tricks over a weekend just to keep up the scale of living she'd grown accustomed to as a full time call girl.

"I'll tell you what my psychiatrist made me see is my trouble," Jean says today. "The greatest problem is modeling itself. The business is a destroyer of personalities and all models are prisoners of the people around them, the people who use them. The model doesn't own herself. She belongs to the agency, to the photographers, the art directors and the fashion editors.

"You begin to see yourself not as a woman any more, but as a piece of merchandise. You spend all your waking hours and all your energies selling yourself as a commodity. And after a while you begin to think of yourself as one.

"And you get so used to thinking of your body and your features impersonally, as a commodity that must always look its best, that you lose all self-consciousness about yourself. You're running around, pushing yourself for $25 an hour, and everybody is pawing you, until you wish you could be alone. And from there it's an easy step to going to bed with a man for a 50 or a 100, because it doesn't really seem to be much different than selling your body as a model. It's just a short cut way of selling yourself and getting paid very well for it."

JEAN says she took her first step into prostitution early one Sunday morning, at the breakup of a party thrown by a big Broadway producer. "There was this young real estate millionaire, and he offered to take me home. I agreed. As we were waiting for a cab downstairs he asked me to come up to his place instead. I turned him down, mostly because I was pretty tired.

"He was slightly drunk and he wouldn't take no for an answer. He shoved his hand in his pocket, came up with a thick wad of bills, and peeled off four 50s. He held them out and asked if that would help change my mind. I looked at him like he was out of his own mind, so he added two more 50s.

"I'm thinking fast now, and I figure it this way: 'Hell, you've gone to bed with men who pay you off in little presents, so getting cash isn't much different. It just *seems* a little more commercial. And getting $300 now means you'll only have to work two days next week to make what you normally make, and you can take the rest of the week off.'

"All this went through my head in a flash. The answer came easy. I turned on the big smile, took the money and kissed him hard. And that was my first professional job."

Her first John became a steady customer, and also passed her number around to several of his friends. In a couple of weeks she was working full time as a call girl, at a minimum $100 a trick. Her income working a few nights a week as a harlot was double her income as a model, so she dropped out of modeling completely.

"Pretty soon the whole town knew I was a call girl," Jean says. "They didn't see anything wrong with it, because call girls travel in the best of circles just like models, as long as they're careful to take only blue chip customers. A few people who did tell me I was making a mistake were only interested in keeping me in the modeling business because they could make money off me. But I was sick and tired of the whole thing, and I preferred being my own boss as a call girl.

"Even now, after I swallowed the pills and got into analysis and went back to modeling, I really can't take the rat race. It's awfully rough and I don't know how long I can take it."

THERE is no doubt modeling is a rat race. For the girls who make it a career and not just a glamorous label, the job is sometimes overwhelming. Modeling is a million dollar business and the girls are worked as if they were million dollar machines that must deliver every bit of their potential before they wear out.

From 10:00 A. M., when she usually reports for her first assignment, until late afternoon and sometimes into the evening, a model seldom sits down. It's a dizzy pace, ducking into cabs to get from job to job, lunch either forgotten completely or a hamburger grabbed at a corner stand and munched in the cab. It's a scarf over the head to protect a hairdo, flat-heeled shoes for comfort, toting huge purses containing changes of costume and huge supplies of makeup.

The job is also pin curls every night and false eyelashes every morning, six hours of standing under hot lights, quick costume changes, climbing dozens of flights of stairs during the day to get to photo studios, and being pushed, pinched and shoved around by dozens of hands every minute of the day.

And when it's over the model has got to get home and get into bed by 11:00 or midnight if she's going to be able to get out again the next morning looking fresh, with a clear complexion and no sign of bloodshot eyes.

That's the life of a model who makes the business a career, who realizes that her best years are short and she has to work hard to get what she can before she starts the downslide.

But there aren't too many of these girls around. Generally, the girls who work this grueling pace are the high fashion models who are in great demand and get from $50 to $100 an hour, and who are usually flat chested, skinny and have bony cheeks that make them look like they've spent three years in a Red Chinese prison camp.

The great majority of models, those who look like women rather than wax dummies or scarecrows, are not so

much in demand and can devote more time to balling it in the swanky dives of New York's gold coast East Side. These models, and the "factory girls" who work in the garment center at steady weekly salaries that are seldom enough to get by on, are the ones who swell the ranks of the party girls and the part-time call girls.

The factory girls are on the payroll of one firm, get about $85-$120 a week, and work 9-to-5. Modeling is actually just a part-time thing, and sometimes days go by that a girl does no modeling at all. During the slack periods, the model fills in as receptionist, typist, steno, salesgirl and just about anything else that might need doing.

Even when a model does model, she's usually low on the totem pole. The factory girl will be used when a single customer comes in to look over a few items for his store, or when a designer wants to try out a couple of new ideas. But when a really important fashion showing is on, or when a designer is really pushing something big, the factory girl has no part of it—the free lancers from the uptown model agencies are called in to do the work. These girls are the top ones in this particular segment of the modeling industry. They are the girls whose figures are used to make dummies on which designers work out their basic ideas, and they are the girls called in to wear the product when the designer is working on the last stages.

BUT the factory girls don't mind that the uptowners have to be called in when the pressure's on. "It's not a bad job," says Joan, who works in one of the largest of the medium-priced dress houses. "For a girl who isn't too certain she can compete uptown, or doesn't want any part of the rat race, and who's happy to make $120 a week without starvation diets and ulcers, the job is perfect. You are, after all, a model. You get the respect that goes with being a model, and the admiration and interest from the men. If you're lucky enough to work for a house that pirates the latest designs, you're as up-to-date as the agency models.

"And you don't have to worry about bags under the eyes or whether a night out is going to lose you a couple of jobs the next day. There's no pressure of chasing all over town to keep an appointment, of getting your pose right for the photographer or you're wasting his time and he may not want to work with you again. You have it much easier as a factory girl. All you really worry about is whether the production man or the boss is going to try to rape you in the fitting room, and that's not much of a worry anyway."

Although Joan denies knowing much about the sexual aspects of the factory model's job, other girls interviewed were not so reluctant to talk about it. Maryanne, a stunning redhead with a figure more like a Hollywood sexpot's than an undernourished fashion model, admits she is a part-time whore. When she first began to model for a large garment center firm her salary was $80 a week. She now takes home at least $300.

"It all started when the boss asked me for a date," Maryanne said. "I accepted, even though I've seen that picture of his wife and four kids on his desk. I figured, what the hell, if he wants to cheat what's it mean to me? It's his conscience, not mine. So we made the rounds of the best East Side

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nightspots, dancing until closing, and then he took me back to the office.

"I knew what he wanted, and I had no objections. He's a nice guy, really, and I knew it would get me a raise in salary, so I agreed immediately. After we get dressed again he gives me a fifty dollar bill. 'For being such a sweet girl,' he says.

"From then on he took me out about once or twice a week. But now he started coming up to my place for a nightcap and to spend a couple of hours with me. And always, before leaving, he gave me fifty dollars. And my pay check went up twenty dollars.

"After this had been going on for a couple of months he calls me into his office one day. He says he's got a couple of buyers coming in from out of town, male buyers instead of the usual women, and he's looking for someone to entertain them, treat them nice and soften them up. All that jazz.

"When I suggest getting himself a couple of call girls he insists he wouldn't know how to find them. And besides, he tells me, a professional would just queer it because she'd act like a professional and it would be too obvious. And how about a nice girl like me giving it a try? It's good for a hundred dollars, minimum, he says.

"I figure, why not? I'd like to drive around in a Jag and live on the East Side in a fancy place with a maid, like a lot of other girls I've seen and wondered how they did it. So now I'm a part time call girl, entertaining some of the important people who make my boss's business a little more rewarding to him. I'm on the payroll as a model for $150 a week, and I get a minimum of $50 for each man I go out with. It works out swell for every one of us."

MARYANN's Johns are not only buyers, for male buyers are still in the minority in the garment industry. But she's kept very busy entertaining subcontractors who do specialty work for her boss, and the heads of bigger garment houses who can sometimes throw a few contracts her boss's way. She also helps to keep things smooth between her boss and the union officials he has to deal with, and she accepts dates with the operators of trucking firms to see that her boss gets preferential treatment in getting his raw materials shipped in and his finished products shipped out.

"The men who use their models to get this edge can really clean up down here," Maryanne says. "If all our entertaining can save them a half-penny on each item they make, it means hundreds of thousands a year in their pockets. We're very much worth it."

The use of models as super salesgirls is not restricted to the garment center. It occurs in all major businesses, and it's a growing phenomenon. By now the business of sex has been well documented, and the news that whores are being used to help large companies peddle their products is old-hat.

In recent years, however, the professional prostitute has been dumped by the businessmen, who know that the best way of stimulating sales is by stimulating the customer's sex urge, and the model has taken her place. The basic reason, of course, is the growing sophistication of the business of sex. For the businessmen who use the sex-sales approach discovered long ago that they get better results if their customer thinks his own masculine charms have opened the door to a woman's bedroom.

"That's where the model comes in," one public relations man with a long list of available model-whores told this reporter. "She's generally intelligent, sophisticated, knows her way around, and yet is a legitimate model who can talk about her business and the important people she meets. The model fills the requirements, also, because she is so available. Every ad man and every p.r. man in town knows at least several models because he has to get involved in their work at some point or other. And when a girl is needed, he just calls one of these models. The worse she can say is no. And enough of them say yes to enable you to fill up a book of numbers. After a while, as the word spreads, the girls come looking for you for this kind of work."

There are plenty of girls available for part-time harlotry because there are so many girls in the modeling business who don't make enough, legitimately, to live on. Although the better model agencies handle only a few hundred girls at a time and drop any who make less than $300 a week, the slightly shadier agencies will represent almost anyone at all who qualifies in the least as a model. As a result, many hundreds of girls get two or three hours work each week, then have to search around for other ways in the teeming big city to make up the necessary loot to keep them alive.

The point is, the modeling profession is tremendously overcrowded. Each year about 12,000 girls apply for jobs at one of the better agencies alone, and only a half-dozen or so are selected. The rest of them end up in other jobs, or with the agencies that aren't so choosy, and many of them end up hustling on the cafe society circuit.

It's easy to understand what attracts all these girls. The biggest drawing card is the girls who started as models and went to Hollywood, such as Dina Merrill, Princess Grace, Ava Gardner, Lauren Bacall, and Betsy Von Furstenberg, among many others. The second great attraction is the number of girls who have married millionaires—Eva Paul, who was transformed into Bobo Rockefeller, Edith Backus, who married a Chrysler and Gregg Sherwood who married a Dodge, and the dozen of girls who hit the headlines by marrying into oil, banking and stock market fortunes.

BUT these girls were, for the most part, at the top of their profession. And many who don't have the qualities necessary to make it big, end up down at the bottom. And, in the modeling industry, the bottom is cheesecake—the girls who pose nude or in various stages of semi-dress as photographers' and artists' models.

Of course, posing nude has become the thing to do since Marilyn Monroe became immortalized on a calendar, and even Christina Paolozzi, the Jet Set daughter of an American-born countess, took it all off for a full page photo in one of the nation's most eminently respectable fashion magazines. However, the girl who poses for cheesecake as a modeling specialty, who does no other kind of work, is on the bottom rung of the industry.

The usual fee for the pinups in scanty dresses is $10 to $15 an hour, and up to $25 for nudes. But the field is overcrowded and there aren't that many assignments to go around. As a result, many girls don't work more than a couple of hours a week under normal circumstances, and they have to use their wits to survive. Wits, in this case, means sexmanship.

One group of West Coast girls has formed a model agency I'll call Pinups, Inc., which is not its real name. They advertise as models for camera clubs, using local papers, photography magazines, posters in camera shops.

Now, a camera club could be a bunch of guys who get together to show off the latest shots they've made, to swap information on cameras, film, techniques and all the rest. It could be, but frequently it is not. Camera clubs, especially on the West Coast, often are nothing more than excuses for a bunch of guys to get together to hire a girl for some photographic posing as a prelude to bedroom play.

And that's where Pinups, Inc. comes in. The girls who run it charge $50 an hour for renting their studio, and $25 an hour for each model hired. Then, for every man who wants to make use of the bedroom at the rear of the studio, there is an additional $10 per 15 minutes—which is cheap as West Coast whores go.

THERE are also free lance models who advertise the same rates for posing nude or cheesecake, and will work anywhere a customer wants them to—in his apartment or hers, out on the desert or on a lonely beach, or up in the mountains. For sex, which is always offered, the price gets doubled.

Occasionally, unsuspecting girls who are trying to break into modeling become victims of a racket and get conned into harlotry by a glib-talking model agency operator. A girl I'll call Pam, who almost fell into the model trap but got out in time, later described her experience to the city's District Attorney.

"I had been turned down by the three best known New York agencies," Pam said in her affidavit, "and my next stop was Oxford Models (not the real name). The place was well furnished, looked like all the others with pictures on the walls of pretty girls and smiling babies, fashion magazines lying on the tables, and girls waiting around for assignments.

"The agent asked me to come into his office and got right down to the interview. As soon as he learned I had no experience he started ranting about how it was impossible for him to get assignments for girls unless they were known, and how girls without experi-

"Look, Willard, I thought we had agreed not to tell each other our troubles."

ence shouldn't even be trying to crack into the New York market.

"I told him that I was low on cash and I'd be willing to take almost any kind of work. He looked at me a little odd, questioning. Then I blurted it out, because I didn't want to mention it before: 'I used to pose nude for an artist back home.' That got him interested.

" 'Would you take nude assignments now?' he asked. I told him I would take anything. He had me walk around the room to take stock of my build, and then he made me go into a dressing room and slip into a bikini. He gave me an even closer inspection this time.

" 'You got a good build,' he said. 'I can probably get you started on $10 an hour assignments. After you get to be known it could go up as high as $25.'

"I told him that was fine, and he pulled out a standard contract form and began filling it in. Suddenly, he put his pen back in his jacket pocket and looked straight at me for several minutes.

" 'Did you ever think of entertaining?' he asked. 'Going out with men I'd introduce you to?' I was so surprised I couldn't say anything. I just kept staring him down and he probably took it to mean I wanted to know more about it.

" 'A lot of my girls do it,' he continued. 'The men they meet are interested only in sex, sometimes after a night on the town. Would you go for the sex bit?'

"I was curious and decided to find out more, so I said I might be interested but wanted to know how it worked. I said I never did anything like that professionally, and this made him light up.

" 'I don't deal with hick visitors or the business crowd,' the agent said. 'The men I supply this service to are professional men, and they are interested in making long term relationships. You don't set a price, because that's too crude. They'll take you out, and when the evening is over, either your place or theirs, you'll get a nice big check. I'll get my fee from them privately.'

"Then he started a pitch that probably made a lot of girls take his bait. 'Every man I'll introduce you to will be in some position to help your career. The men I help are TV people, press agents, Hollywood directors, even a couple of millionaires. You might even marry one of these guys if you play it smart. And even if you don't marry any of them, you can get a lot out of it if you play it right.'

PAM says she agreed to take the job, and made a date to meet the agent that evening at a posh night spot, where he would introduce her to her first client. But she never showed up. She went to the DA instead and, after a long investigation, the model agency was closed down.

The head of the large, legitimate agency said of Pam's story: "We know it happens, and there are still pimps like this in the business. But we don't really know why the hell they have to lure young girls into prostitution. There are plenty of experienced models around who would break down your door if they heard you could introduce them to Hollywood and TV people and millionaires.

"In this town, models who'd rather be whores are a dime a dozen."

Which sums up the sex life of the American model. ● ● ●

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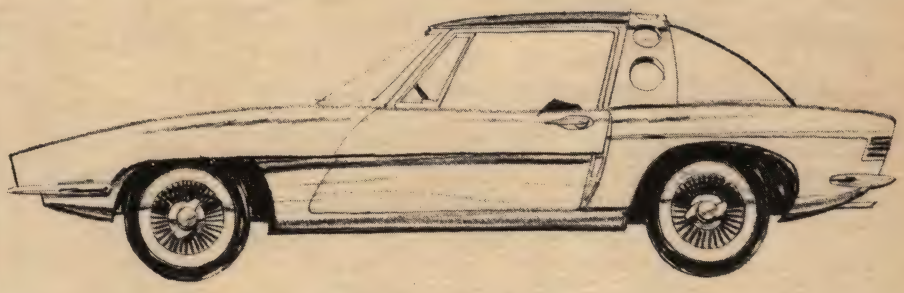

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continued from page 30

dollars worth of made-in-Russia aircraft. In four minutes he downed one bomber and three Migs.

Exactly four minutes later the flight was over. Ten of the enemy bombers were blasted out of the sky in what later was referred to as the "Famous Bomber Shoot" of November 30, 1951. A bomber and a Mig fell before the guns of Preston's F-86. Thyng knocked down a bomber that suddenly appeared in his sights.

Then it was over. All three elements acknowledged the count. No casualties. Four pilots in the group, all flying their first combat mission, joined the Roman Candle Club — that exclusive organization of Sabrejet pilots who have had a Mig tied on his tail and dodged fiery golf balls from the Reds' twin 20-mm cannon. Thyng slowly exhaled. Another mission out of the way, he thought to himself, as the flight headed back to home base at K-14, otherwise known as Kimpo Airfield just outside of Seoul.

COLONEL Harrison R. Thyng, a laconic New Englander who hailed from Barnstead, New Hampshire, was then commander of the famous Fourth Fighter Wing, the outfit which had racked up an impressive record of 1016 Nazi planes destroyed during World War II. But he couldn't fly every mission nor one out of four or even five. The responsibility of command kept Thyng pinned to a desk. Frustrated, he became the Fifth Air Force's most outspoken combat commander.

Early in 1952, after the Fourth had knocked down 139 enemy planes, Thyng told a war correspondent visiting Kimpo that American jet pilots "need more and better planes" to keep up with the growing Red Air Force flying in Korea. The Sabre was good, Thyng pointed out, but not good enough to match the faster and higher climbing Mig. "The enemy has a better airplane and far more of them than we have," he complained to the newsman, adding that only greater skill and better training was responsible for consistent American victories.

For the first time he disclosed that the Sabres had been flying and fighting against three and four to one odds with recent odds as great as six and seven to one. "While we have accomplished our missions," he went on, "keeping Migs off the fighter bombers, we have not been able to shoot down enough of the enemy. We simply don't have enough planes over here." Colonel Thyng's blast at the Air Force for not providing the wherewithal to fight the Korean War properly landed him in hot water. In effect, he was told by the Pentagon — ignominiously referred to as "Ape Rear" by frontline commanders — to shut up.

It was little known at the time, but the generals at the Pentagon were trying to silence the only officer the U. S. Air Force who had become an ace in World War II and was slated to become an ace in Korea. What made Harrison Thyng so unusual is that no other ace fought against the Japs, the Nazis and the Reds.

Harry Thyng was just a 21-year-old kid out of college when he decided that his BS Degree from the University of New Hampshire was good for one thing — it could get him into the Army Air Corps as an aviation cadet. The date was June, 1939. He went through the mill at Randolph and Kelly Fields, completing basic and later flight training before being commissioned a second lieutenant in the Air Reserve in March 1940. It was the beginning of the long climb up the ladder of command to his present rank of brigadier general and deputy commander of the North American Air Defense Command at North Bay, Canada.

THYNG's first assignment was with the 31st Pursuit Group at Selfridge Field, Michigan, formerly the old 1st Pursuit Group commanded in World War I by General Billy Mitchell. It had spawned Rickenbacker, Lufbery and a host of other early aces. The 31st was America's crackerjack unit just before Pearl Harbor. Thyng became a first lieutenant and then a captain during the U.S. Army Air Corps' buildup days after Hitler's Legions slammed into Poland and later Russia. They called the 31st a "high priority" unit, and its priority couldn't have been higher on December 7, 1941.

"Visiting hours are up, Mr. Yates!"

The previous day the 31st had moved to Baer Feld at Fort Wayne, Indiana. It was a quiet Saturday when the old P-36's touched down on the landing strip. For Thyng and his fellow pilots, Saturday night would be on the town in a new city. The next day — Sunday, December 7 — the flap hit the fan after the impact of the sneak attack against Pearl Harbor had worn off. There was nothing secret about the orders received by the CO of the 31st, Colonel John R. "Shorty" Hawkins. "PROCEED IMMEDIATELY TO BOEING FIELD, SEATTLE, TO PROTECT NORTHWEST AGAINST ENEMY ACTION," said the cryptic orders sent via Western Union. They were signed by General George C. Marshall, chief of the War Department General Staff. "Harry, will you tip the messenger," the CO asked the young captain who was later to become his executive officer.

"Immediately" meant NOW. The 31st always had the capability of doing things faster than other Air Corps units. Aircraft took off shortly before dawn in a blinding snowstorm and later that night the planes and pilots were on a 24 hour alert outside Seattle. But the Japanese never showed and, in late January 1942, the 31st moved back to Fort Wayne. Officers and men were itching to get out to the Pacific and pay back Hirohito for his dastardly attack against Pearl Harbor.

By early 1942 Harry Thyng was a top-rated pursuit pilot. He exploded when combat orders finally arrived. He was to be left behind. The three squadrons in the 31st — the 39th, 40th and 41st — were taken out of the group and redesignated the 35th Fighter Group. The 35th was immediately sent to the Pacific fighting zone. The 31st, now just a headquarters command, was told to sit tight.

Overseas orders finally arrived. "YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN TO BE THE SPEARHEAD OF THE U.S. COMBAT FORCES IN THE EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS."

The 31st sailed to Europe aboard a troop transport. There were no American fighter aircraft available in England when the group debarked. General Arnold solved the situation in an unusual deal with the British. England had to be defended at all costs. America would provide the pilots if England provided the aircraft. The 31st Fighter Group received Spitfire V's, the hottest defensive fighter then in the Allied inventory. It took all of six weeks for American pilots flying with the RAF, and ground crews working with their British allies, to learn everything there was to know about the Spit. Pilots finally discovered the hard way that the lightly armored but high manueverable Spit was not as fast or as efficient at high altitudes as the Luftwaffe's Me-109 or FW-190 fighters.

The ultimate test was set for August 19, 1942. Shorty Hawkins called his squadron commanders on the 18th to his headquarters at Atcham Airdrome in central England. "We're going into action tomorrow," he announced turning to the map behind his desk. Allied morale was at a low ebb. The Soviets, battling the Nazis for survival, were howling for a second front, which the U.S. and British were not prepared for. "The brass is under the impression that we can ease pressure on the Russians by opening a small second front on the continent," the 31st CO explained to his staff and visiting squadron leaders. "We can also test future invasion possibilities." He pointed to the spot on the map. "We're providing air cover for commandos going in at Dieppe," he disclosed adding: "This is top secret."

THE 31st took to the air at daybreak. The commandos had moved in during the early morning hours. As the Spits neared the coast they could see the action on the ground from the flashes of artillery fire the Nazis were laying down on the invasion force. Ten minutes after they reached Dieppe the Luftwaffe roared in. It was a free for all. The motto of the 31st — "Return with Honor" — was undergoing its greatest test.

"Keep your formations," Thyng shouted into his mike as the more experienced Luftwaffe pilots tore into the Americans undergoing their baptism of fire. An Me-109 flashed past the 309th CO. He reacted automatically, pressing the firing button with his gloved thumb. The two 20mm cannon and four .303 calibre machine guns spat fire. Chunks of the German fighter's tail fell apart under the impact of Thyng's guns. But the enemy fighter

disappeared in the melee. "Break right, major," the drawling voice of young 2nd Lt. Sam Junkin crackled in Thyng's earphones. The 309th CO kicked hard and pulled into a tight turn just as tracers sizzled by his cockpit. His Natchez, Mississippi, wingman was on the ball. "Follow me down, major," Junkin shouted in elation.

He tore after the Nazi pilot who had been sitting on Thyng's tail. It was a hard victory for the young American pilot. He expended most of his ammunition before the Messerschmitt fireballed and plunged into the sea. "Yaaaaahooooooooo!" Junken screamed in a rebel victory yell that seemed to resound across the Channel. Sam Junkin had become the first American pilot to shoot down an enemy plane in Europe.

Dieppe was an all day affair. The 309th Spits were relieved by the 308th Squadron. Harry Thyng led his men back to home base. In 22 minutes the Spits were refueled and guns reloaded shaving five minutes off the British RAF record for reloading and refueling. The major and his men had just enough time to touch base with intelligence officers, grab a cup of coffee and take off again to relieve another 31st Group squadron. The 31st shot down three Nazi planes on that historic day. But seven American ships and one pilot were lost to the superior aerial fighting skill of the Nazis. Six of the pilots bailed out over the Channel and were picked up. The seventh was killed when enemy bullets smashed into the cockpit of his Spit.

HARRY THYNG won his first Silver Star on his final sortie over Dieppe. A Spit pilot bailed out of his disabled aircraft and splashed into the Channel. German patrol boats headed for the downed pilot. "Eagles return to roost," Thyng abruptly ordered his squadron. "I'll stick with our downed pilot." The 309th continued back to the field. The lone Spit circling above the downed pilot drew the attention of a Luftwaffe patrol. Four Me-109s attacked Harry Thyng. For 20 minutes he evaded the Nazi planes, which finally had to break off because of fuel and ammo expenditures. Only when the rescue boats picked up the downed American did Harry Thyng return to his base.

North Africa was next for the group. There Harry Thyng was to become an ace, advance to lieutenant colonel, win his second Silver Star and the Distinguished Flying Cross. The pilots of the 31st were flown to Gibraltar a week before the invasion of North Africa. "You'll receive new aircraft," they were told by their respective squadron commanders. "That's all we can tell you now." As group exec, Harry Thyng knew that desertized newer model Spitfires awaited the pilots on "the rock." Camouflaged in various shades of desert tan and sandy brown, they lined the sides of the small runway stacked in such a way that they had to take off in order. The 309th Spits were first in line when the 31st Group finally was ordered to take to the air.

General Jimmy Doolittle was running the show for the air support units. At a mass briefing he told the fighter pilots from the 31st and 52nd Groups that the success of the North African operation depended on air cover. "We've arranged to have paratroopers secure the airfields held by the French," he outlined four days before the inva-

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sion. "If you arrive at a field and its not held by our forces, then bail out. You won't have enough fuel to return to Gibraltar, nor will there be room here for you to land even if you can make it back."

On November 8, 1942, American and British troops invaded North Africa at Casablanca, Oran and Algiers. The klaxon horn on Gibraltar summoned American pilots to the ready room carved into the rock beneath the air strip. They were told to stand by to take off at any time.

Invasion planners hoped that the Vichy French air force would not oppose the landings. When French Dewoitine fighters began shooting up Allied convoys standing off Oran and Algiers, a plea was received for air support "immediately on the double." Twenty three minutes later the 31st was on the way, the 309th leading. They shot up coastal guns and then headed in for a landing at Tefaroui.

"You'll have four RAF Hurricanes flying cover," the ground control officer radioed to the 31st as the squadrons began heading in for landings. The field had been taken over three hours earlier by U.S. Army paratroopers when the first Spits touched down. Harry Thyng and his four plane element were about to land last when four aircraft that looked like Hurricanes suddenly dived on the field, strafing the lined-up Spits. One Spit just coming in for a landing exploded when bullets from a French plane slammed into the wing tanks.

"Let's get 'em," Thyng roared and his flight slashed into the Vichy French attackers. The first one to cross his sights went down beneath the Spit's guns. Then a second Dewoitine was shot down. Less than a minute later the third one slammed into the ground. The fourth got away.

There were just enough aircraft and just enough pilots in the 31st when Operation Torch commenced. For three days the Spits flew from dawn to dusk with bleary-eyed pilots at the controls. On the second day of the invasion, II Corps commander, Major General Terry Allen, warned that the French Foreign Legion, still loyal to the Vichy Government, was moving a column from its ancient headquarters fortress at Sidi bel Abbes to Oran. "You'll have to stop them," he told his air aide, Colonel Hoyt Vandenberg. Harry Thyng led the 309th against the Legion column, shooting up the armored vehicles and turning back the foe. By the time Rommel's Afrika Korps moved up, the British and Americans had landed enough manpower to establish the necessary beachheads.

"Be right with you, sir!"

But North Africa had not yet been won by the Allies. In February 1943 Rommel's desert legions had cracked the Allied ring at Faid Pass and Gafsa in Tunisia. Confusion reigned at Allied Force Headquarters in Algiers. The group was ordered to Thelepte, a huge sandy airstrip on a plateau 2000 feet above sea level. Harry Thyng's second Silver Star told part of the story.

Shortly after arriving at the Tunisian base, enemy artillery units moved close enough to bombard the field. With the sound of Afrika Korps big guns booming in the distance the 31st flew a series of sorties that blunted the Nazi ground attack, but failed to stop it. Shorty Hawkins had been promoted to General Doolittle's air staff as Fighter Command CO. Thyng, as exec officer, was acting CO when Thelepte had to be evacuated. He had just returned from a mission in which he had scored his second aerial victory when word came to move out. "With what!" Thyng exploded. The pilots could fly their planes out, but the ground crews didn't have enough trucks to move their tools, spare engines and parts and themselves to safety.

He got on the field phone and called Shorty Hawkins. "We're in trouble," he shouted. "We need 75 trucks right away or the men and the base will be captured." Hawkins promised the vehicles. Harry Thyng slammed down the phone and barked orders to the staff. "Prepare to evacuate!" he snapped. "I'm going up again."

HE FLEW two more sorties. Still no trucks. A flight of Me-109s attacked the field, shooting up two damaged aircraft on the line that were sitting ducks. The 31st landed again. Still no trucks. Harry Thyng stormed into the headquarters tent and got on the phone once more. The trucks were on the way, he was told. The ground crews, between preparing for the evacuation, continued to service the Spits. Enemy artillery shells began falling at the edge of the field. The Spits took off and clobbered Rommel's Tiger tanks, which were firing on the air base. Vital hours were needed so Harry Thyng began directing an aerial defense of the important base. Finally the trucks showed up. There were only 50 of them. Equipment had to be left behind or destroyed. The Spits flew cover while the trucks were loaded. Once they began moving out, the remaining aircraft on the ground took off with only minutes to spare, just as reinforced units of enemy tanks and troop vehicles clanked into sight.

Harry Thyng's squadron, along with the 307th and 308th, moved to Tebessa, where they operated in some of the worst flying weather ever experienced. They bore the brunt of the deadly sirocco sand storms that slashed at the men working on the flight line and seared the paint off the Spits. Despite the sand blizzards and, later, rain and mud, the 31st continued to fly. General George S. Patton took command of II Corps and called for an all-out aerial effort with dawn to dusk patrols. Harry Thyng led his men into combat and scored his third victory when he shot down a Ju-88 transport filled with a

Nazi *Kommando* unit that was ready to parachute behind American lines and create havoc during a crucial period.

"So great was the courage, skill and aggressiveness displayed by Major Thyng that the morale of his squadron was constantly of the highest order," read the citation for his second Silver Star, or Oak Leaf Cluster. But there was another "enemy" that Harry Thyng had to fight. This enemy was "Blood and Guts" Patton or, as he was called by the fly boys, "Chicken" Patton. The crusty general ordered all American troops in his command area to wear leggings, neckties and helmets at all times.

"In the cockpit, too?" Harry Thyng sarcastically added when the order was passed down by Lt. Col. Fred Dean, the 31st Group's new CO. The reply to the order was "To hell with Patton."

"We're fighting a war!" Thyng exploded. "We don't have leggings and we don't have time to look for neckties. Anyway, we have to fly missions." Harry Thyng ignored the order. His squadron fought that much harder for a CO they could personally admire.

The pilots in the 31st Group respected Thyng, who by early April was promoted to lieutenant colonel and picked up the first of his three DFCs. He led the 31st's second mission of the day on April 4, 1943. Two squadrons of Spits were flying cover for light bombers plastering Nazi positions on the ground. One of the B-26s was hit by flak and left the formation. Fifteen Messerschmitts stalked the crippled bomber. "Continue cover," Thyng radioed to the fighters. "Able Flight, follow me and we'll cover the bomber."

The four Spits in the lead element peeled off and raced for the damaged B-26. Suddenly the 15 Me-109s dived out of the sun and slammed into the four fighters and the lone bomber. For 60 miles the four Spits protected the crippled bomber and battled with the enemy planes. A Messerschmitt tried to blast the B-26 from the bottom. Thyng nosed his Spit into a dive and caught the Nazi broadside, blasting him out of the sky for his fifth victory and the title of ace. In the free-for-all that revolved around the crippled plane, Harry Thyng's flight knocked down a total of five Messerschmitts and damaged six others. The Nazi planes finally broke off after the B-26 limped onto a forward airstrip in an emergency landing. The crippled bomber and its crew were saved.

LATER that month, over Font du Fahs, he scored his sixth and seventh victories and won his second DFC when he and his wingman spotted six Me-109s about to pounce on five RAF Spits flying below the enemy formation. "Let's get 'em," he shouted. Sam Junkin, his favorite wingman, followed the CO in a dive that quickly clobbered two of the enemy planes and damaged all four of the remaining Messerschmitts. By the time the RAF flight discovered what was going on above it, the battle was over.

The African campaign ended in May 1943. The 31st went on to fight the battles of Patelleria, Sicily and Italy, racking up the highest score of downed enemy aircraft in the Mediterranean Theater—with the 309th Squadron accounting for 25 kills, 10 probables and 62 damaged. But Harry Thyng was slated for a new command. By the time the Germans surrendered in Tunisia

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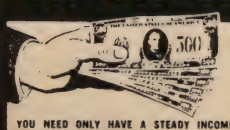

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the 309th CO was on his way back to the States. Qualified instructors were needed and ace Harry Thyng was of more value training new pilots, who required the experience of an officer with an impressive combat record. For one year he chafed at the bit as the war in Europe progressed toward victory. He wrote to "Hap" Arnold almost every month asking for a new combat assignment. He finally got it a year later, along with a promotion to full colonel.

The P-47 Thunderbolt was the latest and hottest fighter off the assembly line. D-Day had come and gone in Europe and the Pentagon was looking at the Pacific. B-29s were beginning to plaster Japan and the Thunderbolt had the range to escort the new heavy bombers on the long and hazardous missions to the enemy mainland. Colonel Harry Thyng was given command of the 413th Fighter Group, 301st Fighter Wing.

He chafed at the responsibilities of command. His men flew all-weather missions, but Harry Thyng only made 20 during his tour as a group CO. It was in July 1945 when the "old master" led the 413th on an escort mission. The B-29s were after a fuel complex at Sendai, Japan. About 400 miles from the target Zeros appeared and the Thunderbolts mixed it up. It was Harry Thyng's first and last dogfight with the Japs. More than 100 enemy planes suddenly appeared in the sky. The B-29s were heavily armed and the P-47s did their best to keep the Zeros at a distance. But a few got through the defensive screen. One of the Japanese planes attacked a B-29 head-on. Harry Thyng flying escort went after the attacker, coming in from above and behind the bomber. The Zero pilot saw him and pulled up to take on the Thunderbolt.

Fanatic Kamikaze-type pilots were flying in the final days before the defeat of Japan. The Zero pilot pulled up and headed on a head-on collision course toward the P-47. Harry Thyng didn't flinch. The Zero grew larger in his sights. When the blunt radial engine beneath the nose cowling of the approaching plane filled his sights, Harry Thyng squeezed the trigger button on his stick. Six machine guns chattered and tracers ripped into the oncoming enemy plane.

Suddenly it blew apart and Harry Thyng pulled back hard, flying through debris that slammed and thumped against his wings and fuselage. It was the closest he had ever been to ending his combat career. "Oriental pilots are to be reckoned with," he told some of his closest friends later that day back at the base. He had no idea that he'd have to reckon with them again six years later.

World War II in the Pacific came to an end but Colonel Harry Thyng remained in the service, a fighter pilot and commander of fighter units between wars. He transitioned to jets. The Korean "police action" required experienced pilots and World War II aces were sent out to the Far East to battle the North Koreans, Chinese and the mysterious "others" flying the Russian-made Mig-15s. In October 1951 Harry Thyng was ordered to Korea to take command of the Fourth Fighter-Interceptor Wing, then the top scorer of the two fighter wings in the Land of the Morning Calm.

Now a bit older, Thyng methodically flew whenever he had a chance. The jet air age was more complex. As a wing commander, he was forced to spend more time at his desk than he ever had during World War II. But he had a romantic's view of a jet age fighter pilot. He described his warriors as "knights" and always felt a thrill spearheading a flight of Mig Alley in northwest Korea.

Leading a flight of four Sabrejets over Anju, North Korea, Harry Thyng was busy watching enemy planes take off. "This is Black Leader," he radioed for the benefit of the other three pilots in his flight and the radar observers on the islands.

"Thirty six lining up at Antung," he reported.

The leader of another Sabre flight broke into Dog Channel. "Hell, only 24 taking off over here at Tatungkou," he intoned.

"Well, it will be at least three for everybody," the leader of yet another Sabrejet element broke in. "I count 50 at Takushan."

The fourth element leader chimed in that he could "see dust at Fen Cheng, where they're gathering up there."

Within minutes the Migs were all over the sky, outnumbering the American jets. There were 70 Migs in the area when Thyng spotted a nearby flight of nine enemy jets. "Let's go, let's go!" he snapped. "Forget the scenery. We've got a job to do."

He shoved the stick forward and the Sabrejet nosed down in a 1000 m.p.h. dive. The Sabres flashed among the Migs blasting away every time a lone enemy plane crossed the sights of an American pilot. One Mig closed with Thyng's Sabre, almost too fast for the eye to follow. There was something familiar about the scene. For a fleeting moment Thyng's thoughts turned back to a July morning six years earlier when a Zero tenaciously zoomed in on his P-47. The Mig held its collision course, firing cannon shells that fireballed past Thyng's F-86. Then he thumbed his trigger button. Pieces of the Russian-built plane seemed to fall right in his flight path. He pulled hard on the stick and kicked into a steep climbing turn to the left. In his rear view mirror he spotted the enemy pilot ejecting. Coming out of a tight loop, he saw a trail of smoke and then a burst of flame as the Mig splashed into one of the mountains below. It was October 24, 1951 and Harry Thyng had racked up his first enemy jet.

TWO days before the big bomber massacre Harry Thyng shot down his second and third Migs. According to the citation which won him his second Oak Leaf Cluster on his Silver Star, he rode an enemy jet fighter's tail so hard that the Red pilot clobbered in while racing on the deck at treetop level trying to lose Thyng's Sabre. He pulled up and headed for altitude. At 25,000 feet a flight of six Migs jumped him and his wingman. The accompanying Sabre was shot down. Furious, Thyng raced in among the Migs and scored another hit and damaged two other enemy jets.

When he returned to K-14 there was a message for him from General Frank Everest, Fifth Air Force commander, virtually grounding the Fourth Wing's CO. He was told that he was needed more on the ground than in the air and to cut down his combat missions. As a real pro, however, he had learned quite a bit flying against the Reds. He reported that the Reds were now using their best pilots in new planes. He

wanted more American fighter aircraft on the scene. But this was a political war and a mere Air Force colonel's opinions meant nothing in Washington or, for that matter, in any other world capital. In the spring of 1952 outspoken Colonel Harry Thyng mentioned that Russians could be flying Migs. "Sometimes we'll be shooting at one guy and the guy on his right won't do anything about it to help him. They must have difficulty in transmitting instructions—there must be a language barrier."

It wasn't as serious as the barrier that the Far East Command set up around Harry Thyng. His expert opinions weren't valued. He was too outspoken for the generals. They were anxious to have him complete his tour and return to the States where he'd be lost in the military shuffle. But they hadn't heard the last of Harry Thyng. It was May 20, 1952 when he shot down his fifth enemy plane and became Uncle Sam's 16th jet ace and the only one to have flown against all of America's enemies in two wars.

The Fourth was flying cover for a fighter bomber strike when a flight of 12 Migs suddenly appeared out of the sun. The "slopeheads," as the Sabrejet pilots called Mig jockeys, smelled blood. Thyng was the first man to catch the sunlight reflecting off the wings of the enemy aircraft high overhead. "Able Leader, this is Baker Leader," Thyng mouthed in his throat mike. "I see 'bogies' at three o'clock, way out and level."

Another voice broke in with news about eight more Migs coming in at five o'clock. "Drop your wing tanks," Thyng replied, "and let's tangle with them." The flight whipped around just in time to meet a vicious head-on attack by at least 50 enemy jets. The wing commander had time enough to check his guns before an explosion racked the sky behind him. His Sabre shivered from the explosion of the 40mm flak that had ripped into the plane's tail section. For a moment the engine in the F-86 faltered and then resumed its thrunderous roar.

IN HIS rear view mirror Thyng saw a Mig quickly closing. When it was less than 1500 feet behind him, the veteran pilot popped his dive brakes. The Sabre nearly shivered to a halt in the calm spring sunshine as the brakes slowed up its flight. The pursuing Mig overshot the Sabre. With a fast and sure motion Harry Thyng pulled in divebrakes and slammed the throttle all the way forward. The Sabre took off after the Mig, quickly overtaking it. In a few seconds it was all over—the Mig was on its way down, a flamer. The men who flew the morning mission that day knocked down three additional planes for a total of 302 Migs destroyed as of that date, in exchange for 33 Sabres knocked down by the enemy.

Almost a year after he had arrived in Korea, Harry Thyng was sent back to the States. He was not only too hot for the enemy to handle, but his comments were too hot for the chairbound brass to accept. Colonel Harrison Thyng wanted a victory in Korea. He knew that he couldn't have it with a limited number of aircraft and pilots. He was honest enough to voice his strong opinions.

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GREAT RANGER STRIKE

Continued from page 18

to do," Jansen growled as he yanked a thermite bomb from his belt, tripped the fuse and tossed it into a steel drum filled with oily mechanic's rags. A column of flame erupted out of it like a shell from a cannon's mouth."

Gathering the heavy gear in their arms, they hurried outside. Soon the Americans—and their strange burden had vanished into the smouldering ruins of Magdeburg . . .

THE full story of Operation Dynamo —the classic Ranger raid led by Robert Kern—wasn't revealed until the publication of Brig. General Emmett Butler's memoirs *Bridgehead in Hell* (Procter and Bates, Boston, 1951). In it, Butler, the intelligence officer who planned the mission, wrote: "One man, in my estimation, was specially suited to pull off so tricky an assignment—Captain Bob Kern. He had already commanded three extremely dangerous behind-the-lines raids, two in North Africa and one in Normandy three weeks after D-Day, accounting for the destruction of a key Nazi rail center. Besides great personal courage, Kern had an uncanny talent for improvisation under hazardous conditions . . .

If the brass held such a high opinion of him at the time, the word hadn't sifted down to Robert L. Kern by February 7, 1945, the day he was assigned to "Dynamo." A native of Ossining, N.Y., the short, sinewy Kern had been an organizer for a labor union before enlisting in the army.

When he first heard about the operation he was commanding an infantry company in the Ardennes Forest. Like many special unit leaders he had been re-assigned to ordinary line outfits at the outbreak of the Battle of the Bulge.

Kern and the handful of stunned, weary survivors of his company were bivouacked in a rural village east of Bastogne when a Third Army courier ordered him to report to Reims immediately. Waiting for him in the 18th Century chateau that had been commandeered as headquarters for U.S. Military Intelligence was Emmett Butler, then a colonel.

"Something's come up that's right in your line Bob," Butler said, coming to the point immediately. He arose and strolled over to the wall map behind his desk, pointed at a tiny dot deep in Germany. "This is Magdeburg, a town in the Elbe valley, near the Bohemian Forest. Day and night for more than two years the place has been smeared by our bombers but it's remained one of the major Nazi munitions production centers. At least a dozen plants, most of them underground, are still functioning. Frankly, it's got the Air Corps licked. In a few weeks our troops will be bucking the Siegfried line. We've learned one thing from the Bulge—that the Krauts are far better supplied than we thought possible after all the punishment they've taken. By knocking out the Magdeburg factories, we could cut the flow of hardware to the front lines in half, maybe end the war months earlier than expected."

For a moment Kern couldn't believe his ears. "You mean you want me to take in a raiding party and blow up a dozen war plants? Begging your pardon, sir, but that's crazy!"

"Not as impossible as its sounds," Colonel Butler said confidently. "A single strike will be enough. Our bombers did accomplish one thing—the main power plant in Magdeburg was levelled six months ago. Instead of trying to rebuild it, the Germans constructed a new underground installation. They hauled six of the biggest dynamos left in Germany down the Elbe in barges, put them in a man-made cavern miles outside the city. If those dynamos can be destroyed, every factory in a 20 mile radius will be out of business."

Butler went on: "You'll take seven men with you—all veterans of this kind of operation. You'll also have help from a German resistance group, an offshoot of the military clique that tried to assassinate Hitler last year. Their leader in the Magdeburg area is a Major Ernst Schallert of the 11th Panzer Corps."

"You couldn't ask for a more reliable ally than a Kraut officer," Kern said.

"You'll feel better once you have a bath and a change of clothes," Butler declared, "We'll discuss the details later . . . Oh, by the way, this is a volunteer mission, of course."

"For a tub full of hot water I'd volunteer to parachute into Eva Braun's boudoir," Kern grunted . . .

On the morning of February 9, he met for the first time with the men under his command. The senior NCO—Master Sergeant Leon Jansen of Milwaukee, Wisconsin—had served with him in North Africa but the others were strangers, a pick-up crew from the decimated ranks of half a dozen Ranger units. The demo expert was 1st Lt. Charles Allworth of Rapid City, N.D., a slightly built, youthful man with the faraway, almost bemused expression Kern had often noticed in explosives experts. Staff Sergeant Jack Garruso—a stolid-looking, muscular Italian-American from South Philadelphia —would be the team's radio operator. The remaining four—Corporals Myron Cencik and Hayes Bester; PFC's Floyd Balmer and Lester Dill—were tough-faced kids in their early twenties, veterans of half a dozen paratroop strikes.

"The actual operation will involve some on-the-spot improvisation, I'm afraid," he said after a general rundown. "As I've mentioned, this German turncoat Schallert has provided a place for us to hide after we're dropped, a vacant hunting lodge in the Bohemian Forest, about 10 miles from the target. He'll also deliver diagrams of the plant. Our tactics will have to hinge on them. As for getting out, the Air Corps will arrange a glider pick-up as soon as we flash the word."

It was nearly a week later—on the evening of Wednesday, February 14—when the mission got underway. Originally, it had been planned for February 10 but heavy fog over the drop area had forced postponement after postponement. By the time they boarded the C-47 that was to fly them north, the nerves of every member of the team were rubbed raw by the waiting.

Three hours later, a buzzer signalled two minutes to bail-out. At a gruff command from Sergeant Jansen, the men stood up and fastened their chute clips. Two crewmen threw open an outer door, releasing a graveyard-cold wind into the plane. Kern was the last to go . . .

He landed hard on the side of a brush-covered hill, slick with a mixture of snow and mud. Unable to gain his foot-

ing, he was pulled head over heels down the slope by the billowing black nylon chute. Cursing under his breath, he finally managed to free himself and collapse the canopy. He worked with frantic speed, chopping a hole in the frozen subsoil with his trenching tool, then buried the chute and covered it over. The job done, he set out to look for his men.

This was the part of such missions he hated most—the silent, nerve-rasping re-grouping, with its whispered challenges and long, fearful silences. But one by one they made contact, moving through the dark woods like an ever-growing collection of wraiths. The first piece of bad news wasn't long in coming—PFC Dill had touched down in a nest of jagged rocks, breaking both his legs. By the time they found him, he had passed out from the pain. All Kern could do for the time being was give him a shot of morphine and have a crude stretcher fashioned.

The second blow was conveyed by Jansen. "We lost one of the supply chutes," the gray-haired sergeant told him. "It landed spang in the middle of a lake about a mile back."

As a precaution, their store of plastic explosive had been evenly distributed between two chute packs. However, the loss of half the supply was still distressing.

The grayness of approaching dawn was on the horizon when they reached the hunting lodge that was to serve them as headquarters. The large log structure lay in a small clearing, surrounded by thick copses of pine and fir. By sunup they had moved all their gear into the lodge's roomy, earthen-floored basement. After posting a guard, Kern ordered his men to get some sleep. "You can build a fire but keep it small," he warned. "This may seem like a wilderness but there are farms only a few miles away."

"When is this Kraut of yours supposed to turn up, sir?" Jansen asked.

"Sometime today. A pre-arranged signal went out over the BBC propaganda radio last night, tipping him off that we're here."

However, Kern was to see Ernst Schallert only from a distance. Shortly before noon, a tall, lean figure in a leather *Wehrmacht* officer's greatcoat stepped out of the trees and halted about 70 feet from the lodge, arms raised over his head. In his left hand was a bulky briefcase.

"Come on ahead," Kern shouted from a window. Corporal Bester stood at another window, training his submachine gun on the man — undoubtedly Schallert. But the German merely shook his head, dropped the briefcase and backed off slowly into the woods.

"No," Kern muttered when Bester gave him a questioning glance, his finger tightening on the trigger.

"Careful bastard, isn't he?" Leon Jansen said. "Not getting any further into this business than he can help."

As Kern anticipated, the briefcase contained a thick sheaf of diagrams and photos, covering virtually every phase of the Magdeburg power plant operation. Kern immediately turned them over to Lt. Allworth, the demo expert, for analysis. Half an hour later the two officers conferred alone.

"We're in trouble," Allworth stated flatly, spreading out a dozen photos on the table. Altogether, they presented a detailed floor plan of the concrete-lined cavern where the dynamos had been installed. They were massive, all more than 30 feet high.

"I've studied this type of dynamo," Allworth continued. "They're encased in six-inch-thick steel sheathing. With the 15 pounds of RDX explosive and the few sticks of dynamite we have left we could never set off a big enough charge to nail all of them. We'd mess the operation up for two or three weeks —but the dynamos themselves will still be repairable . . ."

"There has to be a way."

Allworth shrugged his narrow shoulders and pointed to a particularly thick pipe leading to each dynamo. "The problem is getting to the interior turbine mechanisms. If we could break the main steam lines, then ram other charges through them right into the dynamos, we might bring it off. The hitch is that two seconds after the pipes burst, so much steam will be released that the whole cavern will be like a big pressure cooker. Everybody in the place would be boiled alive before they could blink unless they were wearing special gear."

"What kind of gear?"

"Asbestos suits and hoods, the kind firemen use to work in oil blazes."

After a moment of brooding silence, Kern said: "That means hitting the place twice, right? Sneaking into the plant, setting off enough explosives to burst the pipes, then going back immediately afterward to nail the dynamos themselves . . . Jesus, what a bind!"

The key to success was obtaining either more explosive or the special protective suits Allworth had mentioned. He didn't want to radio for another air drop, since their transmitter was supposed to be used only once, to set up the glider pick-up to take them out of Germany. If the Nazis monitored an earlier message, they would know that an Allied unit was operating in the area. *There's only one place we can get those suits,* Kern thought. *Magdeburg . . .*

By dusk that evening, Kern and Sergeant Jansen were hiding in a bombed-out farmhouse on a hill less than half a mile from the town. Both wore the German civilian workmen's clothing included in their supplies. The captain was awestruck when he gazed through binoculars at the ravaged community, whole blocks of which had been reduced to little more than a gray plain of rubble. Finally he picked out his goal—the great, still partially functioning chemical plant that was Magdeburg's principal industry. There was bound to be a well-equipped fire station near its main gates.

"How we going to get down there?" Jansen asked grouchily.

"It's going to be a clear night," Kern said grimly. "That means 10-to-one the RAF will hit the town hard. As soon as the bombs start dropping, we head on in at a gallop. A couple of thousand people will be running for the shelters at the same time. I doubt that anybody will be checking ID cards until the all clear sounds."

For once, everything went according to plan. At 9:07 P.M., the first wave of Blenheims swept in. By 9:25, the Americans had raided the firehouse and escaped with two asbestos suits . . .

KERN and Jansen were in the fields beyond the chemical plant before the eerie cry of the all clear siren quivered across Madgeburg. Exhausted by their frantic run, they collapsed in a thicket.

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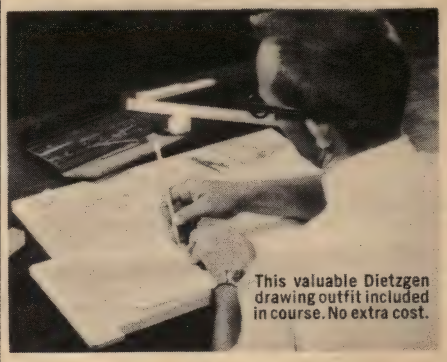

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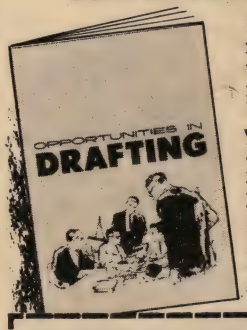

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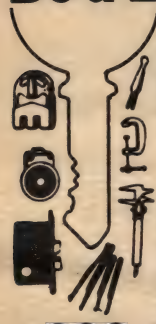

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back to the lodge in the dark," Kern croaked minutes later.

They had hidden C-rations and two sleeping bags in the foundation of the ruined farmhouse from which they had spied on Madgeburg. By the time they retrieved their supplies and found a reasonably safe hiding place—a cairn of rocks several miles to the east—it was close to midnight...

A light, powdery snow was falling when the two Americans awoke the next morning. They moved on, not pausing until after 9:00 A.M., when Captain Kern heard the baying of dogs behind them. They stopped in their tracks.

Kern felt the hair rise on the back of his neck. "They can't be after us," he said in angry disbelief.

He flicked the safety catch on his grease gun and Jansen pulled out his .45. Still more than seven miles from the lodge, they stood amid a heavy growth of fir trees.

"Nothing scares me like that sound," Jansen whispered harshly.

THEY took cover behind a thick tree trunk, listened until they were sure the dogs were headed in their direction. "Chances are the snowfall has killed our scent," Kern said, not believing it himself.

Then a frenzied rustling disturbed a patch of brush to his right. He swivelled the muzzle of his gun toward the sound, was momentarily paralyzed with astonishment and relief when a magnificent, six-pointed stag bounded into view, its eyes wide with terror. A second later the animal was out of sight.

"It's just a hunting party," Jansen cried. "They ain't after us!"

The words had barely left his mouth when the pack of slavering hounds pursuing the stag broke out of the brush. "Don't use your gun!" Kern shouted, an instant before one of the beasts—too blood-mad to care what he attacked— leaped at his throat. Kern used his grease gun as a club, batting the dog across the side of the head. It somersaulted into the snow, its neck broken. A few yards away, Jansen had been borne to the ground beneath three more of the growling snapping hounds. He had gotten his commando knife out, started slashing at them wildly.

Kern was rushing to the sergeant's aid when a gigantic dog sank its slobbering fangs into his forearm. The grease gun flew from his hand. Howling with pain, he grabbed the beast by its collar and yanked it free of his arm, feeling a chunk of flesh go with it. He pulled his own knife from its sheath, leaped on the thrashing hound's back, hacked at its neck until the body beneath him was inert.

Somehow Leon Jansen had gotten to his feet. Panicking, he opened up with his .45, fired frantically until the weapon's hammer fell with a dull click and the forest was still.

Kern, after retrieving his grease gun, stared at the eight furry, bloodstained forms scattered all about them. "That's torn it," he gasped. "I just hope whoever is running those mutts was too dumb to turn around when he heard the shots. If they get back home and squawk about what's happened out here, we're done for."

His face drained of color, Jansen clutched the shoulder of his shredded, scarlet-flecked jacket. "Don't get on my rear, captain," he said. "Another minute and we'd have both been ready for the Strongheart can..."

"Never mind that. We have to backtrack."

They found the hunters—three men in bulky ram's wool coats—five minutes later. Shotguns under their arms, they were following the trail of pawprints left by the massacred hounds. Crouching behind an elderberry bush, the two Rangers let them pass. "We can't use the grease gun," Kern whispered. "If anybody heard your pistol go off, they might have mistaken it for a game rifle. But nobody chases deer with an automatic weapon."

Jansen, who had already re-loaded his .45 nodded in agreement. "I'll handle it," he muttered.

The sergeant in the lead, they went after the three Germans. It was over in seconds. Jansen dropped to his belly, braced the .45 on his crooked elbow and snapped off a trio of shots. The first two slugs shattered the skulls of his targets; the third hit the last hunter between the shoulder blades, impelling him on a ghastly, stumbling, 20-foot dance before he fell.

Kern moved up and searched the three motionless figures. All of them carried *Luftwaffe* identification cards and sets of leave papers. "Two colonels and a major," he said. "This is one holiday they'll never forget... We'd better start digging a grave, Leon. Men, dogs, everything has to be covered up. And take their clothing. Might come in handy."

It was dark before Kern and Jansen, burdened by the articles they'd collected during the day, reached the lodge. Jack Garruso, the swarthy radio operator, was on guard at the door. "When we going to move, captain?" he asked. "I'm freezing my tail off!"

"Tomorrow morning," Kern promised.

Fortunately, the bites they had received proved to be superficial. Nevertheless the captain's arm felt as though it had been bathed in flaming gasoline, despite the sulfa powder he had applied after burying the hunters. PFC Dill, the man whose legs had been broken during the jump, wasn't so lucky. Jansen had splinted his limbs the night before but he had never regained consciousness. "He's been delirious all day," Lt. Allworth said. "He must have internal injuries, Bob."

Although groggy with fatigue, Kern still had plenty to do before turning in. First on the agenda was a conference with Corporal Hayes Bester. With PFC

"Quick! What's the antidote?"

Balmer, he had reconnoitered the power plant site that afternoon, confirming the information supplied by Major Ernst Schallert.

"I think the Kraut was levelling with us," Bester—a lanky Kentuckian—said. "The place is about eight miles from here, about two miles east of the *Rothensee* ship lock. All you can see of it from ground level is a kind of concrete blockhouse, surrounded by a wire fence. We spotted a shift change—about 100 civilian workers and maybe 40 guards. Only about 10 guards are stationed above ground. Three in the blockhouse, four at the gate, three patrolling the wire . . ."

After dismissing Bester, Kern went ocer Schallert's diagrams of the plant layout for what must have been the fiftieth time. It was simple enough: the blockhouse covered the mouth of an elevator shaft; below it lay the plant's first level, composed of locker and supply rooms and a small infirmary. Beneath this lay the main cavern holding the six dynamos. It was connected to the first level by steel stairways as well as the elevator. The coal furnaces that supplied steam to the dynamos were located in a separate installation, nearly a mile away. It wasn't hard to figure out why the bulk of the guard force was stationed inside the plant—this far from the combat zone, the main security danger would apparently be civilian saboteurs.

Kern's troubled eyes rose from the diagram to a heap of bloodstained clothing in the corner of the room—the garments he and Jansen had stripped off the slaughtered hunters. Already a plan was taking shape in his mind . . .

"Here it is," he told Jansen and Allworth a few minutes later. "There are two sentry posts at the plant, separated by about 70 feet of floodlighted ground. We can knock off the men at the front gate easy enough—but the guards in the blockhouse are bound to see what's happened and flash an alarm to the main force stationed below. The blockhouse guards have to be killed first."

"How?" Jansen asked.

"We already have the ticket — those hunters we killed this afternoon. Right this minute dozens of civilian search parties are probably combing the woods for them, figuring they met with some kind of an accident . . . Suppose a couple of men wearing their clothes and carrying their papers turned up at the front gate of the power plant tomorrow morning? The first thing the guards would do was rush them inside to the plant infirmary."

"They'd never fall for a simple-minded trick like that, Bob," Allworth scoffed.

"They will if one of the hunters has injuries so bad even an idiot can tell he isn't faking."

"Private Dill?" Jansen gasped.

Kern nodded.

"Jesus, captain, you can't just use the poor guy for a prop! You'll kill him!"

Anger and guilt turned Kern's face into a rock-muscled, grimacing mask. "I've beat my brains out trying to figure an alternative," he snarled.

After a moment of nervous silence, Jansen said: "I'll take him in. Coming from Milwaukee, I speak beerhall German and those goddamned dogbites in my hide will make the act more convincing."

Kern nodded his thanks and lit a cigarette with trembling fingers. "Call the men in. They might as well learn what's ahead . . ."

"I'll never forget that briefing," Kern was to tell a reporter more than a year later. "The plan I'd developed for penetrating the plant was so full of *if's*, I nearly gagged getting it out. Everybody knew we'd probably all be slaughtered but they didn't say anything. Maybe they were just too damned cold . . . We didn't even get much sleep that night. At about one in the morning, Jansen spotted lights moving through the forest—magnesium flares, undoubtedly carried by civilians looking for those missing hunters. Since the lodge was certain to be checked out, I moved the men immediately, obscuring any signs that we'd ever been there at all . . ."

At dawn on February 16, 1945, the Ranger squad was spread out on a ridge overlooking the plant. As Bester had reported, there was little to see—just a nondescript concrete bunker and a barbed wire compound. Sergeant Garruso had already sent a coded message to Reims, setting the glider pick-up for 9:00 A.M. The rendezvous point was a field about two miles to the east.

Jansen, who lay beside him, was barely recognizable in his ram's wool coat and slightly-too-large civilian clothes. Dill, still unconscious, was similarly dressed. His pants legs had been ripped open to expose the crude splints on his injured legs.

"All right, give it to me again."

A scowl of irritation flashed across Jansen's lined, hard-jawed face as he check the pistol taped on the inside of his right thigh. "I carry Dill down the hill, fall on my face right in front of the gate and gasp for help. If I have to talk at all, the story is that I'm Colonel Stoffnagel of the Luftwaffe. Me and my two friends were out hunting when we were caught in a rockslide. The third guy was killed but I managed to splint Dill's—excuse me, Major Gruber's—legs. I've been lugging him through the loving woods all night." He glanced at his watch. "Six-oh-three. I have five minutes to kill the blockhouse guards."

JANSEN slung Dill's body over his shoulders and struggled erect, exposing himself to the plant guards 100 yards below. He staggered over the ridge line, looking like a weirdly broad shouldered giant in the morning mist, lurching downhill. Through his binoculars, Kern could see the gray-coated soldiers at the gate pointing, the three men stationed around the wire running to join their comrades, unslinging their rifles. Halfway down the slope Jansen either slipped—or faked a slip—on a patch of ice. He let go of Dill and the two of them tumbled on like out of control toboggans, coming to rest less than 20 feet from the gate. Four of the clustered *Wehrmacht* guards pounded toward them . . .

Dozens of frightening possibilities chased each other through Kern's brain. *Suppose the search parties had found the mass grave containing the real hunters? Or the guards hadn't even heard about the missing men.*

Then the guards had reached the two Americans, were turning them over on their backs. A hoarse, barely audible cry in German trickled up the snowy hillside—followed by the last sound in the world Kern had expected to hear. Like a puppet come to life, PFC Dill sat up with a jerk, released a frantic, deranged noise—half-scream, half-sob—that went through Kern like a bayonet. Then he fell back again lifelessly. Kern closed his eyes to avoid meeting the gazes of the other Rangers. When

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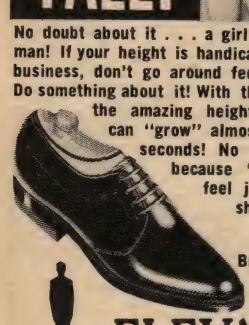

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he opened them again, the Germans had picked up Jansen and Dill and were carrying them toward the gate. Dill's scream–he realized dully–had accomplished more than two dozen sets of papers could have done, sweeping away any doubts that might have entered the sentries' minds. No human throat could ever have feigned such a noise.

"Go." Kern whispered when Jansen's body had vanished into the blockhouse. Corporal Gencik and PFC Balmer started down the slope on their bellies. Bester and Sergeant Garruso followed 20 seconds later. They moved like feral rodents, seeking cover behind low bushes or tree stumps, crawling forward in erratic spurts.

Kern shifted a frantic glance toward Lt. Allworth, who was adjusting the straps on his heavy pack. The demo expert's frail features were impassive. An equally large pack–containing the bundled asbestos suits he and Jansen had stolen–weighed down Kern.

The hands of Kern's watch stood at 6:09. Sergeant Jansen should have completed his job by now.

Almost simultaneous with his mental image, a series of flat reports sounded. The sentries who had remained at the gate started running toward the blockhouse, just as the men Kern had sent down the slope materialized out of the brush, their grease guns spitting fire . . .

"Come on!" he shouted to Allworth and headed down the slope.

During every second of that insane dash, Kern half-expected to be stopped in his tracks by a hail of bullets. Only when he was through the compound gate–and he saw two figures in American helmets flanking the open blockhouse door–was he sure that the first step of the raid had been successful. As soon as he was inside the building, he felt a throbbing pulsebeat under his feet, vibrations from the great dynamos.

Bester slammed the blockhouse doors. Blinking, Kern glanced around, saw that none of his men had been hit in the brief exchange with the Germans. Leon Jansen leaned against a wall, eyes wild and staring, his pistol hanging limply from his right hand. The bodies of three uniformed guards and a white-smocked medical orderly were sprawled on the floor.

"Where's Dill?" Kern asked.

"Below," Jansen gasped. "They got him in here ahead of me . . ."

Kern ran over to the closed elevator doors, listened carefully. "I think we're okay," he said. "Jansen's shots couldn't have carried to the next level. There's 20 feet of concrete under us . . ."

Suddenly the doors rattled open, revealing the startled faces of a doctor and a guard, who had been about to wheel a stretcher out of the elevator. Garruso and Gencik were on them immediately, their knives flashing . . .

Bester, who had been carrying Jansen's grease gun, passed the automatic weapon to the haggard-faced sergeant. Then they all entered the elevator. Kern would have liked to leave one or two men behind as lookouts but everyone would be needed below. The five second ride to the underground plant's first level, containing its infirmary and supply rooms, seemed interminable. *One phone call from downstairs to the blockhouse and we're finished,* he thought.

Bester, operating the elevator, opened the doors. Kern's tense stomach muscles quivered with relief when he saw that the corridor in front of them was empty. Guns in firing position, they filed out, moved silently toward the steel stairway that, according to Major Ernst Schallert's diagrams, led to a catwalk that ran around the entire main room of the plant.

"Looks like his fast ball has lost some of its steam."

They were nearly at their destination when alarm bells started going off with an ear-smashing clang. "Goddamn it!" Kern shouted. "Some son of a bitch must have turned up at the gate!"

Forgetting caution now, they stampeded down the rest of the stairway, burst through a metal-sheathed fire door on to the catwalk. Forty feet below, blue-coveralled civilian workers had abandoned their labors and were milling around in confusion. The rifle-bearing guards, still not sure where the danger was coming from, didn't seem much more coordinated. Then a guard posted on the catwalk spotted them, shouted a warning before a burst from Garruso's grease gun cut him down.

"Spread out and rake the floor," Kern bellowed.

THE next few minutes were to forever remain a confused blur in Robert Kern's memory, composed of bits and pieces that didn't quite fit together. Allworth stripping off his pack, removing bundles of RDX plastic explosive and taped-together dynamite hand bombs, laying them out neatly on the catwalk floor like a surgeon arranging his instruments before an operation . . . The roar of guns and the stink of cordite as his men pitilessly emptied clip after clip of ammo into the clustered human figures below . . . Germans, civilian and military alike, screaming as they died . . . PFC Balmer lobbing grenades into the cavern . . . *Like slaughtering pigs in a pit,* Kern thought.

They had one advantage–the Germans still didn't realize how small a force was attacking them. But already the Rangers' fire was being returned by clusters of Nazi troops that had taken cover behind the countless banks of machinery near and between the giant, humming, house-high dynamos. In a minute some of them were certain to rush the seven stairways that rose from the cavern floor to the catwalk.

Then Allworth nodded that he was ready. So was Hayes Bester, who, back at the lodge, had volunteered for the most hazardous task of the entire operation. He darted over and took the six short-fused dynamite bundles Allworth had prepared, distributed them among

all his pockets. At Kern's order, the others concentrated their fire on the nearest of the six, lined-up dynamos, covering the tall Kentuckian as he hustled down a flight of steel stairs to the floor, bullets singing all around him. Kern's breath caught in his throat as Bester charged toward the nearest dynamo, leaping over the bodies lying everywhere. Then he reached his target, placed the TNT at the base of the pipe—thick as a tree trunk—that delivered steam to the enclosed generator turbine. He lit the fuse and yanked out another bomb, hurried toward the second dynamo.

A few seconds later the dynamite exploded with a roar, bursting the pipe. *Like a big pressure cooker,* Allworth had said, predicting what would happen when the steam lines went. He wasn't exaggerating. Instantly, clouds of water vapor swirled through the cavern, giving Bester a perfect screen for blowing the next line. Even this far away, Kern could feel the tremendous heat of the live steam shooting from the ruptured pipe. Then there was a second explosion . . . a third . . . a fourth . . . as Bester planted his bombs.

"Enough, Hayes," Kern found himself yelling as he and Allworth struggled into the bulky asbestos suits, even though he knew Bester couldn't hear him. "Get back, damn it, get back!"

But there were no more blasts. Either Bester had retreated or he had died in the very inferno he had created. Below, men were screaming in terror and agony, rushing for the stairs, heedless of the Rangers' fire. To Kern's left, Jansen was battling hand to hand with a gray-uniformed soldier who had already gained the catwalk. Grunting, he heaved the thrashing man over the rail.

Before donning his asbestos hood, Kern yelled to Jansen: "Leon, get the men out!"

But it was too late. The gray-haired non-com had caught a burst from a German burp gun. He fell, his whole face shot away. Further back, Gencik, fighting three Nazis, went down with a bayonet in his back. Then it was too thick for Kern to see anymore . . . His lungs aching from the steam he had already inhaled, he threw on his plastic-visored hood, took the bundles of RDX explosive Allworth passed to him. Like creatures from outer space, they shuffled to the stairway Hayes Bester had descended, Allworth clutching a detonator box to his chest . . .

They didn't have to worry about human opposition—now. All gunfire had ceased and the only sound in the cavern was the weird roar of the steam still pouring from the ruptured lines. Halfway down the stairs, they encountered the body of a German officer, hanging on to a rail with dead hands. The man had literally been cooked, his face a red, shrivelled mask.

They came to the first of the dynamos, stripped the paper off a package of RDX explosive, inserted wires into the gummy substance and shoved it into the mechanical innards of the generator, exposed by Bester's dynamite blasts. The three-minute job was over before Kern realized that the flow of live steam had been cut off, probably from above. He knew what it meant—if and when he and Allworth ever reached ground level, half the *Wehrmacht* would be waiting for them. *God, I hope the other guys made it,* he thought as they moved toward the second dynamo. The steam was so thick they had to fel their way.

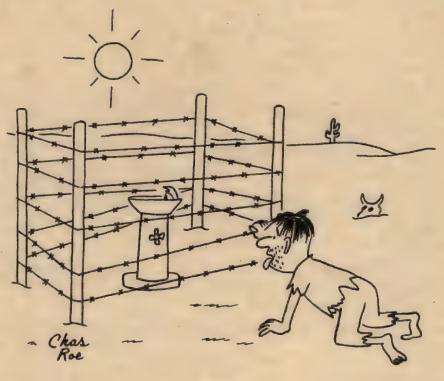
Fifteen minutes later charges had been placed in all four damaged dynamos. Although the temperature in the cavern was still probably pushing 200 degrees, most of the concealing water vapor had dissipated. Soon the Germans would be able to descend. *Hurry, damn it, hurry,* he thought desperately as the methodical Allworth attached lead wires to the points on his detonator. They again backed up the catwalk stairs, playing out the coiled wire.

When they were inside the stairwell that led to the first level, the wire at last ran out. The triumphant grin on his face visible through his transparent hood visor, Lt. Allworth pushed the plunger. A tremendous roar quivered through the plant, knocking both men off their feet. At the same moment, a dozen Nazi soldiers in gas masks charged into view.

The last thing Kern saw was the butt of a rifle zooming toward his head. Then a personal explosion inside his brain merged with the echoes of the great blast . . .

CAPTAIN Robert Kern spent the remaining months of the war in a POW camp. "It didn't take me long to figure out why they didn't just shoot us," he recently told a MEN reporter. "As soon as I recovered from that rap on the head, they started putting me through interrogation after interrogation. Seems the area's military commander figured, rightly, that our familiarity with the plant layout indicated we'd been helped by a German traitor. But neither Allworth or me cracked and gave them Major Schallert's name."

Today Kern operates a small electronics plant in Connecticut. Asked about his feelings on the Magdeburg raid after 18 years, he grimaced and said. "Strategically, I guess we did most of what we set out to do. With four of the dynamos dead, industrial output in the district was more than halved . . . I didn't find out for weeks that Dill had also survived the raid. The Nazis found him in the plant infirmary and tossed him into an enlisted man's camp. I ran into him at Cherbourg, after Allworth and I had been liberated. Turned out he didn't remember a damned thing that had happened after he broke his legs on the jump. 'They gave me a medal,' he said. 'And I still don't know for what.' I didn't have the guts to tell him that he had played a vital role in penetrating the plant even though he was unconscious. Frankly, I was afraid that when he heard the truth, he'd have hauled off and punched me square in the nose . . ." ● ● ●



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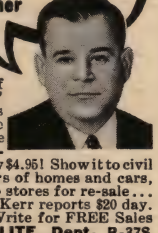

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TEXAS

continued from page 19

he seemed to be going into some kind of mental breakdown. But at the same time that he began to "crack up," the young man's business fortunes started to zoom spectacularly. Prospecting in the East Texas oil fields, for instance, he would tear his geologists' reports into confetti, curse their recommendations, walk around the country till he "got a feeling," then tell his crew: "Drill right here." Like seeds sprouting in the sun, every one of his "feelings" blossomed into a rich, black gold gusher, and soon East Texas and Louisiana were covered with his wells.

"By God," the Texas storyteller will say, laughing slyly, "that young feller made 20, 25 million while he was going plumb out of his mind."

Whether or not it's true, this story says a lot about America's second largest state, that diverse, sprawling, strange and wonderful, Stetson and space ship filled landscape called Texas, where fantasy and reality, frontier orneriness ("craziness") and close-to-the-vest, 20th Century business caution, bare-faced boasting and biting self-criticism, overnight wealth and lifelong poverty, vast cattle and oil producing plains and confining modern cities are all mixed up together like the ingredients in a "son of a bitch stew"—which, along with "mincemeat mother-in-law" is a favorite Texas dish.

WHAT is it actually like, this oversized, seemingly unreal yet vitally present place where legend has it that even a "crazy man" can turn himself into a millionaire—and reality sometimes confirms the legend. If, before the events of November 22 and 23, Texas was a joke to many people in America and the rest of the world, the assassination of President Kennedy and the near comic-opera murder of his accused killer turned the joke into a monstrously bad one. This criticism is of course obviously unfair to the state which is the birthplace of the present President of the United States, which has contributed so much to the power and well-being of our country and which, in fact, may be, in all its contradictory, richly-shaded and flamboyant character, more purely American than any other area of our nation. Let's brush aside the cactus and the snake oil and get a picture of Texas as it really is, not as its critics or champions say it is.

To begin with, Texas is big, so big that its size is a matter for endless, fascinating statistical comparisons. For instance, Texas is larger than any country in Europe except Russia; three times the size of Great Britain; bigger than France, Belgium, the Netherlands and Switzerland combined; five times the size of New York state; within its 267,000 odd square miles of area is more land than in all of New England plus New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maryland, Delaware and Virginia. Driving across Texas from East to West or North to South, a distance of around 800 miles either way, takes an hour longer than driving from Paris to Rome or New York to Chicago.

Big as it is, Texas is just as rich and diverse, boasting a list of superlatives no other state can match. Texas is first in the U.S. in the production of an incredibly varied list of things: oil, natural gas, roses, cattle, sheep, onions, mules, cotton, goats, sulphur, wool, spinach, turkeys, petrochemicals, bees and more. It is close to the top in airplanes, rice, wheat, pecans, cement, grapefruits and oranges, salt, helium, gypsum and others. Texas, in fact, produces 25 per cent of all America's mineral wealth each year. It has more workable farmland than any other state and from this land comes 20 per cent of the world's cotton. With more than half of all of America's oil reserves under its soil, Texas yearly turns out one-third of this nation's oil.

The list goes on: Texas has a cattle ranch bigger than the state of Rhode Island (the King ranch, one and one quarter million acres), it has the world's largest hole (25,340 feet deep, a dry well in Pecos County), the world's largest vegetable farm, largest factory for producing medical school skeletons and largest drum (at the University of Texas, eight feet in diameter and called Big Bertha). Per capita, Texans have more airplanes than the people of any other state, and Texas leads America in its number of banks, farms, insurance companies, airports, football teams and players, species of birds, holidays—and is close to the top in snakes.

These superlatives are spawned in a landscape that is as varied as it is immense. The country shades from lush plains in the Gulf Coast south through vast range country and over the plateau of the central "hill country" to the Texas Rockies in the northwest. Though Texas is commonly thought of as a flat "grazing land" kind of place, it is actually surprisingly mountainous, has one peak that rears up more than 8700 feet. Surprisingly too, the state has, in its southeast corner, an extensive forest area of 35 million acres.

Perhaps Texas today can best be understood by contrasting the country of its legend, "The West," with the booming, industrialized Gulf Coast area. The West begins at Ft. Worth, takes in over half the state, stretches from the Panhandle in the northeast to the south Texas area of the Rio Grande Valley. This is open, empty country, cactus-dotted, sandy and rocky, the ranch country of Texas' legendary cowboy.

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Today's version of the two-gun-toting character of old is considerably more restrained, lean and weatherbeaten, to be sure, but wearing denim Levis instead of fancy pants, driving a jeep instead of sitting in a saddle, and using the gun he owns but hardly ever carries to shoot a stray chipmunk or two instead of "bad men." Life is harsh here and basically, it is the life of old, of man against nature, fought out against the backdrop of country that offers little comfort, that stretches on in places seemingly forever, across endless miles of sandy, uninhabited desolation.

ON the Gulf Coast, the scene is very different; it is the future as the West is the past. Often overlooked is the extent of Texas' coastline, which runs for 370 miles, has 12 deepwater ports, the largest of which, Houston, is second only to New York in the tonnage it handles. The Gulf Coast is landscaped by its industrial activity; laced with oil derricks, dotted with oil refineries and petro-chemical plants. Connecting the refineries and the plants are mile upon mile of pipeline, weaving like metal thread across the country, causing the area to be called "The Spaghetti Bowl." This is, undoubtedly, the Texas of the years ahead. Already, more than 75 per cent of all Texans live in cities, and the number will certainly go up in the years ahead as all manner of farming becomes more and more mechanized and the small rural man gets off the land. Such is the case in the "blacklands" area between Dallas and the Oklahoma border, where a cotton-planting aristocracy once reigned. They were gradually replaced by small farmers as the rich dark clay wore out. Now the land is being taken over by large-scale cattle men.

If this is the look of Texas, what is the Texan himself like? There is of course, no single "Texan." There is the Texan of myth, the gun-toting, loud-bragging, big-spending fellow, a caricature that does not go very far toward describing the Texan as he actually is—the lonely, taciturn range rider of the Western plains, the shrewd, lucky, flamboyant Houston oil operator, the serious-minded, devout cotton farmer of the Panhandle, the civic-minded Dallas banker or insurance executive, the Mexican farm worker in the Rio Grande Valley, the Latinized easy-going citizen of San Antonio, where the population is 50 per cent Latin American, the low-income Negro, Mexican or white slum-dweller who exist in nearly every Texas city.

In short, the Texan is not one man but many. Yet it is true that Texas as a place, with its geography, history, legends and vital present, has created men – "Texans" – who share certain values.

The Texan, for one thing, is a man who thinks his state is a quite special place, and that he is a better man for living there. To go back to the beginning, Texans have always considered themselves and Texas as something unique in the scheme of the Union. No doubt their self-regard was forged in the ashes of the Alamo (or at least in its legend) and at the Battle of San Jacinto, where they took on the Mexican nation and licked it. Then, too, the vastness of the territory they inhabit has given Texans a feeling that they are above the ordinary run of men. Sam Houston himself said, and Texas newspapers today often repeat his pronouncement: "Texas could exist without the United States but the United States can not, except at very great hazard, exist without Texas."

Joining the Union in 1845 as the 28th state, Texas was the only one ever given the right to divide itself into five states if it wanted to. It has of course not done so, but retaining the privilege

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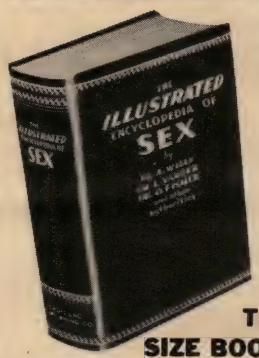

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reinforces its feeling of being out of the ordinary among the 50 states. When, for example, the Dutch airline, KLM, ran a newspaper advertisement saying it "served Texas and 74 other countries," it was humorously catering to a common Texas feeling. And when, during WW II, Texas undertakers objected to a conservation measure reducing the size of wooden coffins from 6'6" to 6'3", they were simply reflecting the belief that, physically, too, Texans are bigger than average—though there's no evidence to support this idea.

MORE than anything else, perhaps, it is the bigness of Texas that is a point of pride to its citizens. When, for instance, Alaska was admitted to the Union (over the objections of at least one Texas Senator) many Texans felt a severe sense of loss; a typical reaction was to downgrade our northernmost state: Alaska's bigger, sure, but Texas is better ("Alaska's nothing but a giant ice cube with a few Eskimos frozen inside," snapped a citizen of Ft. Worth). In line with their pride in the state's size, Texans tend to revere the grand, the flamboyant, the spectacular and extravagant thing and gesture. And since the state has bred more than its normal share of men with money enough to indulge any whim toward grandness, the legend of Texans pursuing a freewheeling, wild-spending, extravagant and oversized way of living is solidly based on reality.

Consider these examples:

Houston oil millionaire Hugh Cullen was so overjoyed at a Houston University football victory, he whipped out his checkbook and dashed off a donation to the school of $2,500,000 (in all, Cullen has given the university over 100 million dollars).

Col. D. H. "Dry Hole" Byrd, driller of 56 non-gushers in a row after his first strike, throws 1000-guest barbecues at the drop of a Stetson, and once, at a Cotton Bowl game he was enjoying, shouted a dinner invitation to those around him in the stands. He was slightly disappointed when only 2000 people showed up.

Oilman Clint Murchison, renowned as one of the most casual of Texas' "wheeler-dealer" oil operators, was negotiating a business deal and wanted around $500,000 more than he was being offered. Rather than haggle, Murchison simply said. "Okay, let's toss a coin for it," and when he lost paid up without twitching a muscle.

Oilman Sid Richardson, who had a billion dollars when he died in 1959, put up $20 million, along with Murchison, to help a friend win control of the New York Central railroad in a proxy fight. After the fight was over and Richardson's friend had won, he called up Murchison and said: "Say, Clint, what was the name of that railroad we just bought?"

Marion "Silver Dollar" West kept a fleet of a dozen Cadillacs, all painted his favorite color, a bright shade of blue. So fond was West of this color that on one occasion several overnight guests at his house discovered when they went to their cars in the morning that West had had them all painted his color blue. In addition to the Cadillac fleet in his garage in Houston, West also had a Cadillac in every city he ever visited, plus one in those he thought he might ever want to visit.

Wealthy Mrs. Clara Driscoll vowed to get even with the White Plaza hotel in Corpus Christi for bad service she got by building a taller hotel next to the White Plaza and spitting down on her offending neighbor. She did.

Ft. Worth philanthropist-oilman Amon Carter was crazy about Stetsons, gave away $100 models to every guest he had.

(Similarly, President Lyndon Johnson gives away scores of $20 Stetsons specially made for him in Texas.)

While gaudy behavior of this kind pleases most Texans immensely, they tend, when criticized for it by outsiders, to deny that it exists. Yet so conscious are Texans of what image they present to others that criticism seems to fascinate them. The Edna Ferber novel, *Giant,* for example, which detailed the high-spending antics of some Texas millionaires, was discounted in Texas as an outrageous distortion of their way of life. (One critic said: "Miss Ferber did research for the book by flying over the state and telling the pilot: 'Go down a little lower, I want to write a book about Texas.'") Still, Texans contributed wildly to *Giant's* financial success by buying eight per cent of all the copies sold in the U.S.—and the movie made from the novel not only drew record crowds on its first showing in Texas, but is revived periodically and continues to break box office records.

Texans might well be sensitive to criticism, since they seem to draw so

"Cut out smoking for awhile."

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much fire from so many quarters, more it might appear, than was warranted. One reason advanced for the excess of criticism is that Texas, of all America, remains closest to the 19th Century "frontier"—a time looked back upon by many Americans as perhaps our "golden age," when opportunity seemed to loom larger and a man was his own man, not hemmed in by the laws and edicts of a giant government and the bigness of cities, not gnawed by the tensions and anxieties of 1964's hectic life. Criticism of Texas, then, is really envy of its status as a last outpost of all the frontier embodied.

Whether or not envy breeds criticism of Texas, it does seem to be true that Texas is closer to the frontier and that it has had more than its share of "characters" with the cussedness and independence that, it is generally admitted, was more prevalent in America during frontier days than it is now.

JUST a few months ago, for instance, an evangelist named Mrs. Johnnie May Hackworth filed as a Democratic candidate for the Texas Governorship and was turned down by the State Executive Committee of the party because, instead of the usual cash or check, she offered three cows in payment of her filing fee. From an early Governor named James Hogg on down to today, Texas history is full of rugged individualists like this. Governor Hogg, an oil millionaire, let nothing deter him from naming his children Ima, Shesa and Ura.

Another oil millionaire, Ned Burns of San Antonio was positive that a man could make a sick cow well if he just thought about it long enough, hunted oil wells with various divining devices, organized and led an expedition to the Himalayas to search for the Abominable Snowman. In the mold of the rugged Texas primitive also was Tom "Pappy" Waggoner, who made a fortune in the cattle business. Told that a well on his ranch was spouting oil, Waggoner said: "So what? My cows can't drink that black goo."

Texans, or at least many of their politicians and newspapers, talk a lot about "the frontier virtues," extolling the glories of the pioneer who faced and conquered the wilderness alone, taking help from no one (though in fact, frontiersmen always banded together to help each other). They sneer at Federal welfare payments for such things as Social Security and they plump for the sovereignty of the state vs. the government in Washington.

Yet, ironically, Texas ranks third among states in the amount of money it takes from the Federal government, though it is sixth in population, seventh in amount of taxes paid to Washington. It is first or close to the top in such categories of Federal aid as agriculture, child welfare, hospital, highway and airport construction, old age assistance, aid to the blind, education and others. And even more Federal money flows into the state because it is full of military bases—43 in all—and full of companies working on defense contracts. In all, Texas gets 3.5 billion dollars from Washington, far more, experts say, than it would if it were taking care of its affairs as it should.

What all this comes down to, of course, is that economically, Texas has left the frontier behind—yet the frontier idea remains strong. One of the most striking, and shameful examples of the frontier spirit at work in Texas is in the area of violent crime, particularly homicide. In all categories of violent crime, Texas is in the Top Ten. In the category of homicide, for the past ten years, Texas has led all states—and by a considerable margin. In 1959, for instance, more murders took place in Texas than in all of the New England states, plus Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Utah. What's more, the actual, as opposed to the recorded number of murders may be much higher, since most Texas counties have no coroner and an inexperienced, non-medical man may easily let a case of murder go by unnoticed.

The leader in homicide among Texas cities is Houston, which Billy Graham has called "the murder capitol of the United States." It does in fact, have more murders per year than any other city in America, regardless of population. Dallas is a close second to the leader.

What is as striking as the statistics is the casualness with which the crime is committed and the casualness with which it is regarded after the body falls. A murder is often described in the papers as the result of a "fuss" and provocation often seems to be slight. For example, these are some typical Texas murders of the past five years: a son shot his father in an argument over a clogged salt shaker at dinner; a man was killed by his wife because he spit out some black eyed peas she'd cooked for him; a former infantry officer fired a dozen shots from a burp gun at his wife, killing her, and said: "I just wanted to scare her"; a wife shot her husband because he turned the garden hose on her while he was washing his car.

A fruitful source of murder in Texas is the state's "paramour law" which

(continued on page 86)

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CALLING ALL MEN

CLEAN COLLEGIANS

In reference to Mr. Harold Lundy's letter on "Booze, Babes, and Brawls;" Men, January 1964 we have come to the conclusion that he is clearly misguided. If he turns down a college education for a "virile, clean, manly life" in the Army, he's got a lot to learn.

We both plan to enter the army in two years, upon graduation from college, with a diploma, and a commission, and as little corruption as possible. So far our contact with the aforementioned vices has been strictly limited to vacations. It is hard enough to stay in college without spending all one's time drinking etc.

Your inference that all college students are drunken brawlers is mistaken, and as for Mr. Lundy, we suggest that he consider the priesthood, or hibernation.

Dave Robinson
Steve Wentworth

• We never said ALL college students.

SOVIET SHEIK

Your article on how Russian girls dig American wooing ("Keyhole of the World," MEN March) brought back fond memories. On my last European trip I spent three short weeks in Moscow and the girls were for me like hungry bears after honey.

I'm just an average-looking guy but I dress sharp. (You can recognize a Russian anyplace in the world because his clothes don't fit.) Also I believe in giving little gifts and the day after a date I send thank you flowers. All this is routine stuff in America, but in the land of the equal sexes it made me the living re-incarnation of Casanova.

All we have to do to end the cold war is ship over five thousand healthy red-blooded American Don Juan's and turn them loose. International relations would warm up like a space capsule without a heat shield.

Sgt. David Pine
Baltimore, Maryland

PRUDISH MEN

I never thought I'd live to see the day that MEN could be called a prude but your horrified article on call-girls at the World's Fair is worthy of some blue-stocking Puritan.

What do you think a World's Fair is for? It's strictly a hustler operation with the age-old purpose of separating suckers from their money. And it has been proven that girlie flesh greases the slide for silver coins and green dollar bills. Tell your square editors to forget about those educational exhibits and get with it.

Joe Malley
Chattanooga, Tenn.

INVITING INQUIRY

I am an anthropologist and am enormously interested, scientifically, in your picture of Gaby Rougier ("Color Her Blonde," MEN April). You see, that silvery blondness in a girl of Latin extraction is extremely rare, and I am preparing a special paper on the matter to read to our Scientific Society annual meeting. To complete my calculations it will be necessary for me to closely observe such hairs in the actual process of growing. May I address a plea to Gaby, in the name of science? Come to my laboratory here in Los Angeles, Gaby, and let me study your head.

Eldon Harper
Minneapolis, Minn.

• Says Gaby, "Sorry, my barber says traveling is bad for my scalp."

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(*Continued from page 83*)

allows a man to shoot any man he knows has committed adultery with his wife or even any man he suspects is planning to do that. Numerous murders of this kind occur each year in Texas and very rarely is a man punished for the act. The same rule holds true for the ladies. A woman who knocks off her erring husband rarely receives more than a suspended sentence.

In fact, what is as appalling as the number of murders in Texas is the fact that most killers get off with extremely light sentences. (Sentence is imposed by the jury rather than the judge in Texas.) In 1957, for example, there were 136 murders in Houston but only 72 of the killers went to trial. Of these, two got death, two life imprisonment. The rest got prison terms, and 10 of these were five-year suspended sentences. Texas prosecutors are used to juries giving light sentences, and used to the state's lenient parole system, which often lets a man given a 99-year sentence out in 10 years. A favorite Prosecutor's expression when a defendant is given a light 10 years or so sentence is: "He'll beat the jury home."

ALONG with the code of the Old West, the idea that "frontier justice" demands strong, fast action, what probably contributes most to the high rate of murder in Texas is the fact that, practically speaking, anyone, teenagers to aged grandmothers, can get a gun, simply by walking into a store and buying it (although the law forbids sale to minors). Law enforcement groups in Texas have often recommended that the state license guns as many other states do, but Texans feel that the right to have one is something on the order of a constitutional privilege and certainly a necessity, since a man should have a weapon to defend himself in need—which of course is the code of the Old West.

If Texans sometimes are inhospitable when they get riled and have a gun in their hand, just the reverse is true under normal circumstances, when they are perhaps the most hospitable people in the United States. National reporters who have visited President Johnson at his LBJ ranch near Johnson City in central Texas, have gotten a good taste of this warm and open-handed treatment of guests. On Christmas Day, for instance, the President kept Mrs. Johnson's Christmas Dinner waiting for an hour while he guided various newsmen around the ranch, presented hats and ashtrays as souvenirs, introduced his relatives and, in general, outdid himself to be kind to his guests, who were, after all, not on a social call but doing their job.

Kindness to strangers is far more of a custom in Texas than it is in many other parts of the United States. In large cities, Texans respond handsomely to a stranger's request for information or assistance. And Texas is one of the few states in the Union where a motorist whose car has broken down on a lonely road can be almost certain that the first car to come along will stop and its driver ask if he can be of assistance.

This, then, is a taste of what life is like in Texas, a report which hardly exhausts the subject but which does indicate the colorful, varied, contradictory and fascinating elements that go to make up the Texan and the land he loves. ● ● ●

SECRET BRAWL

continued from page 23

The "incidents" are multiplying.

ITEM: When the Army brings two reporters to Georgia to see a new "air assault division," the uneasy Air Force sends a pair of generals to sit in on the briefings as a precaution. It really happened a few months ago.

ITEM: When Communist terror squads stab into southern Korea on kill-and-run raids, Army officers grumble that U.S.A.F. patrols over border areas might be increased if the fliers "really wanted to carry their share of the responsibility."

ITEM: The Air Force tells journalists that Army helicopters are over-priced and too slow, and the Army "tips off" senators that U.S.A.F. fighter-bombers are too fast to do their work properly. "I can't tell who is lying or who the main threat is," a member of the House Military Affairs Committee complained to an embarrassed Assistant Secretary of Defense.

TODAY, relations between the Army and the Air Force are probably at their all-time low. The U.S.A.F. general who blamed the American Army for the costly ambush in the rice paddy was only one of many Air Force commanders who thinks that the U.S. ground forces are selfishly and recklessly wasting anti-Communist lives in Vietnam. It is openly argued that American infantry "advisors" are keeping the Vietnamese Air Force from flying "ground support missions" that might make the U.S.A.F. trained and equipped flying units look "too good."

The Army, which is equally responsible for the inter-service bickering, is busy counter-attacking with innuendoes about indifference to G.I. casualties and accusations of downright neglect by the Air Force. Thus far, both services and the Department of Defense have attempted to hush-up the "secret war" to avoid arousing the public, Congress or the President who is known to be impatient with stupidity and bureaucratic waste. Since your tax money, your freedom and your very survival may be involved, you have a right to know the whole story and judge for yourself.

Are government funds being squandered in either petty feuding or senseless duplication of effort?

Are American or Vietnamese lives being wasted in a stupid inter-service squabble?

How seriously is this rivalry affecting the defense and deterrent strength of the Free World?

Exactly what are the charges being hurled by both sides in the battle that long-time Washington reporter Donald Robinson has labelled "one of the most bitter wars in D.C. history?"

1. THE CHARGES

The accusations can be best understood in light of the many years of hostility between America's military aviators and ground generals. In the 1930s, it was the cavalry brass and other "Colonel Blimp" types who wrecked the careers of forward looking fliers such as Brigadier General Billy Mitchell. In the 1940s, the aviators had their revenge—*accidentally*—upon the ground forces. On several key occasions during World War II, American squadrons lacking experience bombed and strafed our own troops with tragic results. One of these mistakes in Normandy took the life of Lieutenant General Leslie McNair, the popular head of all ground forces, and scores of other soldiers. By the end of the fighting in Europe, Army generals had more faith in bomber crews' accuracy but were visibly troubled about this "monster" they had created. Once the atomic weapons blasted Japan into surrender, it was clear to the most conservative ground commander that the Army Air Force now had more killing power than the Army itself. This hurt, and the new rules laid down in 1947 when the Air Force became a separate and equal service were even more painful. The Army was restricted to light aircraft and helicopters for reconnaissance, evacuation of wounded and liaison duties. The new U.S.A.F. got all the big stuff and the powerful planes, the punch.

THEN came the savage Korean "police action" of 1950-52, during which the Army's grasshopper squadrons saved so many lives that the Department of Defense accepted plans for expanding this useful lightweight "air force." It has grown substantially in the past few years, now tops 6,100 aircraft and is getting bigger every week. The Air Force has been suffering from a virtual freeze on funds for new bombers in the past two years, a result of studies by civilian "egg-heads" who decided that missiles are cheaper and more likely to penetrate Iron Curtain anti-aircraft defenses.

"We're sore as hell," admitted an outspoken Strategic Air Command Division boss last week. "It's insane for the Army to be getting all that gold for new birds while we're starving."

That blunt statement is the heart of the U.S.A.F. complaint.

According to the aviators, the Army is furtively and illegally building a huge expensive private "air force" of its own.

The main counter-complaint of the Army is that the Air Force has neglected the ground troops' need for old-fashioned tactical "close support" strafing and bombing because the intercontinental nuclear operations looked much more glamorous and "important."

These are the basic charges. Now match them with the facts.

(2) THE AIR FORCE CASE

How big is Army aviation today? The U.S.A.F. indignantly points out that the ground forces' squadrons have grown so astonishingly in the past four years that now—in 1964—the U.S. Army has the "third biggest air force on earth." It has more military aircraft than either Britain or Red China!

What is more, Army aviation plans to redouble within the next five years. Another 5,000 or 6,000 aircraft are being discussed in talks with key members of Congress, the men who will vote the money. In simple numbers, the so-called ground forces received $234,000,000 for aviation in the last fiscal year and $358,000,000 this year. The Army air budget for next year is already set at $438,000,000. It will not stop there. Altogether, the Army hopes to spend another $4,000,000,000 on mass purchases of new types of aircraft by 1970.

Even now, the Army is already ask-

ing for more flying equipment than the Air Force. Almost nobody realizes that the U.S.A.F. put in for 960 new planes for 1964, but the Army requested a whopping 1,600. The human effects of the expansion of Army aviation at a time when the Air Force is "retiring" entire squadrons of B-47 jet bombers and "grounding" hundreds of veteran fliers has been a lot less impersonal than these nice round numbers. In February, police were called to a California bar to end a brutal brawl that began when an Army aviator kidded a newly "grounded" U.S.A.F. major.

"You push-button commandos ought to be home in bed watching your missiles instead of trying to drink with real fliers," the Army pilot chuckled over his beer.

A split-second later, he was eating it with a shattered glass for desert. The fight swiftly spread to half a dozen other uniformed men, and by the time the radio cars arrived three battlers were so fiercely beaten that they required hospital treatment. It is not simply injured pride or a sense of loss that is making the Air Force fliers so angry, however. It is also the feeling of duplication and bungling.

"It makes damn little sense for the Army to be training thousands of new pilots at a time when the Air Force has plenty of trained fliers who can't get a plane," a top U.S.A.F. personnel officer told this writer in a no-name interview. He was compelled to request anonymity, because General LeMay, the able, cigar-chewing Chief of Air Staff, has ordered everyone to avoid any public discusion of "the secret war." LeMay hopes—optimistically—that the differences may be settled by sensible negotiation if both armed services add no further fuel to the blaze.

The Air Force money bind has slashed funds for both planes and monthly flight pay very sharply. This is regrettable but understandable; yet the Army's total lack of interest in the grounded pilots and enthusiasm for expensive training of thousands of new ones has dollar-conscious Defense Department officials bothered. As of now, the Army policy has not been seriously challenged. On the face of it, the Air Force charge of duplication and wasteful expense obviously has enough basis so that some investigation—by Congress or the Bureau of the Budget—must be expected.

Another aspect of the growth of Army aviation that has aroused the U.S.A.F. is the "illegal" increase in the size of the aircraft that the ground forces operate. In the first few years after the Air Force was split off from the parent ground units, there was a confidential "treaty" between the services that limited Army aircraft to light equipment. Specifically, it set a ceiling of 10,000 pounds for either the fixed-wing liaison "puddle-jumpers" or the vertical-lift choppers. That ceiling has been more than doubled in the past 30 months. Today, the Army has zoomed from Piper Cub L-5 types to big twin-engine transports able to carry a score of men, machineguns and rockets. The era of small three-seater whirlybirds has evolved into a time of large assault helicopters equipped with anti-tank missiles and nests of rapid-fire 20 millimeter cannon.

"I've learned to live with my husband's drinking."

UNDER the original agreement, transport squadrons, bomber wings and fighter outfits were all reserved for the Air Force. The Army is changing all that. Now the U.S.A.F. says that new Army transport aircraft such as the 20 passenger Caribou are scaled-down and unnecessary competitors of existing Tactical Air Command squadrons. T.A.C. is a key Air Force branch. T.A.C. already has many C-130 Lockheed turbo-props that do a first class job hauling cargo and airborne troops over both long and short routes. There are also plenty of big modern aircraft available in the Military Air Transport Service, LeMay's aides argue, so why waste money on duplicating the units and hardware within the Army?

"As for those armed helicopters, they look like slower and therefore more vulnerable versions of our fighter-bombers," a two star general told this reporter in Florida five weeks ago. "The experience in Vietnam has shown that tough guerrillas can gun down a chopper with ground-fire from the jungle. There are enough dead crewmen around to prove that."

The Army is not depressed by the whirlybird casualties in Vietnam, and is expanding the flying gun-platform units. Army aircraft are also being equipped with bombs, which also competes with and duplicates well-established Air Force functions. The Air Force has faced up to the special problems of blasting Red raiders in jungle areas, has established unusual "Air Commando" units with World War II light bombers that fly slow enough to locate and hit Viet Cong platoons lurking in ambush. Instead of welcoming the free-wheeling daredevils of the "Air Commandos" as valuable reinforcements, many senior Army commanders have viewed them suspiciously and called for speeding up the ground troops' own skyborne firepower. The additional Army armadas of flying gun-platforms and vertical take-off "recon" planes should be delivered by 1966—a fact that has the Air Force seething.

These trim little vertical take-off and landing (VTOL) aircraft that Lockheed and Ryan are already testing under Army contract deserve special consideration. They are something special, and the U.S.A.F. views them as "an act of aggression."

"We're not going to take this lying down," a Tactical Air Command staff officer bluntly told a Defense Department budget supervisor early this year.

"Why should those reconnaissance planes bother you so much?" the D.O.D. official probed.

"*Recon* planes? Did you ever study those birds?" the T.A.C. colonel erupted furiously. "I don't care how you slice it—those are *jet fighters!*"

ALTHOUGH Army air commanders laugh at this criticism as "hogwash," there are plainly certain features of the new Ryan XV-5 and the Lockheed XV-4A that resemble the characteristics of jet fighters. They are certainly very different from the putt-putt Piper Cub machines. They do have jet engines. Each plane can top 450 miles an hour, and Lockheed's craft climbs at 18,000 feet per minute. Like it or lump it, that is the climbing rate for a modern jet interceptor and bears no relation to any "recon" planes of the past. The Army admits that it may use such compact jets to strafe enemy positions or convoys "in the immediate combat area," but insists that their main job will be to race in over hostile positions to spot artillery and missile targets.

"We're not apologizing to anyone for our baby jets," a general from Army air h.q. at Fort Rucker told the Associated Press recently. "We need faster airplanes because the slower old recon aircraft are just too easy to shoot down."

It is true that faster reconnaissance planes would save pilot's lives and get back more important target information, but the Air Force sees this swing to jets as part of a "senseless and sin-

Coming in June MEN:

ISLAND FORTRESS THAT SURRENDERED TO A SINGLE GI

Stationed on a steel-ringed South Mediterranean island, a vast *Wehrmacht* force was like a huge bayonet poised at the back of our Sicilian invasion army. Then a shot-down U.S. pilot named Lt. Charles Zacci, aided by a lush-bodied Resistance girl and a handful of guerrillas, started a campaign of bullet-spewing terror that rocked the island of Valleria to its foundations. His ultimatum to the Nazis: "Give up or I'll turn this rock into a tombstone with 3000 German names chiselled on it"—THRILLING COMBAT ACTION IN JUNE MEN

ister Army scheme" for expensive expansion in all directions. Whether the motives are such or not, it's plain that the ground forces are moving for many more aircraft (in both types and numbers), much faster ones and flying equipment with much greater lifting capacity. The effects of this trend can be most clearly seen at Fort Benning, Georgia, where the 11th Air Assault Division is completing its first year of training. The 11th is a spanking new Army outfit built to test and perfect many advanced ideas for improved mobility. That means planes and helicopters in unprecedented numbers.

The Wall Street Journal confirms that "The Army hopes to have no fewer than 459 aircraft in each air assault division, dwarfing the fleet of 101 in each of its 16 regular divisions. Included would be two versions of the Bell Iroquois helicopter—one for troop transport, the other to provide protective fire; the Boeing Chinook helicopter for ferrying artillery, ammunition and other supplies into combat; the Grumman Mohawk airplane for day and night reconnaissance and to attack anti-aircraft installations; and the Sikorsky Flying Crane helicopter for heavy lifting jobs. Besides the machine-guns, rockets and napalm bombs carried by its aircraft, the Army is testing other weapons including a 40 mm. grenade launcher in a revolving turret."

The Air Force is all for these highly mobile outfits such as the experimental "air assault division," because crises flaring up all over the world may require such fast moving "fire brigades" at any moment. The argument comes from the Army's apparent intention of "stealing back" many of the strafing, bombing and transport functions of T.A.C. There are definite signs that the Department of Defense favors establishment of several "fully alert and instantly mobile emergency units" such as either the 15,000 man "assault division" or the pending 4,000 man "air combat brigades." These smaller units would be on constant alert like Strategic Air Command bomber squadrons, specially trained and equipped to rush off to pre-selected regions when the alarm klaxon sounds.

AS a matter of fact, it was Defense scientists who have nudged and insulted the Army into "thinking big" about mobility and aviation. It began in 1961, when the ground forces were asked to submit plans for future air needs and operations. The unimaginative reply showed little appreciation of modern aviation, and provoked a blast about overemphasis on obsolescent ground vehicles at a time when the Army should come up with a bold new program for a "truly mobile force." The idea was startling, but the order was unconditional. "Today, we should not be asking whether the Army can *afford* aircraft," Defense brain-trusters warned, "but we should be determining numbers and types of aircraft required to give us fast moving, hard hitting units."

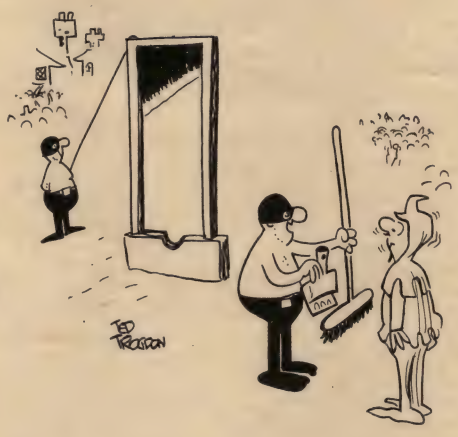
The Army has accepted the challenge. The first result was a long-range planning report by a 300 man "think team" commanded by paratroop Lt. General Hamilton Howze. From the impressive "Buck Rogers" proposals of the Howze Board have come the "air assault division" and many other advances that are now troubling the Air Force.

Of course, the Army has some important and serious charges against the U.S.A.F. that cannot be ignored.

2. THE ARMY CHARGES

There are two basic complaints that the ground forces are firing at the U.S.A.F. today. First, the Army insists that neither T.A.C. or M.A.T.S. has the planes or the desire to run transport operations directly into the combat areas close to the front lines. "The Air Force ships can't come in or won't come into small rough fields up near the battle," declares an Army general who commanded an infantry division in Korea, "so we need our own lift to haul men and freight in the immediate combat area. We can't wait around like charity cases when the Air Force dawdles about front line dangers. We're ready to take those risks and fly wherever we have to whenever we need to."

THE other Army charge is even more controversial. The U.S.A.F. is accused of indifference to the urgent needs of the ground forces for "close support," pin-point bombing and strafing of enemy troops, pillboxes and armored units. The Army declares that it will need quicker and more accurate "service" than it can get from the fighter-bomber squadrons of T.A.C., and complains that T.A.C. has shown little interest in old-fashioned "iron bomb" conventional warfare. Since non-nuclear conflicts now seem much more likely, the Army is talking about taking over



"Your job will be very simple . . ."

T.A.C.'s fighter-bombers or buying its own.

One of the recent rumors that has aroused the Air Force is that the ground generals want to chop T.A.C. in two, with half going to the Army. The Wall Street Journal has just published a report that this scheme would leave battling enemy planes and attacks on rear areas to the squadrons that stayed in the Air Force, put a new Close Air Support Command under "operational control of Army field commanders." It would hit hostile attacking tanks, front line bunkers and similar targets.

There is some reason to believe that the Army is only pushing this scheme to pressure the Air Force into paying more attention to close support. Defense officials have admitted that "Until recently, T.A.C. has merely been a shorter range pocket edition of S.A.C. About two-thirds of the training given those jet jockeys concentrated on the tricks of flipping and skipping baby A-bombs, while only a third related to the nuts-and-bolts of either air superiority or close support." The Army has had no beef about the way the U.S.A.F. uses its crackerjack T.A.C. fighter pilots and planes to maintain air superiority. This keeps enemy aircraft from slashing at our grounded forces. However, the infantry and tank commanders are pressing for more T.A.C. attention to close support and strafing of enemy front-line positions, and the Close Support Command threat is a not-so-subtle form of blackmail.

"I don't think the Army really expects us to carve up T.A.C.," one of Secretary McNamara's closest aides confided to this reporter, "but this talk about a Close Support Command is an effective lever. We've been pushing T.A.C. to come down to earth — the dirty old non-nuclear earth—for a long time. Now changes are being made in T.A.C. training to pay more attention to the Army needs. The T.A.C. generals are going along without much trouble. The threat of a Close Support Command has them real shook."

3. WHAT'S AHEAD

The civilian secretaries of both battling branches have just about exhausted their patience with this wasteful squabbling. Mr. Defense, the computer-minded, titanium-fisted Robert McNamara, has also made it clear that heads will roll if this nonsense continues. Since McNamara has axed disobedient three and four star gentlemen in the not-so-distant past, there is a good chance that the feud will be settled within the next year.

Before it does, some important decisions may be expected. It looks as if (1) the Army will get its air assault divisions—at least two—with plenty of helicopters for both transport and flying gun platforms operations (2) there will be no fighters under Army control, but T.A.C. will improve its close support units and training to appease the ground forces (3) the emphasis on more mobility for the Army will continue, and the U.S.A.F. will cooperate more closely in both planning and development of new tactics and equipment.

THOSE are some of the key developments that sensible commanders in both armed services expect. In the heat of this boiling controversy, some press reports have implied that no cool heads remain on either staff. Of course, this is ridiculous. Intelligent senior officers are already trying to calm their furious colleagues. General LeMay has instructed his men to refrain from commenting on this controversy—a move aimed at cutting off the fuel from the fire. Army commanders are showing equal concern.

It looks as if this mess will be resolved—eventually.

In the meanwhile, our defense establishment is costing more and producing less than it could or should. You are paying the tab with your taxes, and you may be risking a lot more in this fantastic inter-service rivalry. In an era of world peace, such infantile hijinks might be barely endurable. In this period of Cold War and I.C.B.M.-jungle ambush diplomacy, the struggle within the armed forces of the Free World's greatest shield against aggression seems almost criminal. ● ● ●

John Barrow's SEX COLONY

continued from page 21

channel and into the still, tropic lagoon. The men and women crouched at the prow broke into a spontaneous cheer.

Barrow wanted to say something profound and historic like, *I name this island, Futura.* Instead, he just grinned and called out, "Well, it was a helluva long trip, but we made it."

Cutting his engines, Barrow stared at the curving, white beach of the South Pacific island. The rich, green vegetation rose gently from the sand and, about a mile inland, jutted sharply upward to the peak of a dead volcano. There was an air of infinite peace over the scene – a peace that would be shattered before the end of two years. Barrow's hope for a new world free of the moral and legal restrictions of civilization would be tragically shattered. His dream of uncomplicated free love would turn into wild, jealous orgies. His plans for a village where labor would be limited to a few hours a day would be destroyed.

As their ship drifted toward shore, they were all gripped by the sheer beauty of the lagoon until Bert "Stumpy" Wilson broke the spell. As wide as he was tall, Wilson resembled a nut-brown bowling ball.

"Let's get this show on the road!" he screamed in a falsetto. Wrapping his arms around little Terri Peterson, Wilson dragged her across the deck, rolled over the railing and flopped into the clear, green water. They both came to the surface spluttering and giggling.

WILSON'S clowning set them all off. Les Kojac, the hulking seaman with flaming red hair, swept the lush blonde, Ann Mason, into his arms. "Abandon ship!" he shouted and tossed her overboard. In a moment, the men were after the women like a bunch of wild school kids.

When they finally gathered on the beach, they resembled members of a Riviera country club set. The women, with their cotton shorts and bras plastered to their bodies revealingly, were young and attractive. The men, except for roly-poly Wilson, were trim and athletic.

Donna Michaels linked her arm in Barrow's. A tall girl with long, shapely legs, she smiled at him, her green eyes crinkled at the corners.

"What do we do first, Johnny?" she asked.

Before Barrow could answer, Wilson howled, "I don't know about you guys, but I know what I'm going to do first." He grabbed Terri's hand.

"Hold on, Stumpy!" Barrow roared. "No one leaves until after the ceremony."

"What ceremony?" Wilson groaned.

Barrow just grinned. When he had first organized the group, he had insisted on one condition. Each man and woman would form a partnership, but it was to be strictly platonic until they reached the island. Not that he was opposed to sex. On the contrary, one of the purposes of their new way of life was to give them all the greatest freedom in sexual affairs. He reasoned, however, that if they grew too close to each other before they started out, they might resent changing partners freely. They would grow possessive. Their ability to live up to his condition would give him an insight into their strength of character before it was too late. Most important, he wanted them all to start their new lives as though they were reborn in a new kind of paradise. He wanted sex to be as much a gourmet pleasure as eating. There would be no need for cheating and lying.

"All partners will join hands," Barrow ordered and when they had done so, he continued, grinning. "We are gathered here to form a new partnership of our own free wills. For kicks and in miseries, in feeling low and feeling high. Do we agree to this partnership?"

"We do! We do!" Stumpy shouted.

"I now pronounce you partners."

When the other couples had disappeared into the brush and around the bend in the beach, Barrow and Donna Michaels swam back to the ship.

"Will you put the awning up over the deck, Johnny?" Donna asked.

"Sure." It took him a few minutes to unroll the canvas and fix it in place.

When Barrow turned around, Donna was wrapped in a large beach towel. Instead of a flag on the pole at the stern, Donna had run up her panties and bra. She came toward him as she rubbed her body dry with slow, languid movements. They sat down under the awning.

As he took her in his arms, the towel slipped from her shoulders. The firm, full breasts, the velvet flesh of her belly and the smooth skin of her thighs filled Barrow with a wilder excitement than he had ever before experienced. The months of anticipation had heightened all his senses.

He suddenly recalled his first affair and the shattering nervousness that had overcome him. He felt now as he had then, but it was a passion tempered by his experience. Donna turned back her head, her mouth half open. He pulled her closer and as they fell back her long hair, bleached by the sun, cascaded around his head.

Donna seemed to sense his thoughts and she responded as though this, too, were her first affair. Her tense body shook under his touch. Their bodies seemed attuned to each other and the fresh, clean perfume of her skin roused Barrow again and again. When, at long last, they lay back in quiet satisfaction, Donna buried her face in his shoulder and chuckled softly.

"You know that crazy rule of yours, Johnny," she said. "Sometimes I had silly dreams that perhaps all you wanted was a good cook."

Barrow just grunted contentedly. He felt a great self-satisfaction in his choice of Donna as a partner. She was down-to-earth and yet an idealist, too. He liked her directness and honesty. And although he knew they would satisfy one another physically, he hadn't expected this almost overpowering emotion.

He wondered about the other partners. "Will they find as much satisfaction?" And then for the thousandth time, the memory of how it all began flooded into his mind . . .

BARROW was brought up by a maiden aunt in Des Moines. A strict disciplinarian, she believed as she put it, "in keeping a boy on a short tether." Although he never rebelled against his aunt's strictness, he grew up with a strong distaste for authority.

When he was 18, he entered the University of California and graduated with a Master's degree in architectural design. Highly recommended by his professors, Barrow went to work for one of the largest architectural firms in San Francisco. He had been there six months when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. Barrow enlisted and was trained as a pilot in the Air Transport Command. For the remainder of the war, he flew a DC-7 in the Pacific.

One experience made a profound impression. In 1943, he landed on the U.S. owned island of Tutuila in the Samoas. In the native Polynesian villages he saw a way of life he had only read about. These people lived an idyllic, carefree existance almost without any pressure. Food was plentiful and their relations with one another were almost childlike in their simplicity. They accepted sex as naturally as they accepted the necessity of food. They weren't burdened with complicated laws or social demands.

When the war ended, Barrow returned to his old firm in San Francisco, but time had passed him by. The men over him were so much younger and so inexperienced in the real meaning of life that he couldn't help resenting his own inferior position even as they resented him. They rubbed one another

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the wrong way, especially when he complained about their mechanical designing of houses that looked almost identical just because the cost could thus be held down. He found it difficult to adjust to the surface appearances that were demanded.

When his aunt died in 1946 and left him an inheritance in five figures, he moved to a better apartment, bought custom tailored clothes and a bigger car, but none of these possessions gave him any real satisfaction.

There is a moment in everyone's life when a sudden irreversible decision is made. Barrow woke up one morning, dressed, ate, and picked up his attache case, filled with drawings he had been working on, when he suddenly decided he had had it.

"The hell with it. I'm calling the whole lousy deal quits."

Barrow then began to formulate the plan of starting a new society on an island in the Pacific. It was to be a society governed by only a few simple laws and dedicated to complete freedom.

Barrow read about other communal groups that had existed in the United States. Some were celibate like the Shakers. Others were groups who believed in free love like Brook Farm. Most of the latter groups failed because of the free loaders and nuts who were attracted to them. Many were hounded off their property as a result of sensational stories published in newspapers and magazines.

And so Barrow formulated his own rules. He wanted men who didn't mind a good day's work and women who weren't obsessed with material possessions. He wanted people who didn't give a damn about status. And he wanted people with a real lust for living fully, without sham. He also decided to keep his destination and purpose a secret.

He placed ads in the San Francisco papers. "Wanted," it read, "men and women for a new, exciting, adventurous life on a Pacific island paradise."

Nine out of ten who answered were either totally unsuited for his colony or were out-and-out kooks. Weeks passed without success. In that time he turned down queers, beatniks, crackpots and obvious spongers. And then Donna Michaels showed up.

A successful artist, Donna clicked with Barrow immediately. She wanted to get away from the la-de-da rat race of the art world as well as fulfill an ambition to paint in the South Pacific. In many ways, Donna was a strange woman. Although she could be as proper as a Puritan, she also liked to shock people. Sometimes just for the hell of it, she greeted visitors to her studio while dressed in only a tight pair of jeans. On one occasion, as a macabre joke, she had painted the masks of tragedy and comedy on each of her breasts.

Both she and Barrow were strong-willed personalities. Once having set a course, they set about its accomplishment with undeviating purpose and drive. In a sense, they were both fanatics. Although they both despised regimentation, they were quite prepared to impose their own brand of regimentation on others. Their saving grace, however, was that they both had a sense of humor.

With Donna's help, Barrow carefully chose five men and five women to complete the group. After many meetings, the men and women were finally paired off to the satisfaction of everyone. With the group chosen and partners selected, Barrow suggested they continue their platonic friendship until they reached their destination. All agreed and kept their promises.

In September, 1947, they flew to Australia where they bouht their supplies as well as a diesel-powered, single-masted, 80-foot vessel. To casual inquiries, Barrow explained they were going to cruise the islands en route to Hawaii.

ON October 3, 1947, they set sail for their future home and fixed their bearings for an island that was a nameless pin-point on most maps. About 600 miles northwest of the Samoan group, it was well off the established sea and air lanes. During the war, Barrow had flown over the island a few times and remembered its lush, green slopes and well-watered hills.

All of these things passed through his mind as Barrow sat on the deck of his ship with Donna at his side and stared at the actuality of the island. "We're creating a new world," he thought and the sense of power and destiny gave him a wild feeling of exhilaration.

On October 19, Barrow made the following entry in his diary:

"Have been on Futura three days. Explored the island and discovered ideal location for our village 500 yards inland from the lagoon. The area is in a grove of 50-foot high *apape* trees and lies beside a clear, spring-fed stream that runs down from the mountain in a series of waterfalls. There is an unlimited supply of breadfruit, coconut, bananas, mango and taro.

"Our pigs and chickens are thriving and the hens are keeping us supplied with fresh eggs every day. All our supplies have been moved inland and we have already started clearing ground for planting."

To supplement their diet of native fruits and vegetables, they planned to raise corn, lettuce, tomatoes and soya beans. They had also brought 40 orange and lemon tree saplings and 1000 ginseng seeds.

The fruits and vegetables would supply their own needs, but *ginseng* was Barrow's cash crop. *Ginseng*, an aromatic root, was highly prized by the Chinese for its value as a medicine as well as an aphrodisiac. Because of its scarcity in Asia, in 1947, it was being marketed at 10 dollars a pound.

Barrow had worked out a time table. "For the first three months here," he had told them. "we'll work our tails off, planting and building. We'll stagger the plantings so that we'll always have fresh vegetables. At the end of eight months. we can harvest our *ginseng* and with the cash we can get in the Chinese colonies all the hell over practically every island of the Pacific. we can buy supplies to make life easier—cement for a dam. a generator for lights and refrigeration."

In the following month. Barrow drove himself and the others mercilessly. The work was back-breaking. Clearing a field for their crops was fantastically difficult. The ground was as hard as cement and interlaced with tough roots. While they worked at this. they slept in the open, using their sleeping bags.

Holding a group together is not easy. Cut off from the world the way they were, it was only natural that they had arguments and petty quarrels and often grated on one another's nerves. In these first, difficult days, Barrow began to get a better insight into the group he had gathered for his perfect society. Some of the incidents were amusing; others foretold of the troubles they all faced.

On the last day in October, they had put in a particularly hard day in the fields. After eating, they went to sleep as soon as it was dark. About 11 o'clock, Stumpy Wilson shook Barrow awake. The little fat man had a worried frown on his face. Before joining the group, Stumpy had been a comic in small nightclubs and coffee houses around San Francisco. He knew how to handle a rough heckler or a mean drunk, but was honest enough to admit that the jungle at night scared the pants off him.

"Have you seen Terri?" he asked Barrow.

Terri Peterson, Stumpy's partner, was a slim, little thing with an innocent baby face who loved practical jokes. She and Stumpy together were naturals. She had been an exotic dancer and had entertained in clubs all over the States.

"Stop worrying," Barrow groaned. "She probably couldn't sleep and took a walk."

"No, no," Stumpy insisted. "She wouldn't do that. She wouldn't be caught dead out in the jungle at night."

Barrow sat up. "Dammit, Stumpy. You got a voice. Use it!"

Stumpy began calling her name, louder and louder. Soon every one was awake and grumbling. When Terri didn't answer, Barrow got up and lit a torch soaked in coconut oil.

Just then, they heard a terrible scream in the hills high above their camp.

"Help! Help!" Terri shrieked. They heard a thrashing noise in the brush far above them and then there was absolute silence. Stumpy started trembling so that his flesh actually shook like jelly. Barrow, himself, felt a shiver run up his spine.

GRABBING a machete, Barrow charged up the path along the edge of the stream. Behind him was Les Kojac, the huge, red-headed seaman with the thick, sloping shoulders. Stumpy, still trembling, raced after them.

Stopping a moment, Barrow yelled to the other men to stay behind with the women. As Barrow, Kojac and Stumpy ran deeper into the jungle, they kept shouting out Terri's name.

For 15 minutes, they searched without success and then gathered together to figure out a better system of search. There is an absolute stillness that sometimes falls over the jungle at night. It seems almost as though the blackness itself is stifling.

Suddenly just behind them. they heard Terri's terrifying scream. Barrow plunged into the brush and there, grinning happily was Terri.

"Life was gettin dull." she said, "so I just wanted to liven things up."

"I oughta tan your dopey little hide," Stumpy bellowed.

"You do just that, Stumpy," growled Barrow. "You first, then me and then Kojac."

Stumpy grabbed Terri and hauled her across his lap. He whacked her a few good wallops. Barrow then took his turn and then Kojac, but Terri only laughed. She figured it was worth the spanking.

A week later, on December 6, Carl Johnson exploded in a violent fit of temper. He was the last man anyone expected to blow his stack. A graduate of San Jose Agricultural College, he had been given full charge of their farming and husbandry. A tall, thin, taciturn man with a long, solemn face, he ambled along leisurely and rarely spoke. Barrow was working in the field next to Johnson and kept nagging at the tall farmer to work faster.

Suddenly, without warning, Johnson raised the mattock he was using over his head. "Leave me alone!" he shouted. "I'm not a stinking bull!"

At first, Barrow thought Johnson was kidding so he just grinned.

"Don't laugh at me, you dirty bastard!" Johnson screamed. He lunged for Barrow and narrowly missed hitting him with the heavy mattock. The tool sunk into the earth. Barrow could have knocked Johnson head over heels. Instead, he just took off. Johnson raced after him until he was exhausted.

Barrow apologized and as quickly as Johnson had lost his temper just so quickly was he ashamed of blowing up. But he seemed to grow more silent than ever after that and his partner, Phyllis Heller, a pert brunette with a tendency to stoutness, grew more gabby than ever. Phyllis had been a secretary and although she was bright enough, she was always talking in superlatives. Since their arrival, her chief theme was the romantic beauty of the South Seas. Her non-stop gabbing worked on everyone's nerves while they all were being pushed by Barrow.

DAVE Perry had been a shop teacher. The oldest member of their group, he was a chunky, square-cut man with big, brown eyes that reminded Barrow of a friendly cocker spaniel. One day, Perry and Kojac were on a tree cutting detail when Barrow heard Kojac sounding off in his deep, bass voice. By the time Barrow got to the area, Kojac had buried his fist in the fast-receding hairline of Perry and was shaking the little man like a leaf in a high wind.

Barrow pulled Kojac loose. "What in hell goes on?" Barrow demanded.

"Just look!" Kojac stormed. "While I'm sawing out lengths of lumber that little SOB is fooling around with that!" Kojac pointed to a slab of wood in which Perry had carved a gargoyle head.

"Do you think art isn't work, too?" Perry asked.

Barrow finally managed to calm down the raging Kojac and convince Perry that art could wait until they had completed their planting and building.

ANN Mason, the big, blonde partner of Kojac, had tried to break into pictures, but never got past the casting couch. To live, she worked as a waitress, but she could see no future in slinging hash. She was proud of her lush figure and wore the scantiest panties and bra of any of the women. When she walked, she loved to thrust out her big breasts and wiggle her well-padded bottom. She was good-natured, so that all the other women didn't mind her little play acting for attention – all except Perry's partner, Helen Cole. Highly emotional, Helen took their plans to found a new kind of society more seriously than anyone else. Ann Mason's posing and flamboyance annoyed Helen and they seemed to take some kind of joy in insulting one another. To get Ann's goat, Helen began wearing more and more clothes so Ann took off more and more. One day, she even took hours to sew a floppy Mother Hubbard dress and began to follow Ann about. Shortly after Kojac and Perry argued, Ann and Helen had a hair-pulling match.

"Let them get it all out of their systems," Barrow thought. "As soon as the heavy work tapers off, we'll be able to channel off their tempers."

By the end of December, their crops had been planted and they began work on their houses. Using plans Barrow had drawn, they started building six, large, circular cottages with sides that could be lowered for privacy. Barrow had drawn other sketches for a supply hut and workshops as well as a covered pavilion for cooking.

Instead of arguments tapering off, however, tempers were growing more frayed.

"Listen, Johnny," Donna warned Barrow. "You've got to ease up or we'll have trouble."

Barrow agreed. "Maybe I have been pushing too hard."

Up until then, they had not exchanged partners. Not because they had no inclination to do so, but because they were still governed by the habits they'd lived by so long.

Barrow decided to have a party. It would celebrate their work in the fields, the New Year and he intended to use the party to shake them all up.

"Hell," he thought, "couples in suburbia have been having more kicks."

When Barrow announced the big party, the mood of everyone changed. They had brought a case of Scotch with them and now it was opened for the first time. The only ones who didn't knock off all work were Hank Morrison and his partner Sandra Williams. Morrison, a serious-minded young man from the mid-west had been a medical aide during World War II. Before he met Barrow, he had worked as a pharmacist in San Francisco. He had been collecting herbs and had to pound out the juice before they dried. Morrison had a good supply of drugs and he was always experimenting with native plants that he read about in the technical books he had carried with him. His partner, Sandra, was rather a prim, schoolmarm type. She and Morrison were the only couple who didn't get into any rhubarbs.

All morning, the women decorated the area with strings of wild flowers. Each girl wore a corsage of orchids pinned to her bra. Johnson slaughtered two suckling pigs and half dozen chickens. Kojac and Stumpy had taken the ship beyond the reef and brought back a netful of tropical fish.

BY the time the sun set, the meat and fish were broiling over a bed of open coals. Torches dipped in coconut oil flickered around the open compound from high poles. They were all well oiled by the time Hank Morrison and Sandra joined them. Morrison had a guitar and began plunking out hillbilly and Western melodies singing the lyrics in a high-pitched, nasal voice.

When the meat was done, they ate huge chunks from the bone, washing each mouthful down with Scotch. They were singing, laughing and kidding one another as though they hadn't had an argument since their arrival.

At the height of the festivities, Barrow held up his arms and called for silence. "Tonight!" he announced, "we will all exchange partners."

Their voices tailed off. They stared at Barrow. They knew that one day they would experiment in free love, but they had expected to drift into new relationships. They were all willing but they were also a little shocked by this sudden announcement. Barrow had expected this reaction and felt that by coldly facing them with the reality of what they planned, they would forget petty quarrels in the excitement of this new experience.

"Stumpy!" Barrow pointed his finger at the fat, little comic. "Choose any partner." Barrow turned to the others. "Is there any objection?"

The women smiled self-consciously but no one objected.

Stumpy rolled his eyes and in an exaggerated lurch moved from one woman to another. He stopped in front of big Ann Mason. "I choose–." He rolled his eyes again and went to Sandra Williams. "I choose–." Once again, he hesitated and then continued around the circle a half dozen times. Finally, he flopped on his knees in front of Barrow.

"I can't do it. I can't do it!" he cried out, his voice quavering.

"Why in hell not?" Barrow demanded.

"It's those decisions!"

Everyone burst out laughing and Barrow, hauling Stumpy to his feet, shoved him toward Donna. "Take my partner, Stumpy."

Stumpy shuffled to Donna, took her hand shyly and then with a wild

"BETTER come down," Barrow said, "unless you know how to make a dress out of coconut fibers"

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whoop, raced off, dragging her along.

"Terri!" Barrow called out.

Terri skipped around the circle and then dove into Les Kojac's arms. "You're it!" she said.

Kojac puffed out his chest, proud that the first woman should choose him. He picked her up in his arms and hurried off.

All had chosen new partners until only Barrow, Phyllis Heller, the gabby partner of Carl Johnson, Dave Perry and his partner, Helen Cole, were left.

"Dave," Barrow said. "The choice has narrowed down." Barrow grinned.

Perry shook his head. "I don't want to change partners. I'm perfectly satisfied with Helen."

Helen Cole, who was dressed in her weird Mother Hubbard that hung from her shoulders like a sack, frowned. Barrow had to laugh because he could see the wheels turning inside her head. It reminded him of an old joke. When the Tartars swooped into Russia in fierce raids of war, the wild soldiers pillaged and raped wherever they went. In one village, one soldier broke into a small cottage. The only one inside was an old lady. The Tartar pulled the old lady to him and then realizing that she was much too ancient, pushed her away in disgust. As he turned to go, the old lady cried out, "Please, war is war!"

Like the old lady in the joke, Helen kissed Perry lightly on the cheek and then ran to Barrow. As she took Barrow's hand, she said to her partner. "Dave, don't be dull!"

Helen proved to be a strange woman. One moment, she clung to Barrow as though she never wanted to let him go. Next moment, she pushed him away, teasing him by just brushing her supple body against his. She kept up this game until Barrow was ready to throttle her and then as though an explosion had taken place, she lost all control.

THIS first night of free love in which partners were swapped seemed to shatter much of their tension. There was more harmony and their work moved forward rapidly.

Although it rained briefly from time to time, the fields needed irrigating. At first, they carried water to the fields in ten gallon cans. Then, Barrow began building a pipe line from the stream. The pipes were hollowed out bamboo poles joined together with fibers from the palm leaves of the coconut tree. The pipe line ended in an irrigation ditch which fed into smaller ditches between the furrows. When it was completed, the bamboo pipes saved hours of labor.

By February, 1948, all their buildings were completed. The cottages were circular. The conical roofs were hung from a center pole and were woven from palm leaves. These woven palm leaves also formed the panels for the sides of the cottages and during the heat of the day, the sides could be raised so that each cottage was cool and airy. When it rained, the slick, tightly woven palm leaves shed water as though they were slicked with oil.

They had more and more leisure time and now were casually swapping partners. Sometimes, Stumpy would organize a game. Their favorite was hounds and hares. The rules of the game were simple. The women started off from a point one half mile down the beach. They ran off into the hills in every direction dropping bits of their clothing as clues for the trailing hounds. When a hound caught a hare, she was his partner for that day.

By March, the first crop of vegetables ripened. Their diet now enriched gave them a sense of real accomplishment. Donna was painting scenes that depicted their life on the island. The other women designed and sewed clothing and made jewelry out of coral. Dave Perry was busy carving a 15 foot totem pole with mythical beasts and coloring the carvings with red, black and crimson dyes. The dyes were found by Hank Morrison. Red came from *mat* and yellow from *ti* or plaintain leaves. The black was soot gathered from burning oil under an upended coconut.

These colors were also used by the women to decorate weird tattoos over their bodies so that on some days they resembled colorful savages. There was a real camaraderie among them. Even Helen Cole had given up her Mother Hubbard and her feud with Ann Mason.

Barrow was writing a detailed account of their life as well as drawing designs for more buildings. Carl Johnson was keeping a record of the growth of his crops and making notes on the preparation of wild fruits and vegetables. He found five different methods of preparing the taro root. Kojac, not only netted fish, but discovered fishing holes for lobster and shrimp.

On March 14, a sharp wind blew in from the east. Barrow, Kojac and Morrison raced to the beach to secure their ship. When they had dropped two more anchors to keep the boat from swinging, Barrow looked out to sea and just above the horizon, spotted a single-masted sloop bearing toward them.

Barrow had a sudden sense of foreboding about this strange vessel. It was an intuitive feeling that was to prove more than correct. In fact, this ship was to change their almost idyllic existence into a veritable hell.

It was the first sign of either ship or plane they had seen since their arrival.

"I wonder what she's doing in these waters?" Barrow murmured.

"Probably blown off course by the storm," said Kojac.

"No." Barrow shook his head. "She's bearing straight for us."

SINCE there was nothing he could to turn her away, Barrow just stood on the beach and watched as the ship drew closer. He didn't want strangers here. It would disturb his plan. So far, all was going well. They had adjusted to each other's quirks. In four more months, the *ginseng* would be ready to harvest. They could sail to the Samoas or to one of the Indonesian islands and sell their crop. With the money, they could buy the cement and steel reinforcement bars to dam up the stream and install a generator. Within two years they could have the ideal village —a village that could be opened to selected guests and other settlers. "We need time." thought Barrow, and this strange ship was certain to be a disturbing influence. If nothing else, word of their settlement would leak out. Barrow recalled how the 19th century communal groups were destroyed by sensational publicity.

Five hours passed before the sloop whipped through the narrow channel into the lagoon. At one time, she must have been a trim craft, but she badly needed a paint job and repairs. The sails were covered with patches and the wood of the cabin had rotted away in spots. She was slightly shorter than their own ship.

"The captain must be a slob," said Kojac.

"Yeah," Barrow agreed. "And the quicker we send them on their way, the better I'll like it."

Three Malayan deckhands stood at the prow, grinning in surprise at the sight of the three white men. As soon as they dropped anchor, the captain emerged from the pilot house. He towered over the stocky Malayans. He was a huge man with a thick, black beard. Although his hair was shaggy and unkempt, he was dressed in white shirt and blue, well-pressed uniform with a gold-braided naval cap.

"H'ya mates!" he called. "If these lazy, aborigine louts ever get my dinghy lowered, I'll join you ashore." He spoke in a semi-cockney Australian accent.

THE Malayans quickly lowered the small dinghy and the captain, using an oar like a paddle, pushed himself ashore.

"Name's Wallace. Captain Wallace out of Brisbane."

Barrow introduced himself and the others. "Is your ship in trouble?" Barrow asked.

"No trouble that can't be repaired. My water tank sprung a leak and I lost every drop of fresh. Pulled in here to tidy her up and fill the tank. Didn't expect to find any Yanks ashore, though."

As he finished his sentence his eyes widened. Looking past Barrow, he saw the other members of the group who had all trouped to the beach to see the stranger. Wallace smiled and it bared his gums as well as a straight row of long, yellow teeth so that his grin gave him a wolfish look.

Wallace poked his thumb into Barrow's chest. "I see you Yanks have it made." He chuckled and the sound came from deep inside his broad chest. "That's the finest collection of sheilas I've sighted since I left down under."

Although Captain Wallace had said nothing to rub Barrow the wrong way, he felt an almost chemical distaste for the Aussie.

Barrow grinned, but it was a tight smile. "Look." he said, "but don't touch."

By then the others crowded around the captain and bombarded him with questions, which he answered affably. He said he was in trade. Sailing goods into the islands where he traded with the natives. When they ran out of questions, Wallace told them he'd been eating out of cans for over a month. "Want to sink my teeth into some fresh fruit."

Barrow knew it was inevitable that Wallace come to their village. "There's nothing in hell I can do to stop him now," he thought, "short of knocking him off."

When he saw the village and their fields, Wallace was amazed at what they'd done. He was sharp and astute —sharp enough to spot their plantings of *ginseng*, too. For the next two days, he just made himself at home without any attempt at repairing his water tank. Despite Barrow's dislike and distrust of the man, Captain Wallace charmed everyone else.

On the third day, he returned to his ship and by nightfall had repaired and calked the leak. "I'll fill it up with fresh in the morning if you Yanks don't mind," he said.

Then after sharing their evening meal, he turned to Barrow. "That *ginseng* should be ripe in a month or so. I might take the lot off your hands."

Barrow shrugged. "And just what do you offer?"

"A quid a pound," said Wallace.

A quid was worth about three dollars and 25 cents.

"I figure we can get ten dollars or more a pound," said Barrow.

"Well, it's a long way to market," Wallace said, "but on my way back, I may make a slightly better offer."

"You'd be wasting your time," said Barrow.

In a low, ominously threatening voice, Wallace said, "Maybe, Mr. Barrow, I'll come back just to teach you some manners."

Before Barrow could answer, Helen Cole piped up. "And you'd be right, too, captain." She turned to Barrow. "You're forgetting that the captain is our guest."

Wallace smiled. "Miss Cole," he said, "one gallant gesture is worth another. I have a fine battery radio aboard. If you want it, she's yours."

Barrow stood up. "Nobody goes aboard your vessel, captain."

Helen bristled. Linking her arm in the captain's, she glared at Barrow. "Don't you try to tell me what to do."

Morrison put his hand on Barrow's shoulder. "Cool off, Johnny. There's no harm in her accepting a gift."

Behind him, Barrow heard Donna chuckle. "If I didn't hear it myself," she said softly, "I'd never have believed you had the easy gift for handling women."

There was nothing Barrow could say. Yet he knew that Helen was making the mistake of her life in going off with Wallace. The feeling was sheer intuition and so it couldn't be expressed in words.

Dave Perry, Helen's partner, tried to laugh it all off. She's a big girl," he said.

IT was shortly after six o'clock when Helen left with the captain. When she hadn't returned by 10 o'clock, Barrow's growing apprehension had spread to all of them.

Barrow finally made up his mind. In his cottage, he took out a .45 automatic and inserted a clip. He put the gun into a waterproof bag.

Outside, he faced Dave Perry and Kojac. "Okay, Dave, you and Les come with me."

Perry, cracking his knuckles nervously, nodded. Kojac picked up a machete and strapped it around his waist. On the beach, they kicked off their sandals and moved into the water. Quietly they swam out toward the reef where Wallace's boat was anchored. The ship was riding low in the water so it was an easy job to climb up the anchor rope onto the deck. Barrow came up first followed by Perry and Kojac.

Peering into a porthole, Barrow could only see a portion of the cabin. Captain Wallace was stripped to the waist with a bottle of rum on the table in front of him. He took a deep swig from the bottle and then, laughing, growled, "All right, you stinking aborigine, have a go."

Barrow pulled his automatic from the bag and moved to the head of the passageway. He kicked the doors open and in one bound hurtled below. Kojac was right behind him with Perry bringing up the rear.

Two of the Malayan deck hands were sitting on the deck with their backs to a bulkhead. The third Malayan was forcing Helen onto the bunk. One side of her face was puffed and her right eye was swollen shut. Her torn dress lay across the bunk.

Wallace whirled about when he heard Barrow jump, but by then, Barrow had rushed past the captain. Jerking the Malayan away from Helen, Barrow drew back his right fist and with all his strength drove it into the East Indian's face. The flat nose crunched under the blow and blood spewed out as though a fountain had been opened. The Malayan moaned and dropped to his knees.

Kojac, meanwhile, had the point of his machete pressed to the captain's chest.

Barrow helped Helen across the cabin to Perry. "Take her ashore, Dave."

When Perry and Helen had moved outside, Barrow pushed Kojac to one side, and shoved the barrel of the automatic between the captain's eyes.

"You've got ten minutes to haul anchor and pull out, Wallace. If you ever come back, I'll blow your brains out."

Wallace stared at Barrow coldly, unmoved by the threat. "You been seeing too many films, Yank," he said.

Barrow let the tip of the barrel slide down the side of the captain's cheek and then pulled the trigger. The slug clipped the tip of Wallace's ear and the explosion turned the right side of the captain's face a deep black and red.

Wallace put his hand to his ear slowly and saw the dribble of blood on his fingers. He said nothing.

Barrow and Kojac moved up the ladder and when they moved outside the passage, they heard the captain call out, "I'll be seeing you, Mr. Barrow!"

WHEN they reached the beach, the Malayans had already hoisted sails and pulled up anchor. Slowly, they maneuvered the sloop through the channel to the sea.

In the village, Helen was huddled in her bed, shivering. For the next week, she refused to come out. And then, when she finally did leave the cottage, she seemed to have thrust the experience aboard the captain's sloop out of her mind. She seemed to be more cheerful than ever before and the Mother Hubbard was discarded. In its place, she wore short shorts and a thin bra.

Life in the village moved on in an even tempo except for Helen. She seemed obsessed with a desire to please all the men in the village.

Helen's persistent and open invitation made the men uneasy. There was something unhealthy in her bizarre conduct.

On March 28, terror struck their village. Barrow was in the field helping Carl Johnson weed. The sun blazed down and both men were drenched in sweat. They had been working steadily for hours and Barrow stood up to stretch his muscles. As he turned his head, he felt a sharp sting across his right eye. Believing it to be an insect bite, Barrow slapped at his forehead. As he did, he heard the sharp crack of a rifle and when he brought down his hand, it was covered with blood.

Barrow slammed into Johnson and knocked him into the brush at the edge of the field.

"It's Wallace!"

Barrow put his hand to his forehead to feel the torn flesh. Had he moved his head just a fraction of an inch when the shot was fired, the bullet would have plowed into his skull. Instead of fear, Barrow was swept by a cold fury. His hand gripped the machete so tightly that his knuckles turned white.

"What are we going to do?" Johnson asked.

Barrow didn't answer. He stared toward the mountain that dominated the island. The shot had come from up there.

"Get back to the village, Carl," Barrow said softly. "Keep everyone under cover. You'll find my automatic inside my cottage." Barrow continued to stare at the mountain. There were dozens of narrow winding trails that led up its slopes. Anyone moving up them would be a perfect target for a sharpshooter in ambush, but Barrow knew he had to go after Wallace. "Get moving, Carl," he said at last. "I'm going after that bastard."

SLIPPING deeper into the brush, Barrow circled the fields and moved up the mountain slopes. Stealthily, but steadily, Barrow worked his way up the mountainside. When he came to open patches of ground, he remained under cover a moment to listen, but there were only the hum of the insects and the cry of birds. Just before he reached the summit, he smelled the sharp, acrid odor of gunpowder.

Crouching over, Barrow charged toward the smell of the powder. He crashed into the brush, his machete in front of him, but there was no one there. He listened again and again there was only silence. He turned. Below him was the square open field where he and Johnson had been working.

Once again, Barrow moved up to the summit. When he reached the top, he could see the entire island. About three miles beyond the reef, on the far side of the island, was the black sloop, under full sail and moving west.

When Barrow returned to the village and told them what he'd seen, the women were frantic. Helen Cole wept hysterically and the others were on the verge of hysteria.

Kojac, who was armed with Barrow's automatic, waved it in the air. "This freakin' pop gun's no damned good," he growled. "I say we sail down to the Samoas and pick up guns of our own."

"Not for me," Stumpy argued. "I ain't itching to fight no war. Just give me a one way ticket the hell out."

"As far as I'm concerned," Dave Perry said, "this whole experiment stinks. The faster I get out, the better."

"Not me," said Hank Morrison. "I like it out here and I'll be damned if I'd let a bastard like Wallace make me quit."

Barrow turned to the women, who had calmed down somewhat and surprisingly enough, not one wanted to give in.

When they'd all had their say and argued back and forth, Barrow expressed his own opinion. "Anyone who wants to leave will be taken off the island," he said, staring at Perry, "but only when we're ready. In a couple of months, our *ginseng* will be ripe. Those roots will bring us, maybe 15 or 20 thousand bucks. We don't go anywhere until we bring in that crop.

Barrow pointed out what they could buy for that money. Not only guns to protect themselves, but the supplies that would bring their island closer to a paradise.

"That's great!" Stumpy shouted. "Real great, but you guys can be sit-

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ting ducks, not me, not for all the *ginseng* or dough in the world. As far as I'm concerned them Chinamen can buy their love potions from someone else."

"Take it easy, Stumpy," Barrow said. "Wallace can't bring his sloop inside the reef at night. If we post a guard on the mountain, he won't take us by surprise again."

"Sure, sure," Kojac agreed. "Maybe he just wants to drive us off so he can grab that *ginseng*."

Stumpy continued to argue and then finally gave up in disgust.

FOR the following month, the men took turns on guard atop the mountain, but Wallace didn't return. The threat, however, hung over them and a growing tension frayed their nerves.

During this period, Stumpy began disappearing mysteriously a few hours every day. Barrow suspected he wanted to get away from Terri, but that wasn't the answer at all.

At dusk, on April 11, Stumpy and Terri returned from guard duty. Stumpy refused to stand guard alone so Terri always went with him. They both came into the village singing at the top of their lungs, obviously drunk.

"What in hell have you been drinking?" Barrow demanded.

"Coconut juice!" Stumpy held up a large nut.

"A couple of shots of that jungle juice," Terri added, "and Stumpy's the bravest man in the Pacific."

Stumpy shoved the nut into Barrow's hand. Barrow took a deep swig of the cloudy liquid. It burned as though he'd swallowed a hot coal.

"The formula is simple!" Stumpy bellowed. "I got it from my sweet, old grandma. Take one coconut. Poke out an eye, pour in sugar and a few dried raisins. Plug up the hole with a wooden peg. When the juice is ready—pop! Out flies the cork."

Stumpy had dozens of coconuts that had already popped their corks and so that night they all got pleasantly stewed. With the jungle juice under his belt, Stumpy became his old self again, joking and horsing around. He even worked up a routine about Captain Wallace.

Stabbing the air with a machete, Stumpy howled: "Down on your knees, Wallace! Now repeat after me, before I cut out your black heart. On my honor, I promise to be good, kind, obedient, trustworthy, honest and friendly. ... All right, Wallace, now tie some knots. First, the hangman's noose."

The routine went on and on until Wallace was made an eagle scout, prompting a wild, drunken party during which Barow chased Terri up a palm tree. Halfway up, he lost his grip and crashed 15 feet to the sand, holding Terri's ripped-off sarong in his hands. Everyone thought it was the funniest thing they'd ever seen.

LATE in April, the dark green berries of the *genseng* plants turned a bright crimson. By May 6, the berries, which contained the seed of the *ginseng*, began to dry and lose its lustrous color. Johnson dug up one of the roots.

"Barrow!" Johnson howled.

It was so unlike Johnson to raise his voice that Barrow thought the guy was in real trouble. He raced up. Johnson was scrabbling in the dirt. When he reached Barrow, he stood up, holding a root in each hand. Although both roots were thick and at least 10 inches long, they were both hollowed by holes and crawling with thin black worms.

"Worms," Johnson muttered. "They don't eat the potatoes. They don't eat the yams. Only the *ginseng*."

The others, attracted by Johnson's shout, came running after Barrow and now they clustered around the two worm-eaten roots Johnson had tossed to the ground.

They all grabbed shovels and began to dig out the *ginseng* roots. When they had dug up every plant, they had only 96 roots out of the more than a thousand they had planted. The others had been totally destroyed by the worms.

Each root averaged about five pounds so that at the market price, they still had a cash crop worth about $5000.

While Johnson checked each clean root before stuffing it into a burlap bag, Barrow looked at the crestfallen faces.

"If *ginseng* is really an effective medicine and aphrodisiac," he said softly, "then those worms are the healthiest, sex-happy parasites in the Pacific."

Everyone burst out laughing except Kojac. "What the hell you guys so happy about? We just blew a fortune and you think it's a big joke!"

"We can raise a new crop," said Johnson. "Maybe set them out in wooden pots."

Kojac grunted in disgust and strode off.

On May 8, Barrow wrote the following in his diary: "Kojac has been acting odd ever since we dug up the *ginseng*. Spoke to him this morning and he admitted that he was fed up with the island. He had planned to take his share of the profits and cut out. Now he's stuck. I warned him that the shares couldn't be divided. They belonged to the group. And although there is nothing really to divide now, Kojac almost started a fight. I tried to reason with him. I pointed out that the roots were scarce and difficult to grow and that that was probably the reason they brought so high a price. He didn't care much for good reasons. If we leave the island, as we plan to do within the week, I don't believe either Kojac or Perry will return. The others want to go on. We will see."

Because of its large Chinese colonies, Barrow planned to sail for what was then still the Dutch East Indies. In preparation for the long journey, they slaughtered three pigs and caught a huge mess of fish, which they smoked to preserve. Their fresh vegetables and fruits were wrapped in plaited leaves.

On the morning of May 16, they ate their final meal before moving out of the village. Every mouthful was washed down with Stumpy's jungle juice and by the time they boarded the ship, they were in high spirits, shouting and singing happily.

The day itself was blazing hot without a trace of a breeze. Barrow started the engines and took the helm as they slipped through the narrow channel to the open sea. Once clear of the reef, he cut the engines and took charge of hoisting sails. They had a trip of more than 3000 miles ahead and only a limited amount of fuel. Slowly they circled the island and headed west, but by dusk, they hadn't gone more than ten miles.

The night fell quickly and the scene was like a picture post card. The full moon cast a golden path across the smooth water and the stars winked like a million fireflies.

Stumpy had brought a big net full of coconuts aboard and they all kept getting drunker and drunker. They raced around the deck like kids just out of school, scrambling up the mast and over the pilot house.

Helen Cole had latched onto Kojac and tugged him into the passageway leading to the cabins below. As the party grew wilder, they hardly noticed the black clouds that had gathered and were now scudding across the sky from the west. Suddenly the wind picked up tempo and lashed the waves into a froth. The boat heaved like a cork and the wind tore at the sails. It was impossible to make headway directly into the storm so Barrow turned back the ship toward their island. With the engines roaring and the throttle wide open they cut through the sea.

By the time Barrow had rounded the island which was only a dark patch in the black night, the wind had shifted and was driving their ship hell-bent for the reef. The wind and waves pressed them closer relentlessly. Barrow knew it was suicide to attempt a passage through the narrow channel now but he no longer had any choice.

"Kojac!" he yelled above the howling wind and crashing waves. "Kojac!"

The big seaman was the one man aboard who could stand at the prow and pilot him through the channel. Barrow shouted the name over and over until finally Dave Perry climbed up to the pilot house.

"Where's Kojac?"

"Below deck," said Perry, "in one of the cabins."

"Get him the hell up here!"

Perry went below. By the time he returned, the ship was less than 800 yards from the reef.

"He's locked inside a cabin with Helen," said Perry. "He won't come out."

"Hold this wheel!" Barrow shouted.

Racing below, Barrow banged on the cabin door. "Kojac!" he roared. "We'll crack up on the reef!"

"Go away!" Kojac shouted.

Barrow slammed his shoulder into the door and cracked it open. Kojac leaped off the bunk, scowling with his thick shoulders hunched forward. "What in hell you want, Johnny?" he growled.

"Dammit! We're headed for the reef. Now let's go!"

"Don't leave me, Les, honey," Helen pleaded.

Kojac chuckled drunkenly and flopped next to Helen who wriggled into his arms. "You heard the girl, Johnny. Now beat it before I get sore."

THERE was no time to argue so Barrow ran back to the pilot house where Dave Perry held the wheel.

"Drag your tail to the bow and hand signal me into the channel. Fast!"

Perry nodded and hurried forward. He braced himself in the angle behind the bowsprit. The prow was plunging into the waves and the boards groaned. Sheets of water and spray crashed over the bow. Suddenly, Perry stood up and turned, waving his arms wildly.

"To the right! To starboard!" he screamed, but his voice was swept away by the wind and the thunder of the sea. At that moment, Barrow saw the channel off his starboard bow. He twisted the helm, but it was too late.

The ship hit the coral with a jarring crunch.

Perry lost his balance and was flung overboard. The others, still on deck, were sent sprawling. The ship plowed higher on the reef and the sharp coral ripped out its bottom.

Barrow leaped to the deck. At the railing, he saw the limp body of Perry jammed between two rocky arms of the reef. Tying a line to his waist, Barrow swung over the side. The waves battered him as he pushed through the water to reach Perry. He half lifted the limp form and then saw that the top of Perry's head had been sliced away. The school teacher was dead. Barrow dropped the body and the waves pulled it away and out of sight.

Carl Johnson hauled Barrow back to the ship, which hung fast on the reef at a crazy angle. The girls were huddled in front of the pilot house when Kojac and Helen came up from below.

Helen looked around for Perry. "Where's Dave?" she screamed.

Barrow just shook his head. He had felt a momentary surge of insane anger toward Kojac and Helen, but it had now drained away. He untied the line from around his waist and Helen seemed to understand what had happened. Her face, stiff with fright, stared out to sea.

At dawn, the storm ended just as suddenly as it had struck. When the sun rose, the lagoon and island lay before them in all its beauty. They still couldn't believe that their ship was wrecked beyond repair and that Perry was dead.

When they swam ashore, they turned to look at the wreckage. The tide was coming in and as they watched, the remains of the ship slid off the reef with a terrifying ripping noise and slipped into the sea.

They stood on the beach, stunned by what had happened. It seemed as though they were plagued by some evil fortune. Instead of a refuge, the tiny island was a kind of prison. They had been there seven months. In that time, the only ship to sail by was Captain Wallace's sloop.

"And if Wallace comes back," thought Barrow, "he'd be free to terrorize us. We don't even have the automatic anymore."

"We're stuck here," said Donna.

"Stuck, hell!" Barrow barked.

The ship's compass was still intact. The sails were stowed away in the locker. The tools and gun were still in the hull. All those things could be retrieved by diving.

"We've got lumber. We can build another ship," Barrow said. "Let's stop feeling sorry for ourselves."

Barking at them, Barrow snapped them out of their dismal gloom. They returned to the village and rounded up their livestock. The pigs and chickens actually seemed happy to see them again.

On the following morning, Barrow, Morrison and Kojac returned to the reef. Putting on masks and flippers that they had cached, they dove to the wreckage, about 25 feet below the surface. While Barrow dismantled the compass, Morrison and Kojac hauled up the sails. They then began removing all the fittings they could. But their search for the automatic was futile. It was lost. While they swam about the hull, the three men noticed that the ship was resting on a vast bed of oysters.

Figuring the oysters would make an interesting addition to their diet, Barrow brought up two net bags filled with the mollusks.

"Pry one open, Johnny," Morrison suggested. "Maybe we'll find a pearl."

Barrow grinned. "Since this isn't a month with an R, we'll all probably die of ptomaine poisoning."

He split open one of the large bivalves and as he cut into the meat, his knife struck something hard. Quickly, he sliced away the meat to reveal a large black pearl.

"I'll be damned," Kojac muttered.

QUICKLY the three men pried open the other oysters, but found no other pearls. For the rest of the afternoon, the three men dove. Out of 300 oysters they brought up, they found one more pearl. Both gems were round, lustrous and large.

"The worms can't eat these," said Barrow.

The discovery of the pearls obsessed them all. They didn't need unhealthy or love-sick Chinese to sell black pearls. For the next week, they all spent every free moment diving from the reef. In that short time, they found dozens of small, badly shaped pearls, but they also brought up 33 perfectly shaped large gems.

Since life had to go on, Barrow assigned Morrison and Kojac to continue the pearling operation. Stumpy and Johnson were put to work constructing wooden pots for the *ginseng* seeds. Barrow refused to give up his plan to market these profitable roots.

Barrow himself began work on constructing a new ship. On May 29, he wrote in his diary: "Have cut down two *apape* trees. Trunks are about three feet in diameter. Plan to hollow out trunks and use outriggers in native fashion. The hulls will be about 40 feet long with twin masts for the sails. The *apape* is a beautiful pink color, slightly harder than pine and durable. Hollowing out trunk isn't play. Will take months."

By the middle of September, three and a half months after he had started work, Barrow had only succeeded in chopping out a rough cavity in one of the long logs. His hands had grown calloused and he was bone hard from the work, but the boat-building project would take another year before it was complete.

Then on October 3, Hank Morrison stormed into Barrow's cottage. He was blazing mad. One side of his face was puffed and red. "That dirty bastard!" he raged.

"What happened?"

"I'll tell you what's happened! Kojac's been stealing pearls!"

When Barrow had calmed him down, Morrison went on to explain how Kojac's hauls began dropping off.

"I suspected him, but I didn't watch the louse until this afternoon. When I caught him red-handed, he slugged me."

"Wait here!" said Barrow.

Kojac was sprawled on his bed when Barrow entered his cottage. Ann Mason was sitting in front of a small mirror combing her hair.

"Hy, Johnny, ole buddy," said Kojac affably.

"I'll get right to the point. Hank says you're a thief."

"Hank's a freakin' liar!"

"Then you haven't been holding out a share of the pearls for yourself?"

Kojac smiled, a tight, cagey smile. "I didn't say that."

"Maybe I'm stupid, but I don't get the distinction."

"Maybe you are stupid, Johnny boy, so I'll spell it out for you." He stood up and flexed the thick muscles of his back and shoulders. "I been doing most of the pearl diving so I'm entitled to a fair share of the haul for me, Les Kojac, personally."

Barrow didn't raise his voice. He almost seemed relaxed. Only the redness that flushed his scar gave any clue to his burning anger.

"Okay, Les. But since the boat is my work, I don't see transporting you and those pearls all the way to Samoa when we go. Maybe you can figure your own kay off the island."

"I can take care of myself," Kojac growled. "Now, the parley's over. Beat it."

FROM that time on, everyone except Ann Mason left Kojac strictly alone. They treated him as though he didn't exist and he grew more sullen. When they had parties, the women refused to let Kojac touch them. As a result, he took out his anger on Ann. Although she didn't complain, he began beating her up at regular intervals.

With Kojac strictly on his own, Barrow, Stumpy and Johnson began to spend time each day helping Morrison pearl. By the end of December, they had a fabulous collection. Ninety percent of their pearls were black and over 250 were large, perfectly shaped and matched.

By then, the first hull was beginning to take shape, so that Barrow could see the end of his work.

On December 31, they celebrated with a big party. They had been on the island more than a year and with any luck they would have their boat ready in four or five more months. By then, their collection of pearl, they figured, would bring a king's ransom.

Just before midnight, Kojac joined them. He'd been drinking steadily since dark and he was drunk and mean. Ann trailed behind him.

Donna offered Ann some roast ham and some juice, but she completely ignored Kojac. As she moved off, Kojac grabbed her wrist. He jerked her into his arms.

"Don't play cute with me, baby," he mumbled. "We've had too much fun together, remember?"

The scar over Barrow's eye turned dark crimson. Until then, he had felt

"HANG ON," Barrow yelled to Dave, leaping on to the razor sharp coral reef . . .

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a reasoned kind of anger toward Kojac. It was the kind of anger one feels toward a thief who betrays a trust. But now, Barrow's anger lost all sense of reason. It was completely emotional. He jerked Kojac away from Donna and as the big seaman stumbled back, Barrow moved in. His left fist didn't move more than six inches, but all his strength and fury was behind the short jolting blow to the pit of Kojac's belly. Kojac gasped and doubled over. He gagged as his stomach rolled and as the vomit spewed into his throat, Barrow slammed his right fist into Kojac's jaw. Kojac flopped to his knees and sprawled forward into the dirt, rubbing his face in a pool of vomit. Angered beyond reason now, Barrow grabbed up a length of heavy rope lying nearby, brought it down on Kojac's shoulders like a whip, leaving heavy, scarlet welts. Whimpering, Kojac crawled off on his hands and knees then suddenly lurched erect and ran for the supply shack. He emerged a second later carrying one of their axes, screamed obscene oaths as he charged Barrow.

But Barrow was ready for him. Again he swung the rope, which coiled around Kojac's neck like a boa constrictor. He yanked savagely, sending his opponent sprawling on his face. Stumpy darted over and retrieved the axe.

Barrow—realizing the fight had gone too far—didn't resume his insane beating. Kojac again dragged himself to his feet. He stood there a moment, legs wide apart, swaying. Spittle dribbled from the corner of his mouth. He glared at Barrow, his big fists working spasmodically. Then, he turned slowly and lumbered off. As he left, he called out, "Come on, Ann!"

Ann shook her head. "No," she said almost to herself. "I've had my bellyful of that stinker." She turned to Barrow. "Can I stay with you and Donna?"

Barrow nodded. "Sure. It's time you got wise to yourself."

JANUARY, 1949, passed almost uneventfully. Kojac, keeping more and more to himself, made no trouble. The first hull was completed and tested in the lagoon. It had perfect balance and the slim craft cut through the water like a knife. With more experience, Barrow began work on the second hull and by the middle of February was making rapid progress.

Just before noon on February 14th, what they had all feared, finally happened. Stumpy and Terri, who'd been on guard, raced down the mountainside and into the village.

"Wallace!" Stumpy panted. "He's back.

Barrow put down his tools and marched inside his cottage where he kept their now huge collection of pearls in a wooden chest he had constructed.

Morrison and Johnson, who'd been diving off the reef, swam ashore and joined the others.

"Where's Kojac?" Barrow asked.

"Still on the reef,' said Morrison.

"Okay." Barrow picked up the chest. "I'm going to hide these pearls. When we're ready to leave, I'll get them again."

"What are you going to do about Wallace?" Morrison asked.

Barrow shook his head. "I don't know."

After burying the chest halfway up the mountain, Barrow and the others walked to the beach. The black sloop was slipping through the channel. As it entered the lagoon, Kojac dove off the reef and swam across to meet it.

Wallace was standing on deck. Mounted on a tripod that was bolted to the deck was a .50 caliber air-cooled machine gun. About 80 yards from the shore, one of the Malayans dropped the anchor. The sloop swung around so that the barrel of the gun pointed toward the beach.

Wallace leaned on the railing. His wolfish features split by a grin. "Hello, Mr. Barrow!" he called.

By then, Kojac had reached the sloop and climbed aboard. He and Wallace spoke briefly and then disappeared inside the cabin. The three Malays remained on board close to the gun.

Barrow led the others back to the village. They could only wait now. It was obvious that Kojac was working out a deal with Wallace, that he was telling the captain about the wreckage of their ship as well as their discovery of the rich pearl beds.

"Wallace will make us all hop to his tune," thought Barrow, "but I'll be his private patsy for sure."

The waiting semed endless, but not more than an hour passed before Wallace, Kojac and two of the Malays walked into the village compound.

Barrow stepped out of his cottage to meet them. The others clustered behind him.

"Well, Mr. Barrow," Wallace said. "Les, here, has told me of your tragic accident and the good fortune you have had, too. Think of that! I've been sailing these waters for 20 years with no such luck, fond as I am of pearls."

"You're fond of long-winded speeches, too," Barrow said. It was foolish to provoke Wallace, but Barrow couldn't help himself. He was churning up inside, but the only sign was the deep crimson that spread across his scar.

Wallace smiled and handed his rifle to one of the Malays. Kojac moved behind Barrow and quickly pinned his arms. Almost casually, Wallace moved close and then with no show of emotion methodically began to beat Barrow with his fists.

He smashed Barrow's nose and beat his face into a puffy mass of flesh and he kept raining blows into Barrow's face until the big American blacked out.

When Barrow came to, he was propped up against a tree, his arms bound behind him around the trunk.

"Now, as I was saying," Wallace went on, "I'm a man of compassion. When I heard about the loss of your ship, I thought, here is my chance to do these Yanks a good turn. I'll offer them transportation. Just give me the choice of 50 of your pearls and I'll sail you down to Samoa or even to Australia if you prefer. What do you say, Mr. Barrow?"

"I don't like the accommodations aboard that crummy garbage scow you call a ship." Barrow spat.

Wallace turned to the others. "What about you folks? Just because Mr. Barrow is a fool, there's no sense in your being stubborn."

"I'd rather entertain in a club full of drunken longshoremen as sail with you, Mr. Wallace," said Stumpy. The others murmured agreement.

"Very well," said Wallace. "Perhaps you'll change your minds and take up my kind offer."

"Kind offer," thought Barrow. "If he got his hands on those pearls, none of us would ever see land again."

Wallace jabbed his finger toward Donna and Terri Peterson. "Will you ladies join me and Les aboard my ship?"

Stumpy bristled and grabbed Donna's arm. "She's not going anywhere."

Kojac grabbed Stumpy under the arms and lifted him into the air. Turning the little fat man to one side, Kojac stretched him on the ground. "Out of the way, Stumpy, boy, before the captain eats you alive."

WITH one of the Malayans prodding Donna and Terri with the rifle and the other keeping Stumpy, Johnson, Morrison and the girls covered, they moved down the path to the beach.

As soon as they were out of sight, Morrison cut Barrow loose. His nose still dripping blood, Barrow looked as though he had been run through a grinder.

Morrison straightened out Barrow's smashed nose with his hand and stopped the bleeding with a cotton pack. With pain shooting through his head, Barrow tried to think straight. He was beset by a helpless fury. Unable to sit still, he moved down the path to the beach and peered through the shrubbery at the sloop. One Malay leaned against the machine gun. Another squatted atop the pilot house. After an hour, Barrow stood up and stepped out from behind his cover. The Malay snapped shut the breech and swung the barrel toward Barrow. Turning his back on the sloop, he walked back to the village.

For the remainder of the day, he sat inside his cottage. He thought up and rejected a score of ways to attack. Any attempt to ambush Wallace on his way to the village would be suicide without weapons. An attack on the sloop was impossible. Even at night, if they reached the boat, they'd be cut down as soon as they tried to climb aboard.

"The sloop is the key," thought Barrow. And then suddenly a method of attack jumped into his mind. "I won't jump the guards," he decided. "I'll attack the sloop."

Quickly, he gathered Morrison, Johnson, Stumpy and the girls inside his cottage. "I want every one to arm himself with machetes, picks, axes and clubs. As soon as it's dark, go down to the edge of the beach and hide in the brush. I'm going to try to destroy the sloop. If Wallace and the others start coming ashore before I can hit them, hide your weapons and scram back to the village."

For the remainder of the afternoon, Barrow prepared his weapons. He carved six plugs that tapered at one end. At the broad end of each plug, he fixed a fish-hook. He strung an eight-foot leader to each fish-hook and then attached all the leads to one end of a ball of twine.

"What are you going to do, Johnny?" Stumpy asked. "Fish Wallace and Kojec out of their cabin?"

"Could be," Barrow said.

As soon as it was dark, he sent them off toward the beach. Then, walking to the tool shed, he fixed a thick bit into a brace. Packing his plugs, fish-hooks, ball of twine and his brace and bit into a small canvas sack, Barrow cut through the jungle on a path par-

allel to the beach. When he reached the northern end of the lagoon, he crawled across the narrow stretch of sand and snaked into the water. Swimming close to the inside edge of the reef, he circled behind the sloop. The moon had not yet come out and the pounding of the surf covered the slight rippling sounds of his body moving through the water.

AS he approached within 30 yards of the sloop, Barrow sucked in air and swam under water until he felt the hull with his finger tips. He slid up the side of the hull until only his nose and mouth broke water. Once again he sucked in air and again dove under the rounded hull.

Jamming the bit against the bottom of the hull, he cranked the handle and drilled a hole through the thick plank. When the bit broke through, he drew it out carefully and then quickly filled up the hole with one of his tapered plugs. Once again he came up for air. And then he continued drilling holes until he had put his six plugs in place. Letting out his line carefully, he swam out to the reef where he jammed himself against the weirdly shaped coral. On deck, he could see the two Malayan guards moving about restlessly across the deck.

Barrow yanked the twine. He felt the plugs give and finally come loose. At first, there was a gurgle and then the increased rushing sound of water as the hull began to fill. The Malays heard the strange sound and peered over the railing to find out what was going on. It suddenly dawned on them that the ship was being flooded. They shouted a warning. Barrow remained perfectly still, his bronzed face melting perfectly into the rough coral formations.

Wallace and Kojac rushed on deck and then down below again. Barrow heard their shouts, but there was little they could do. The water was rushing inside the hull faster and the sloop was settling deeper into the water. Within 15 minutes, the deck was level with the water of the lagoon and the Malays had already leaped overboard. Kojac and Wallace rushed topside followed by the two girls. As they moved to the railing, the sloop tilted and flung them into the water. In a moment, with a gurgling sound, the ship slipped to the bottom.

Barrow had already kicked off from the reef and using powerful strokes quickly caught up to Wallace. As Barrow moved up beside the captain, Wallace turned as though he expected to find Kojac. In that instant, Barrow wrapped his hands around the captain's throat and dove for the bottom. As Wallace tore at the hands around his neck, Barrow clamped his legs around the captain's waist. Wallace struggled wildly to break Barrow's hold. His face grew contorted and then his mouth gaped open and he sucked water into his lungs. His body suddenly fell limp.

"I ought to leave him at the bottom," though Barrow. Instead, he dragged the captain's body to the surface and pulled him to the beach.

Stumpy was dancing about madly, swinging his machete through the air. The others surrounded Kojac and the Malays. Barrow squatted over Wallace and pumped out the water. When Barrow felt the first rush of air pull into Wallace's lungs, he hauled the captain to his feet.

Marching their prisoners to the village, Barrow supervised the job of trussing them up securely. No one got any sleep that night. In the morning, Barrow and Johnson began sawing up lengths cut from the *tamami* tree. Commonly called ironwood, this lumber is probably the hardest wood in the world. When the lengths were cut to size, they nailed them together to form two large cages. Kojac and Wallace were thrust into one cage and the three Malays in the other.

For the next two months, while Barrow continued to work on the second Hull, the prisoners were kept in their cages and fed like animals. Once a day, they were let out one at a time for exercise.

On April 19, the second hull was completed and tested successfully. Then, both hulls were tied together and outriggers fastened to their sides. Twin masts were fixed in place and a square rigged sail similar to those on Chinese junks was fastened to a cross arm. For a week, Barrow tested the craft. Before a stiff breeze, the slim hulls cut through the water at a neat 10 knots.

Once again they prepared provisions for their journey. "With any luck," thought Barrow, "we should reach one of the Samoan Islands within 20 days."

On May 4, they packed their supplies and provisions aboard their double-hulled canoes. By noon, they were ready to leave. Barrow dug up the chest of pearls.

Both Wallace and Kojac had grown gaunt from their long imprisonment. Now, Wallace glared at them.

Kojac flopped to his knees. "Please, Johnny," he begged, "don't leave me here." He began to weep with great, gulping sobs.

"Let Kojac loose," Barrow growled.

Johnson opened the door of the cage and Kojac stumbled out. When the cage door was closed again, Barrow shoved a machete betwen the bars. "You can cut your way loose, Captain Wallace," he said. "And when we're gone, you can have the island all to yourself and the pearls outside the reef, too.

They hurried down to the beach, Kojac racing ahead as though afraid Barrow might change his mind and leave him. When the boat was in the water, they climbed aboard. Kojac sat alone in the prow. Although it was blazing hot, he shivered as though he had malaria.

FOR 18 days, the wind drove them steadily south. On the 19th day, they sighted a tiny speck of land on the horizon. It took them 38 hours before they drew abreast of a deserted, flat, scrubby atoll. Two more days passed without the sight of land and then on the 28th of May, 1948, one year and seven months after they had sailed for their island paradise, they returned to Tutuila, sailing into the U.S. administered harbor of Pago Pago.

Barrow reported to the American authorities by telling them that he and his party had been diving for pearls and that Captain Wallace had tried to hi-jack their treasure. A Navy patrol boat was dispatched to bring them back but Barrow never heard any more about the fate of the four men he had abandoned. Since he had deliberately given the Navy the wrong co-ordinates, he doubted that they found the island, however.

On April 17, an island trading vessel took them all to Sydney, Australia. There was tremendous curiosity and interest in their adventure, but as Barrow told the story, they were merely a group of travelers whose ship was wrecked, but whose luck turned with the discovery of the pearls.

The gems were put up for auction and the total figure at the sale came to $96,300. To Kojac's surprise, Barrow and the others agreed to cut him in for his share.

Although Barrow talked of returning to the islands, none of them really wanted to go.

"Strange," Barrow thought. "We really could have turned our village into a paradise and yet we all turn our backs on the reality of a dream."

When the group broke up, Hank Morrison and Sandra Williams married and settled in Australia. Terri and Stumpy returned to the States where they formed a comedy team touring night clubs across the country.

Helen Cole took a job with an Australian airline and Phyllis Heller returned to Chicago. Ann Mason spent another year trying to break into movies and then married her agent. Donna flew on to New York where she had a one-man show of her Pacific paintings and made a small reputation in the big pond.

Barrow picked up where he had left off as an architect. From time to time, he heard from the others. Although the pearls had helped destroy their village, the money they shared seemed to have brought them all a measure of luck.

The true story of this experiment of a new society, free of restricting laws, devoted to free love, was over. The facts became known only when Barrow told MEN'S reporter what had happened and turned over his diary for examination.

"The memories of that island keep bugging me," he said. "We could have made the experiment work. Hell, it was working. Maybe I wasn't the guy to turn it into a success. Or maybe we just got lousy breaks. But someday, another group of people will try and I want them to know what happened to us and wish them better luck." ●●●

"CAREFUL," Barrow said, lashing out with the rope, "or tomorrow morning you'll have the sorest throat in the graveyard . . ."

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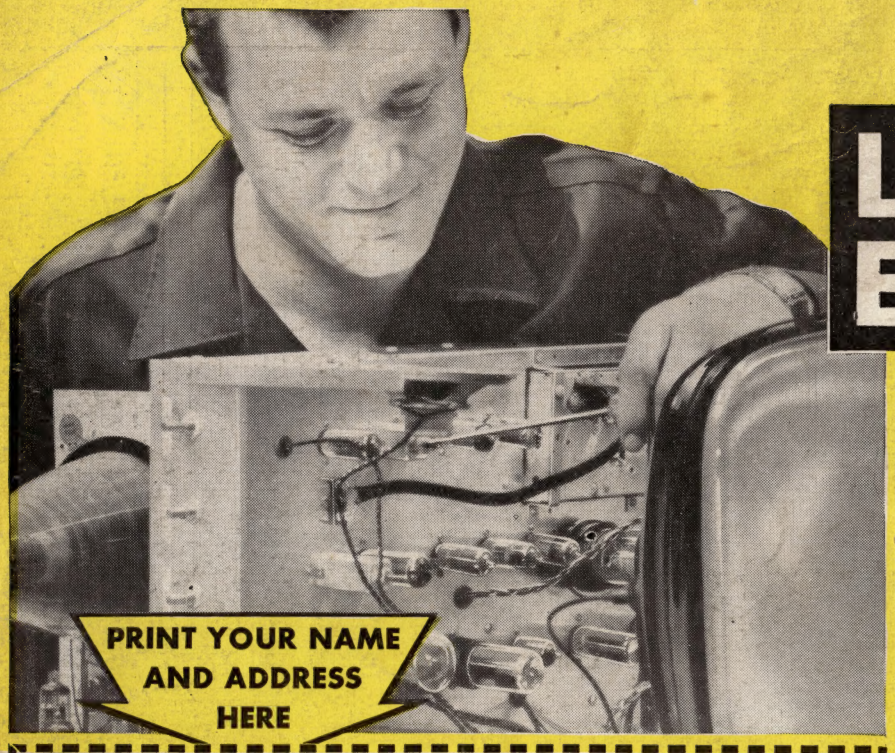

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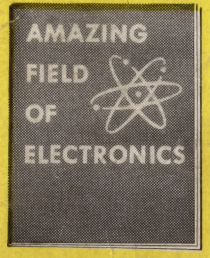

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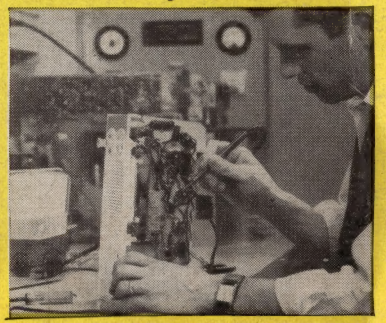

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